MAXImUMiROCKNROLL!!

$three$ ★ JANuary 2000 no 200

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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots Of Punk—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#155/Apr '96. 3rd Degree, Russy Crush, Surfin' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots of Punk—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots of Punk—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots of Punk—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots of Punk—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots of Punk—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers of Punk–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots of Punk—Los Angeles '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music, Defiance, Real MacKenzies, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots of Punk—Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers of Punk—Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. No Fraud, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, The Forgotten, Thee Viceroys, Brian/Grand Theft Audio, Gauze, Danko Jones, "Roots of Punk—Kuro".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots of Punk—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots of Punk—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneers of Punk—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers of Punk—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/ Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers of Punk—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 1,4,5's, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp,

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots of Punk—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers of Punk—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers of Punk—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Block 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers of Punk—999", Pirate Radio theme issue.

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers of Punk—X-Ray Specs", Chiapas article.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers of Punk—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers of Punk—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers of Punk—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers of Punk—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers of Punk—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita & Sister.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers of Punk—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers of Punk—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers of Punk—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control of the Public Mind".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers of Punk—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers of Punk—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Time To Die-Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun report, "Pioneers of Punk—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pionners Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall" articles.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos De Parao, United Super Villians, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, What Happens Next?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers Of Punk–Flipper", "Record Buying On the Internet", "Are Keyboards Punk?" articles.

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

Price list is on previous page.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
- *U.S.:* Copies are $3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for $18.00. If you're from California, send $19.49 (sales tax).
- *Canada:* Copies are $3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for $18.00 (US dollars).
- *Mexico:* Copies are $3.00 each/ 6 issues sub for $18.00.
- *South America:* Copies are $4.00 each/ 6 issue sub for $24.00.
- *Europe:* Copies are $5.50 each/ 6 issue sub for $33.
- *Australia, Asia, Africa:* Copies are $7.00 each/ 6 issue sub for $42.00 (US dollars).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: Back issues 146, 150-151, 155-163, 165-199 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In: by 15th of previous month– **NO LATER!!!**
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 1/2" x 10") $60
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $70
1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") $100

AD CRITERIA: Due to backlogs, we can only run new ads for music and zine releases. All other ads must be classfieds only. We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $3/60 words max for $4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Icki

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order 5 or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

PHOBIA-Destroying The Masses-10"
ASSHOLE PARADE-Student Ghetto-CD
9 SHOCKS TERROR-Mobile Terror-EP
FUCK ON THE BEACH/FLACHENBRAND-split-EP
HOLDING ON/THE REAL ENEMY-split-EP
ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT-Define a Lifetime-LP
ABSTAIN-1999 US Tour-EP
GOUKA-Answer In Oneself-EP
KONTORTION-Implanted Slavery-EP
V/A-The Sound and Fury-CD

JEFF HEERMANN

GORE GORE GIRLS-Mama In The Movies-45
VOODOO BOOTS-Texas Blood-45
HILLSIDE STRANGLERS-Another Dead Junkie-45
REATARDS-Grown Up, Fucked Up-LP
T-MODEL FORD-To The Left To The Right-45
MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT/BRISTOLS-split-45
V/A-Mondo Beatman-EP
H.K. PEGAR-A La Chingada-EP
CHEATER SLICKS-Refried Dreams-LP
TRUST FUND BABIES-live

TOM HOPKINS

RED SCARE-LP/DRAGS-EP
OIL-Better Get It In Your Soul-12"
GORE GORE GIRLS-EP/LAST SECIURITY-EP
ABSTAIN-EP/INSULTS-LP/HAMMICKS-LP
ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT-LP/GOUKA-EP
VOORHEES-Fire Proof-EP
PRIVATEWAYS-both-EPs/ZERO BOYS-EP
ROTARY BEGINNERS-EP/REPRESSOR-EP
9 SHOCKS TERROR-Mobile Terror Unit-EP
V/A-Where Birdmen Flew #3-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

OBLIVIANS-Best of the Worst-LP
REAL KIDS-Down To You/Make It Go Away-45
V/A-Mondo Beatman-EP
METROS-LP
INSULTS-Insult To Injury-LP
HOOKERS-Halloween-45
REDS-Under Control/Pop Action-45
UNNATURAL AXE-Brain Damage-EP
CHEATER SLICKS-Refried Dreams-LP
LAS VEGAS GRIND

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

REATARDS-Grown Up, Fucked Up-LP
METROS-LP/MISTREATERS-EP
HOOKERS-Halloween-45/FIFI & the MACH III-2x10"
HILLSIDE STRANGLERS-Another Dead Junkie-45
REAL KIDS-Down To You/Make It Go Away-45
OBLIVIANS-Best Of The Worst-2xLP
LAZY COWGIRLS-Goodbye To Yesterday-45
ZERO BOYS-Livin' In the '80s-EP
LAZY COWGIRLS/DICK B. HARDY-split-EP
T-MODEL FORD-To The Left To The Right-45

RAY LUJAN

WHIPPERSNAPPER-CD/TRAVIS CUT-CD
PRIVATE WAYS-Better Off Givin In-EP
HUNDRED MILLION MARTIANS-Marsbars-CD
DYNAMITE BOY-Finder's Keeper-EP
BELLRAYS/STREETWALKIN CHEETAHS-split-CD
TRAVOLTAS/TUULI-split 45
LAGWAGON-Truckstop For Poetry-EP
GRYMSLIPS-Rockin''-CD/DUMBELL-EP
BEATNIK TERMITES-You're All Talk-EP
SWINGIN UTTERS/YOUTH BRIGADE-split-LP

TIMOJHEN MARK

ANTHEM 88-Define A Lifetime-LP/ZERO BOYS-EP
FUCK ON THE BEACH/FLÄCHENBRAND-split-EP
HOLDING ON/REAL ENEMY-split-EP
LAST SECURITY-Fuck Your Attitude-EP
PHOBIA-Destroying the Masses-10"
ASSHOLE PARADE-Student Ghetto Violence-CD
HARD TO SWALLOW-LP
INSULTS-Insult To Injury-LP
NINE SHOCKS TERROR-Mobile Terror Unit-EP
SHORTTIME-Echoes From Tomorrow-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

ANTHEM 88-Define A Lifetime-LP
FUCK ON THE BEACH/FLÄCHENBRAND-split-EP
IMPEL-Derail-EP/OIL-Better Get It In Your Soul-12"
POSITRON-Breaking Thoughts-EP
URCHIN/'TONE-split-EP/TIMINACTION-Anthology-EP
CAUSEY WAY-With Loving And Open Arms-LP
HOLDING ON/REAL ENEMY-split-EP
KILLSADIE/BRAND NEW UNIT-split-EP
PRIVATE WAYS-Better Off Givin' In-EP
RED SCARE-Capillary Lockdown-LP

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

STITCHES/BODIES/TRUST FUND BABIES-live
COMBAT 84-Orders Of The Day-LP
HOOKERS-Halloween-EP
CONTEMPT-Justice For Who-EP
ENEMY YOU-Where No One Knows My Name-EP
DISAPPOINTMENTS/RETARDS-live
YDL-Vulture Rock Promo-EP & LP
V/A-Where Birdmen Flew Vol. 3-LP
LAZY COWGIRLS-Goodbye To Yesterday-45
INTREPID AAF-Songs Of Battle-EP

MARK MURRMANN

REATARDS-Grown Up, Fucked Up-LP
V/A-Fuzz, Flaykes & Shakes Vol. 2-LP
HAMICKS-LP
UNNATURAL AXE-Brain Damage-45
FOKKEWOLF-Porno Rocker/Reminiscing-45
REDS-Under Control/Pop Action-45
ZERO BOYS-Livin' In the '80s-EP
V/A-Where the Birdmen Flew Vol. 3-LP
REAL KIDS-Down To You/Make It Go Away-45
DUKES OF HAMBURG-Dukes of Earl-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

GUNDOG/TEMPLARS-split-45
SOLDIER 76-CD/JACKS-Last Heroes-EP
SCHARMUTZEL-Wenn Es Nact Wird-CD
KERMIT'S FINGER-EP/CONTEMPT-Justice-EP
ATTENTAT SONORE/NEG. IQ-split-EP
SCURVY-Personal-EP/INTREPID AAF-EP
YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS-Domination-LP
OI! VULCANS-CD/RETALIATOR-CD
ANTISEEN/BORN BAVARIAN-split-EP
CASUALTIES-Early Years-CD

SEAN SULLIVAN

REDS-45/M:PATI-EP/VOORHEES-EP
9 SHOCKS TERROR-EP/ASTRID OTO-EP
V/A-Where Birdmen Flew Vol. 3-LP
RED SCARE-LP/ROTARY BEGINNERS-EP
SHUT THE FUCK UP!-EP/FOKKEWOLF-45
HOLDING ON/REAL ENEMY-split-EP
OIL-LP/HOOKERS-EP/DRAGS-EP
ANTHEM 88-LP/ZERO BOYS-EP
DUKES OF HAMBURG-Dukes Of Earl-LP/Live
KILL SADIE/BRAND NEW UNIT-split-EP

MAX WARD

9 SHOCKS TERROR-Mobile Terror-EP
GOUKA-Answer In Oneself-EP
LAST SECURITY-Fuck Your Attitude-EP
KRALIZEL-Spice-EP
ROTARY BEGINNERS-First-EP
FLACHENBRAND/FOB-split-EP
REAL ENEMY/HOLDING ON-split-EP
ASSHOLE PARADE-Student Ghetto Violence-CD
OIL-Better Get It In Your Soul-LP
PARADE OF THE LIFELESS/NASEAR-split-EP

RYAN WELLS

REDS-Under Control-EP
INSULTS-Insults To Injury-LP
KENT 3/LEATHERBOY-split-EP
V/A-Mondo Beatman-EP
ZERO BOYS-Livin' In The '80s-EP
REATARDS-Grown Up, Fucked Up-LP
OBLIVIANS-Best Of The Worst-2xLP
CHEATER SLICKS-Refried Dreams-LP
FATAL FLYING GUILLOTEENS-Shake Train-EP
METROS-LP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

HYDROMATICS-Parts Unknown-LP
ANTISEEN/BORN BAVARIAN-split-EP
PUFFBALL-10"/REDS-EP/HOOKERS-Halloween-EP
KERMIT'S FINGER-Negative Mental Images-EP
LAZY COWGIRLS-Goodbye/Goodnight-EP
GASOLHEADS-Fuel Stereo Crash-CD
REATARDS-Grown Up-LP
HILLSIDE STRANGLERS-Detroit-45
REAL KIDS-Down To You-EP
FOKKEWOLF-Porno Rocker-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Cometbus #45
Broken Pencil #11
East Village Inky #5
Slug And Lettuce #61
Trust #78
Geek Overthrow #2
The Pressed Press #3
Rocktober #25
Tight Pants #6
Turning The Tide Vol. 12, #3

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- DONT ORDER YET -

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- BLOOD BROTHERS 12 INCH
- DESTROY NEW GRANADA COMP 12INCH
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VACUUM

december

ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT	Define a Lifetime	Assuck personnel doing the SxEx thing - as you'd guess by their involvement, it's way fast - quick quick quick	No Idea	LP	7.50
ASSHOLE PARADE	Student Ghetto	Seemed inevitable - and here it is. The collection of everything they've released - awesome political US hardcore	No Idea	CD	9.00
B-SIDES	Number One Fun	In the vein of any humorous, quick and tuneful band - snide humor with catchy, upbeat and quick songwriting. Go!	MaximumRnR	LP	6.50
BLEEDING FACE	Blood Still Drips	Nutty Aussie hardcore with blood on the cover (really!) - breakneck and broken nose - rough stuff from down under	Youth Enrage	EP	5.00
BRUTAL TRUTH	Goodbye Cruel	Double CD with a retrospeciive look at this influential grindcore band - totals out at 56 tracks, with EPs, live etc	Relapse	2xCD	12.00
BUREID INSIDE	In and Of the Self	Large and complex grindcore - huge guitar sound really brings the walls down - multiple vocalists, manic breaks...	Matlok	CD	11.00
CAVITY	Laid Insignificant	Another great pairing - Florida's heaviest and the graphic legend. Half hour of bludgeoning hardcore, ace package.	Bacteria Sour	CD	7.50
CHARLES BRONSON	Youth Attack 10	The infamous and now long out of print 12 reissued as a European 10. Poster, sticker and more - they still rule.	Coalition	10	7.50
CHARLES BRONSON	Repress 1st EP	The first EP back in print, although this might just be around for a while as well - the classic stuff, as you know		EP	3.00
CLUSTER BOMB UNIT	and the dirty little...	Recorded back a while ago (1991) - finally released - Five songs from this German infantry outfit - funny layout..	Havoc	EP	2.75
COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN		This is the best thing I've heard this month - totally abrasive, somewhat amusing, and ultimately unfriendly.	No Idea	LP	7.00
CHRIST ON PARADE	Insanity is a sane..	Great collection - the two EPs, the second LP and an unreleased demo from 1989 - Timeless Bay Area HC	FOAD	CD	13.00
CORRUPTED	Llenaudose de...	Double CD with probably more Corrupted than most might need - one song @ 50+ mintues, one @74. Whoa.	HG Fact	2xCD	23.00
DISASSOCIATE	Symbols, Signals	Their second full length on vinyl - new layout, same insane noisecore - they're the hugest sounding US band again...	W Grind Fed	LP	8.00
DYSTOPIA	Human = Garbage	Finally around in some quantity - the first LP back in print - crazy stuff as you know - dark, doom laden stuff	Life is Abuse	LP	8.00
E-150	True til Deaf	Blazing Spanish hardcore - Martin really picks em - Politics, hand screened covers and the lyrics in two tongues	Lengua Armada	EP	3.00
FUCKED UP and PHOTOCOPIED		Amazing hardcover book - collection of flyer art from all over - beautiful printing, crazy selection - gotta see this	Weight = 42 oz	Print	32.00
INDECISION	To Live & Die in NYC	Gruff metallic hardcore - midpaced, but the huge production really brings this forward - requires a lot of volume	Jawk	LP	7.50
INWARD	Bum Bum	Another scorching platter from these Germans - it's about a thousand MPH, gasoline vocals and entirely in German..	RSR	EP	3.75
KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS		Great - dual vocals, and the kind of politics that still keep me going - insightful, incidiary and inspirational.	Coalition	LP/CD	7.75/9.25
KWISATZ HADERACH	Old Man of the...	Great stuff - neat packaging, and some totally ferocious hardcore - several people screaming the whole time. Ace.	SG Records	EP	2.75
MELT BANANA	Cactuses Come...	Doing what no one else would (could?) do - they're making about the strangest hardcore I know. Definitely unique.	A-Zap	LP/CD	9.00/12.
NINE SHOCKS TERROR	Zen and the art of...	Much anticipated full length - and worth the wait. Spiteful, uncompromising and abrasive hardcore. Straight ahead....	Devour	LP	8.00
NOOTHGRUSH	Erode the Person	About everything you'd need, and cheap too! The 'Erode' LP, Embraced EP and various comp / split materials...	band	CD	4.50
PHOBIA	Destroying the...	Phobia and Pessimiser - two of the SoCal powerhouses - teaming up - doom laded hardcore yet again.	Pessimiser	10/CD	8.50/11.00
PSYWARFARE	Candyman	Crazy packaging - sealed in a red vinyl bag - (2) covers - one embossed, one screened. Includes 'Season In' lyrics	Locust Furnace	EP	3.00
RUPTURE	Cunt of God	It's made it onto vinyl - awesome latest full length from these Aussies - not pretty, not nice, and back to their roots.	Rhetoric	LP	7.25
SANGRAAL	Wolves of....	Side project for Gehenna personnel, and it's full on metal - taking their hardcore roots, applying that metallic finish	Wicked Witch	LP	10.00
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SPAZZ	Crush Kill Destroy	What needs to be said about a new full length? West Bay Coalition, and it's as good as you're hoping!!	Slap A Ham	LP/CD	7./11.00
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UNRUH	Setting Fire to...	Whoa. This has the hugest production. The Arizona desert, continuing to bake desperation and spite to a crisp.	Pessimiser	LP/CD	8.75/12.
V/A ALBANY THRASH		Gloom putting the petal down - great stuff from Monster X, By the Throat, Police Line and Devoid of Faith (RIP)	Gloom	EP	3.00
V/A BANDANA THRASH	Volume 1	Max pulls it off again - Flash Gordon, Lie, Crucial Section and What Happens Next? Doing the flipped up hat stuff...	625 Prod	flexi	2.50
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V/A MANDATORY MARATHON		Check this one - C Bronson / C Casualties/ Gob/ GAIA/ Capt 3 Leg / Laceration / Palatka and 4 more. Whoa.	Amendment	EP	3.00
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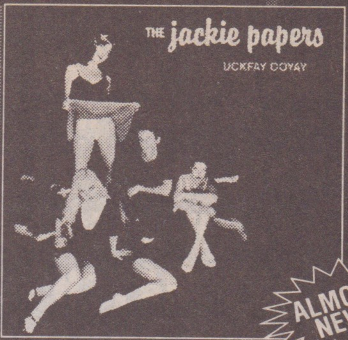

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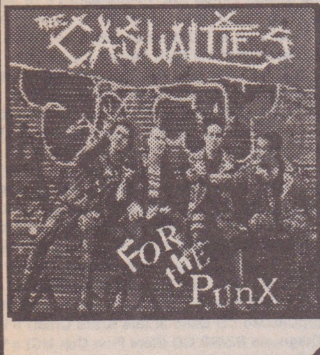

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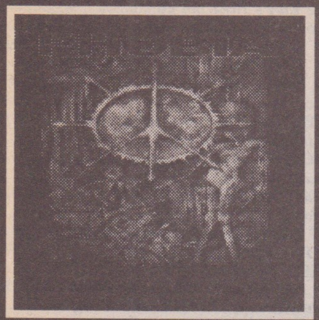

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I'M NOT DYING (for better or for worse)
As many of you know, the mailorder and J Church activity came to a complete standstill for a long time. I was in the hospital with major heart problems. Almost died. Didn't die. Was broke. Now selling most of my life away on E-bay. Mailorder should be back to normal...

New records...
Next up is a singles collection by one of my favorite defunct local bands, Henry's Dress.

Join the J Church on-line newsletter. Lots of my pointless stream of consciousness rants, whiney criticisms of everyone not Lance Hahn, and occasional factual news about the band and the label (as if there's ever any news).

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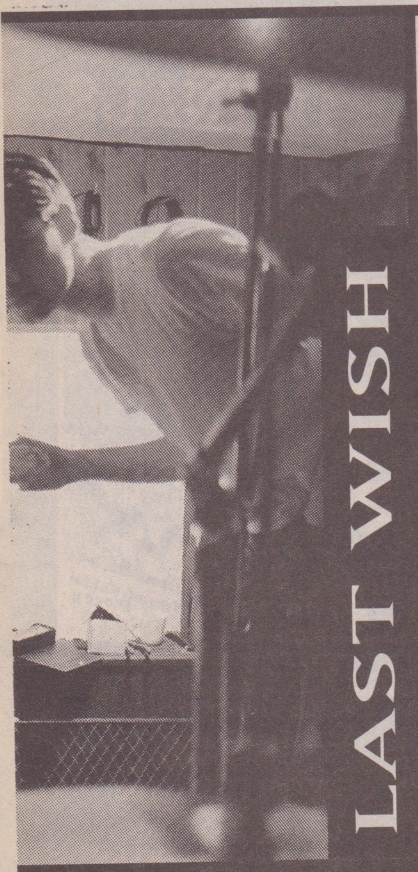

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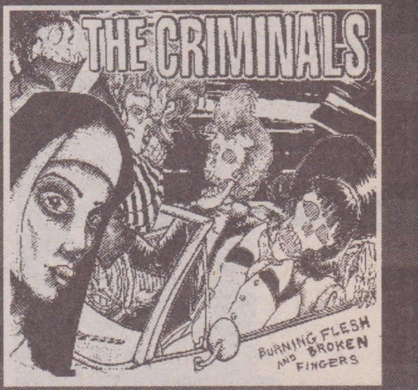

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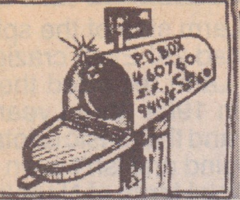
Letters



A Dear MRR:

Hi! Amado Movado from the Bump-N-Uglies here. Just wanted to thank you all for printing the interview of myself and my cohorts in the Nov. issue (and for the favorable review you gave our 7" in issue #190). However, the interviewer, the novice that he is, failed to include contact information for our fans & foes. So here it is (drumroll)......

Bump-N-Uglies Chair & Table Preservation Society
PO Box 1994/ Dearborn, MI 48121
Camlclutch@aol.com

PS See you at ringside, whoooooo!

B *Maximum* and its loyal readers,

This Christian column has my pants in a knot! Please make it stop! All insightful comments aside, I just read the *MRR* #198 and was inspired enough to respond to the Bump-N-Uglies interview.

The Bump-N-Uglies are said to be a "hardcore punk rock-n-wrestling" band, but I don't want them to be the representation of pro wrestling to the punk rock world. While the thoughts of barbed wire bats, steel chairs, fire and blood all tickle my fancy, I don't think that the Bump-N-Uglies realize what they are doing, as far as the wrestling aspect is concerned.

They make sure, by way of the interview and photos, that everyone knows they are crazy and hurt themselves. However, wrestling is just as much angle and storyline as a good blade job or flaming bat. Unless you can make the match so ridiculous that there is no need for angles (read wing and FMW circus death and exploding ring matches), nothing is more boring than some fat drunk guy bleeding from the forehead. From the seemingly pointless, juvenile bloodiness I saw in the interview, I was reminded of the many braindead teenagers shown on television news magazines who start backyard feds that consist of a blue tarp and three halogen light bulbs.

Then, revealing their lack of wrestling knowledge further, they "posted a challenge" to any other band. What challenge is this? To a fight? I highly doubt that they've ever wrestled a match, because if they did, they would realize that you don't just walk out and wrestle someone, there is actually training and practice involved. I'm not sure if they want me to go and exchange bottles over the head with them, but that's not what I would consider a decent match. And if we ever did meet in a real match, you better believe that the Bump-N-Uglies would job.

I could stomach all of the above offenses, but being the overly sensitive wrestling fanatic that I am, I was disgusted to see Playboy Bubba Mackenzie (that's a jobber's name if I ever heard one) using one of the Rock's lines in the interview ("it doesn't matter..."!). As a true wrestling fan, I despise marks in the wrestling scene, and when some supposed hardcore wrestling punk guy quotes one of the most overused and weak lines from the Victory Records of the wrestling scene (the WWF), I lost it. Get a clue and quote a great like Abdullah the Butcher, Terry Funk, The Headhunters, Bruiser Brody, hell even the early Eliminators had some classic lines, if you need to use someone else's gimmick, just don't use the same lines that are heard during 6th grade recess nationwide.

Well I've wasted too much of your time already, I don't hate the Bump-N-Uglies, I just got a little steamed when I saw their representation of wrestling. I just want to let the kids who read the interview know that there is much more to wrestling then what the Bump-N-Uglies have to offer. Please, buy any ECW circa 95/96, Abdullah videos, AAA Lucha tourneys or FMW if you any of you have interest in digging deeper. Until then, may all your spots be high and all of your heels nasty. Always believe,

Rageez@aol.com/ a.k.a. the Mandarin Orange

C Dear MRR,

Thought I'd write to you about the last column of Skipard Reason in issue #199. Is this guy a stand-up comic? Totally funny tongue-in-cheek approach. I had a great-grandfather that talked like this in the late '60s (when he was not watching 'rassling), real Archie Bunker stuff. On another note, if ever in Ames, Iowa stop at two places 1.) public library - totally cool 2.) Dharma records - punk, vinyl, etc. Thanx,

Douglas Heeren/ 409 Carroll/ Boone, IA 50036

PS Long Live Chomsky.

D *MaximumRocknRoll*:

Unamerican Activities is a three-person home-based DIY business that makes funny stickers. Nobody there is a friend of mine, but they make people smile, they make people think, and I don't get the impression anyone's getting really rich off it. If they're guilty of anything, I guess they're guilty of using capitalism to poke fun at capitalism.

For me, this crime doesn't put Unamerican on the top 1,000,000 list for evil companies. To the best of my knowledge, Unamerican is not dumping toxic waste, not discriminating against women or minorities, not laying off thousands of workers, not bribing politicians, not getting any fat tax breaks, not lobbying for more police crackdowns, not using poverty-wage child laborers overseas or slave-labor in America, not censoring lyrics, not polluting the air or water, not harassing its workers, and not making huge cash contributions to anti-abortion groups. Six pages of small print hammering in *MaximumRocknRoll*, against a little three-person indie company that makes humorous novelty items, is like a front-page expose in the Chronicle revealing that some kid's lemonade stand doesn't have a health permit.

OK, maybe Unamerican doesn't have a thoroughly thought out political agenda, or maybe it's not the same as yours or mine. I can still think of about a billion bigger problems, and not many that are smaller, than a couple or three guys making silly stickers and selling them. Is everything else in the world coming up roses, leaving Unamerican Activities worth this kind of investigative journalism?

Peggy Swanson
San Francisco

Peggy,

If Unamerican was self-described as a producer of "humorous novelty items" there would have been no article. It's their creepy marketing style and claims of revolutionary potential which garnered such criticism. Of course the world has bigger problems than cutting edge sticker companies. In our punk zine we cover stuff that's happening in the punk scene in addition to decryin' all that other stuff. Jeff M.

More on this next month.
—Arwen

Letters

Hello, I am some little turd who is into grind and stuff. I am writing to see if maybe you guys can do something about a thing that has been bothering me. This thing is Rupture's inexplicable popularity. It pisses me off that the whole hardcore scene loves these shitheads when they are a total bunch of misogynistic homophobic shitheads. Why is it that shit like this is so respected and considered "brutal" this and "non-PC" that when they are taking the non PC thing to a new level. Fuck these guys. "Cunt of God", nothing. "Poof Biff" is a stupid homophobe anthem that should be enough to dissuade your reviewers from encouraging your readers to support this shit. Give this shit the toilet treatment. Where is the difference between this gaybashing shit and the racist shit by Skrewdriver and friends? It's not fucking funny. I'm not gay, but I certainly destroyed my Rupture LP when I got it in the mail after a quick perusal of the lyric sheet.

How come the punk scene treats racism as a serious issue, refusing to even review the shit and the likes of these too-punk-to-be-PC turds from Australia is considered great? Are gays not oppressed enough? Not likeable enough? Not God knows what enough? I think it is your duty as a reputable zine to fucking at least publish a negative review of the waste of time, space, energy, money, vinyl and effort that is known as the "Cunt of God." They even suck musically. They aren't tight, they aren't fast, they aren't catchy (and God knows they try, with their crappy repetitive gaybashing choruses) and they are assholes. Fuck Rupture and fuck everyone with anything to do with them. And if they're just too punk to care, then fuck them more.

Punk is not supposed to be stupid, at least in not in this way. Please please please publish some anti-Rupture something, anything, to dispel this new and exciting invasion of "ignorance is strength" stylings in hardcore. God, I can not stress enough how important I believe this is for hardcore today. Misogyny and homophobia (as well as racism, sexism and all kinds of other equally shitty -isms) are the thing that chase people into listening to punk in the first place. Thank you for your time.

A little turd/ Oberlin, OH

MRR -

Seanocide here... Just wanted to comment/ clear the air on some *glaring* errors that Felix Von Havoc made on his column about grindcore in the November issue. First off, Repulsion are indeed rednecks and are from Michigan, not the deep South. Their one and only LP was actually their 1986 demo remixed by the Carcass boys and features such fucking stunning social commentary as "Corpses in a body bag, faggot zombies dressed in drag." They were so extreme and fast because, as stated in interviews, they just wanted to be faster than all the crossover out at the time, like D.R.I. and Corrosion of Conformity. Just look at the pictures on the back of their album—they're sporting Metallica and Misfits shirts! Even though Carcass are considered total gore in the lyric department, all the songs about scrubbing rectums with wire brushes and eating corpses were actually extreme sarcastic attacks against vivisection and meat-eating (Carcass were and maybe still are total-vegan punks...I'm not making this up. One member was even in Electro Hippies!) masquerading as death metal tunes.

Terrorizer was *not* a project band. Nausea LA ended up being the offshoot band after Jesse Pintado joined Napalm Death (and fucking Nausea LA was fucking great anti-system groovy grindcore/crust that turned into still awesome death-industrial-core). The only reason they had a Morbid Angel member play bass on the LP was because their original bassist (Garvey) was in jail and their drummer (Sandoval) had already joined Morbid Angel.

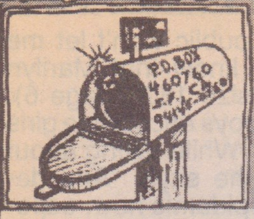
The Bolt Thrower "Realm Of Chaos" LP is actually more grindcore than the first 12" "In Battle Their Is No Law". Everybody creams over Napalm Death's "Scum" LP just because they want to look fucking O.G. In reality it is the 2nd LP "From Enslavement To Obliteration" that was a true refinement of the genre (I think the next best thing is their split flexi with Sabotage Organized Barbarian...it's totally fucking apeshit with the caustic commentary to match!). I think that it's hilarious that Felix tripped so bad over the fact that "Scum" had 26 songs total while the Larm side of the split LP with Stanx had 28! Even crazier is the fact that Larm recorded their side of the LP in 1984 (three years before "Scum") and the music is total brain-drill protogind and isn't even a fucking joke (Mick Harris of Napalm Death can be seen sporting Larm shirts on "Scum's" lyric sheet). There were so many hardcore bands that were already at grind speed that influenced the likes of Napalm Death and their ilk. Bands like noisy hardcore legends NYC Mayhem/ Straight Ahead (1985), early Negative Approach. (demos), Youth Korps and even fast Japanese crust/ thrash such as Confuse were obliterating people's perception of a speed limit in cult music. Go back even further to 1981 and Gai/Swankys were experimenting with wall of noise distortion and screamed vocals before Siege (but with chaos-punk tunes instead of hardcore).

Felix was right about metal creeping in and totally destroying the punk rock ethic of grind. I guess it can still be traced back to Repulsion being so appealing to the metal kids because they were metal fuck-os to begin with. One grind band that at best is name-dropped (but who doesn't get any real respect regardless) was Switzerland's Fear of God. They formed in August 1987 and had refined their noisy *hardcore* (by their own admission) a full year before Napalm Death pulled it off with their 2nd LP. A shameless plug: If anybody out there wants to hear a real piece of grind history with a hate-filled lyrical output to match, I've been selling their authorized discography tape for three bucks US or five world. Trust me... it blows Napalm Death out of the water.

All in all Felix's columns are fairly good reading and you can fucking tell he goes to great lengths to school the "kids" on some really fucking awesome gems from yesteryear. Guess that's all for now... Keep grinding and stay chuffed.

Seanocide/ 15289 Youngwood Dr./ Whittier, CA 90605 USA/ Shogan6742@aol.com

PS I do a column and write reviews for an on-line 'zine called *Chemical Imbalance*. Here's the URL: http://www.iliza.com/ zine/ docs/ezine.html. If anybody gives a shit there are recent interviews with Dave of Fear of God, Digby Pearson (head of "sell out" grindcore label Earache), Hated Principles, Cripple



Bastards, and even *MRR*'s own Mykel Board.

G

Dear Tom Hopkins,

Okay, so what you are saying is that the Bodies "are up to no good" because they have been known to display an American flag on stage. You've come to this conclusion because when you were in high school some racist skinheads "opened your eyes to the results of blind love and devotion to a country." Despite the fact that the Bodies "aren't violent assholes looking to clobber people who won't pledge allegiance with them," you still chose to group them together with patriots and racists. This is solely because of their display of the American flag. Judging from your examples, nothing in their lyrics or interviews suggests blind patriotism or racist beliefs. You point out that they have a song that attacks the poor man's draft in the US. You said yourself that their new song with the chorus of "red white & blue" is not the result of patriotism, but a "reaction to those with a problem with the flag." I'm willing to bet that their label-mates, the Randumbs, decided to display an American flag on the back cover of their new CD simply because of the recent anti-flag rhetoric in *MRR*. I would guess that it's not meant to be a symbol of the band's patriotism, but is meant as a "fuck you" to those in the scene who want to dictate social policies for stupid shit like flags and politics.

Over 30 years ago, my dad marched with the American flag at the head of an anti-Vietnam war parade in San Francisco. Because he looked handsome and clean cut, the protest organizers picked him out of the crowd to come to the very front of the parade and carry the American flag. They wanted to show people that war protesters weren't all just a bunch of disrespectful flag burning hippies. It was their intention to demonstrate that the American flag could be viewed as the symbol for Americans of widely differing opinions. Unfortunately, despite being strongly warned to look straight ahead and to hold the flag high and proud no matter what, my typically quick-tempered father became enraged at the taunts and flying debris being hurled his way. Just twenty yards into the parade, he ended up running to the curb and spearing several jeering spectators with the flag pole. They had to take the flag away from him. My mom was really embarassed. See ya soon,
Aaron/ *The Probe*

Aaron,

In his column, Tom groups the Bodies with patriots (not racists), citing their "interviews, music and actions," not just cuz they are playing before the flag. Personally, I wouldn't speculate as to why other folks picked "Old Glory" to go on the back of their punk CD. Embracing nationalism to piss off those critical of it is totally fucking stupid. Flags may be only symbolic, but politics is what makes the society we live in. I've read you saying politics are "stupid shit" a bunch of times, not that you don't care, but just "care about other shit more" (a paraphrase.) Nationalism is just as punk as disco, and Tom said (not for the first time in this zine) why it's fucked. Thanks for the story about your dad, though. Jeff M.

h

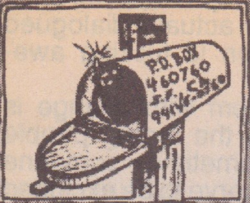
Dear *MRR* & Sean Sullivan,

It is a good thing when women have enough power to be able to kick someone out of a show. The More Than Music festival in Columbus this year wasn't the first time that happened, but it was a powerful show of women supporting each other and working together in a place where they were definitely the minority. Cries of reverse discrimination are obviously bogus, but the sometimes direct, often subtle condemnations of these women—that because their actions weren't perfect they were somehow invalid—is ridiculous.

Every time women, people of color, or queer individuals attempt to change things, they are met with resistance everywhere and often a violent backlash from those who, it would seem, would be their allies. Those with less power always have to be extra strong and extra perfect to mount a challenge to what is dominant. At the fest, I saw people walking away shaking their heads, writing these women and their actions off, when what was going on was awesome in so many ways. Focusing this year's MTM on women and carrying it through until all but three or so bands had women in them, having safe spaces for women, queers, and people of color, and workshops where for once I believe people actually dialogued about oppression is fucking awesome.

The problem with change is that sometimes the wrong people are affected, sometimes someone who doesn't deserve to be excluded is. That happened at least once in Columbus it seems, with one of the organizers being blacklisted, but mostly, the excluded deserved it. I'm sorry a certain record label individual from Philly didn't get to confront his sexism with a bunch of rad people, but he's had years to work on it and hasn't done much.

Sometime exclusion is necessary; as in men excluded from women's only spaces, white people from people of color, and straight from queer. Even people who are anti-change from those who desire it. Not from a social movement or a set of ideas, but from a meeting or two now and then. It won't make the difference for that excluded person if they are genuinely committed to change. Personally, I'd love to be back in a room with fifty to a hundred young radicals strategizing on how to eliminate sexism, without having to debate with someone over whether a women's only space is a valid thing. At this point, it's not open for debate. I'll be happy to discuss it with anyone later, but sometimes there is a need to work with similar minded people on real solutions. It is certainly not the responsibility of the women who organized the fest, who ran the door, played in bands, wrote zines, sold stuff, or just hung out, to explain to every male there what sexism is, how it manifests, and how they can work it out of their system. It is the responsibility of men to change their own sexist attitudes. If being excluded from seeing your favorite band of the month helps you to do that, great. If it pisses you off, maybe that's good too. People are too locked into what's easy and normal. Nothing is simple or perfect, and no social change comes without cost. That might hurt feelings, it might be losing a few people along the way, and probably a whole lot of messed up situations, but there is no simple way to do it. Of course, it's certainly good to be critical all around. This year's MTM wasn't without problems, there is no debating that, but it is totally reactionary to sit outside and condemn the whole thing. Thanks,
Brice/ 223 Jane Pl./ N. Or., LA 70119



Dear Rock'n' Rollers,

I am offended by the ad you printed in issue #197. The Hooligan Empire Records ad showed a man with his head between a girl's legs, apparently eating her out. What's with that? I, a modern man, am offended by any hint that men should give women sexual pleasure. It is not good to promote the attitude that women are here for more than to pleasure us guys. I know no girls read *MRR*, but suppose someone's girlfriend flipped through it while her boyfriend took a shit? What would she think? She'd think "Hey! I want that done to me." That'd be a drag for her boyfriend.

Why not print more ads like the Pleasure Fuckers? The one where the half naked babe is bent over, waiting to pleasure that cowboy, or anyone else who passes by. *That's* something I would want my girlfriend to see and learn from. All she does is whine nowadays. Fucking bitches, I'll tell ya!

J. Gardner

[The following letter originally appeared in Amusing Yourself to Death *#16. It's been edited for length. - ed.]*

MRR -

A few months ago Ruel sent me a packet of zines to review. Among the zines was one by "B. Price" titled *Ishi*. I read it and from the subject matter, layout, and style of writing I initially assumed the author was a young woman. However, there was something that seemed unsettling about the zine. As I sat down to start typing up the reviews, I looked at the address that B. Price was using and I got a creepy, sick feeling. The address was for a prison in California and in that instant I recognized "B. Price" as Bill Price, an inmate who recently had a letter reprinted in *Primordial Soup Kitchen* Zine/Catalog.

I wanted to be wrong about this. I wanted to think that our world of zines was safe from predators and those who could harm us. I immediately contacted Ruel and Sean Guillory, who run *Primordial Soup Kitchen.* They were also concerned, but sensibly they said they needed proof, as did I. It took some time, but I was able to contact the prison where Bill Price is incarcerated. With the information I was given I was able to contact the courthouse in the county in which he received his sentence. His offenses are public record. I also started contacting other zinewriters and distros I suspected he might have contacted.

This is what I learned: Bill Price is a twice-convicted child molester (note: he may have other priors, these two offenses took place in the same county.) In 1984 he was sentenced to eight years in prison for molesting a nine year old girl. He went to jury trial with five counts of child molestation. I have yet to determine how long he was actually incarcerated, but he was back out by 1990 and molesting again.

From 1990 to 1992 he lived with a woman and sexually abused her daughter. According to court records, during this time he was also a Sunday School teacher, providing him with unquestioned access to young girls. He took his girlfriend's daughter and another girl on "field trips" and overnight visits to his house. He molested the two girls starting at ages five and six, respectively. He was caught and initially charged with ten counts of child molestation, but plea bargained down to two counts. He was given a total of ten years for the two counts and an additional five years for the prior conviction. On June 1, 1993 he was sentenced to 15 years in prison. He is currently 48 years old.

Distros and zinewriters have reported that he has shown particular interest in zines with topics of rape, abuse and sex, and zines by young women, heavy-set women, and lesbians. He has asked many female zinewriters for photographs, "biographical information," and lied to many people about his conviction, age, and more.

He is having his some of his zines and letters mailed from outside the prison, so that people he contacts do not necessarily know he is incarcerated. He is currently up for parole in 2001. Clearly he is a habitual pedophile that is not able or does not want to control his impulses. If he gets out, he will almost definitely hurt someone again.

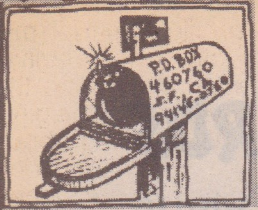
Ishi appears to be written by a young woman, and is written to appeal to other young women. While he never explicitly states he is a woman (or a man) statements like "I've always been kinda fat. I've decided that's the way I am, but stores and the media and the public won't let me alone. Did you know that Marilyn Monroe was a size 16?" (page 6), and "Why don't boys encourage girls to skateboard?" While taking about his depression he says, "And depression is an epidemic now, especially for girls and young women." (page 3). These examples imply that he is a girl, not the 48 year-old convicted child molester he truly is.

One thing I would like to note: The voice used in *Ishi* is childlike and the writing seems somewhat uneducated and underdeveloped. However, in the letter that Bill wrote to the *Primordial Soup Kitchen* Zine/ Catalog, his voice is shrewd and cunning, and shows a much greater literacy. He is well-spoken and well-versed in prison regulations concerning mail and even seems indignant that someone would refuse to send him zines because he is a prisoner.

One of my immediate concerns after realizing *Ishi* was written by a sexual predator, was the type of replies the issue might garner. Anyone who has ever done a zine knows that if you write about experience "x" many readers are going to reply, "That happened to me" or "I understand because..." The fact that he was appealing to young girls and that the subject matter was so sexual in nature, seems to indicate to me that was the type of response he was looking for.

I would like to address some of the issues regarding prisoners and zines that have been brought to light. Within the zine community there seems to be a tendency to think that the majority of prisoners are in jail because of minor offenses, racism, traffic tickets, and drug charges. While this may be true to some degree, it is extremely naive to think there aren't also prisoners in jail for rape, murder, child molestation, and more. Just because they are literate enough to want to read your zine doesn't make them good people. I am not bashing prisoners, just being realistic. There are writers behind bars and those among us that have been in jail. Shane Williams is a well-known incarcerated writer, who had a column in *Factsheet 5* and currently writes for *Flipside*. Shane is in jail for bank robbery. He is a writer who happens to been in prison. Should he be punished for this? No!

However, how do you know who you are dealing with? Bill told one female zinewriter in New York



that he was in jail for arson. This is nowhere in his criminal records. You have to decide for yourself if you want your zine in a prison environment. If you are a young woman who has written an extremely personal zine, you may want to think twice. Although the inmate you are writing to may be a really nice person who happens to be in jail on a minor possession charge, his or her cellmate might not be. This is a personal decision and Bill Price shows all of us that there are some very nasty individuals who are reading our zines. Take precautions. Use a PO Box. If you are really concerned ask the person for details about why he or she is in jail, and check with the prison to see if he or she is telling the truth.

Also, there were many people who saw red flags in Bill Price's letters, but didn't realize that other people had the same concerns. Ask your correspondents if you are concerned about someone, they might also have had contact with the person.

If your zine is being distributed, you may want to contact the distro and ask their policy concerning prisoners. Some distros deal with prisoners, and some don't. There are some people who might have chosen not to send their zine to Bill Price, but he might have ordered it from a distro. I have a short list of some of the zines he ordered. I have tried to contact all of the zinewriters/editors to make them aware. There are still many that he ordered that I am unaware of.

I have put myself in a position of incurring not only the wrath of Mr. Price, but also fellow zinesters who feel that Mr. Price is in the right and I am in the wrong. I have faced some criticism in trying to make people aware of Bill Price. One well-known female zinewriter and reviewer for *Zine World* wrote to say, "All zinesters with an ounce of sense (regardless of gender) use a maildrop instead of their actual address, so I'm not sure I see what the danger is." I want to point out that not all zinewriters have access or the extra money. This is especially true of the teenaged zinewriters, who I was most concerned about. She continued, "I appreciate your concern for our safety and know you had the very best of intentions, so it is probably completely inappropriate for me to point out that the general hysteria about prisoners and ex-prisoners that is all too common in our society keeps us fighting each other instead of the man." This is so absurd is isn't even funny. This is a very real concern about one man who has proven himself to be a very real danger to young girls. Do you really think the five, six and nine year olds he molested care about "the man"? Do you really think you would if faced with a rapist in a dark alley or on your doorstep because you didn't know who you were giving your home address to? Grow up and see the world for what it is! This isn't about "the man" it is about us as zinewriters protecting one another.

On the bright side, since this all started I have become better acquainted with some truly impressive zinewriters. Thanks to Sean and Ruel for sharing my concern and to those of you who have been contacting me with your information.

If you question my concern and why I am writing this, I want you to imagine being a 16 year-old girl who has written about being raped and learning that someone has gotten off reading about your pain. I want you to imagine a young girl who was molested writing to "B. Price" because she thinks this "young woman" understands, only to learn her pen pal is a 48 year-old convicted child molester. Imagine knowing that you have given this man your home address and that he might be out of prison in two years. Can you begin to imagine the feelings of violation? Just because the man is in prison doesn't keep him from hurting people. And even if 1,000 of us saw through him, what if one girl didn't and I did nothing to try and stop him?

If you received a letter or request for a photo, or if you sent him a photo or a letter with very personal information please contact me. If you have an envelope from Bill Price that is not stamped from a correctional institute please get in touch with me.
W. Sobchak/ Sobchak@hotmail.com/ c/o AYTD/ PO Box 91934/ Santa Barbara, CA 93190

PS A copy of *AYTD* can be purchased from the above address for $3. You can also visit the *AYTD* website at www.aznet.net /~lorax/ aytd/index.html. *The Primordial Soup Kitchen* Zine/Catalog can be accessed online at http://pw2.netcom. com/ ~guillory/catalog.html or you can request a catalog from PO Box 1312, Claremont, CA 91711.

Dear Jen,

At the risk of downplaying the point you're making in your latest column (*MRR* #198) regarding how few differences there are between punk society and mainstream society's assumptions about women, it *should* be noted that I can't even *remember* the last time I've bought music by a woman or women and had a friend (even a female friend) comment that I bought it because she's cute. *Every fucking time.* I haven't devoted a lot of time to this situation, but subconsciously I actually avoid buying records by women until I'm at the store alone, just to avoid the assumption. I know women probably have it worse in regards to unwarranted assumptions about their motivations, but guys *aren't* immune to this problem. Love,
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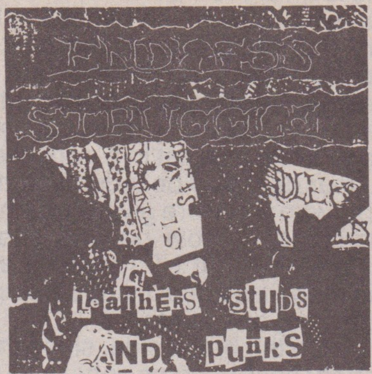

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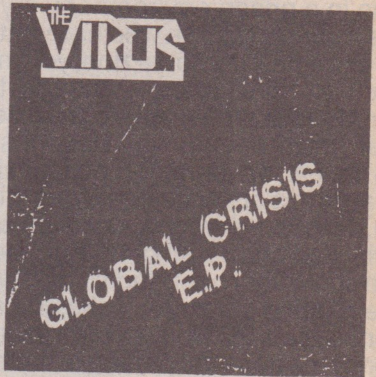

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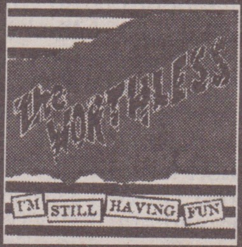

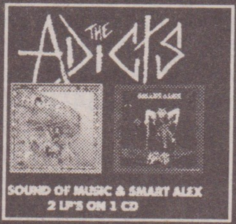

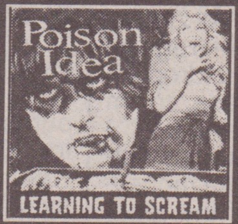

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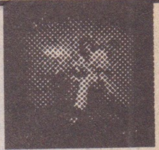

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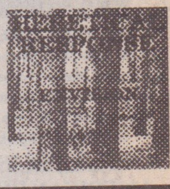

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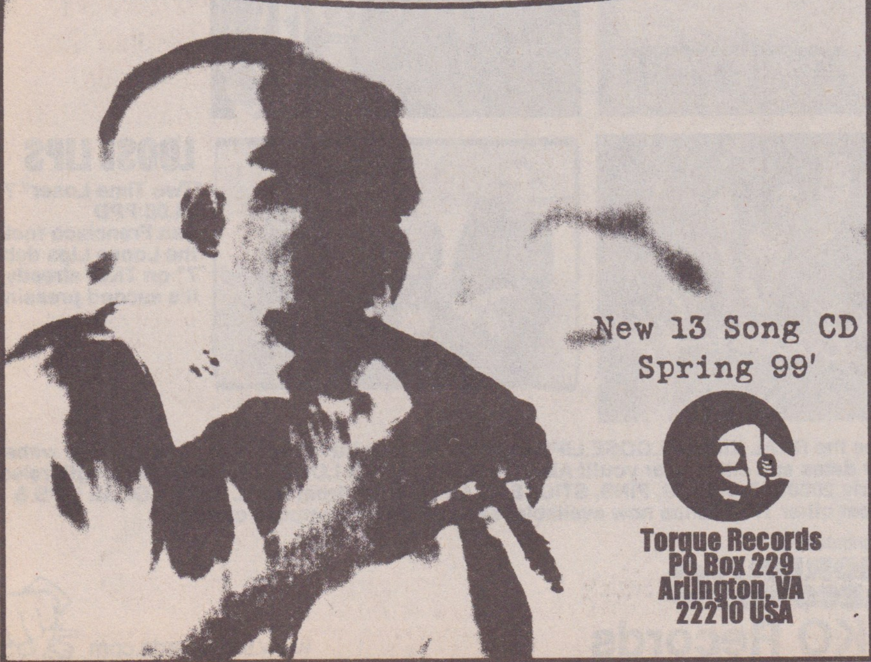

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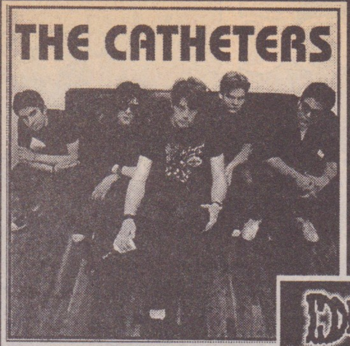

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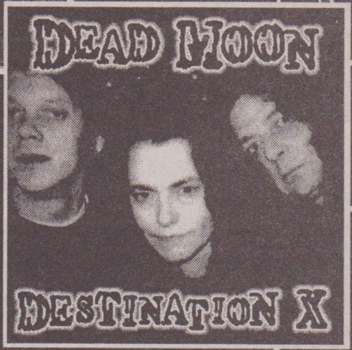

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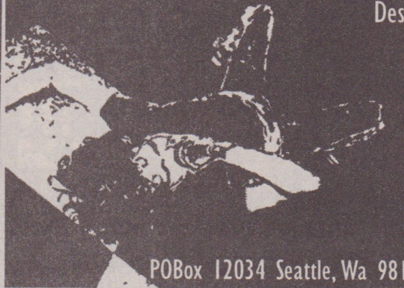

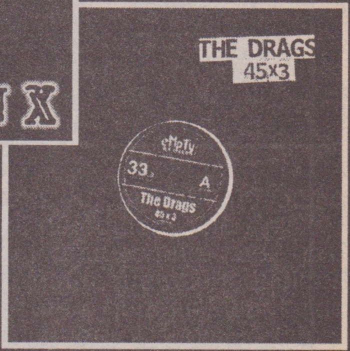

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TKO RECORDS

Opinions expressed are solely those of the columnists and (thankfully) are not editorial policy.

Columns

"Oooooo-klahoma," I sang, as I watched Susan and her ninth grade breasts heave with every gasp of air, "where the wind comes sweeping down the plains, where the waving wheat, can sure smell sweet, and the wind comes right behind the rain!"

"You know we belong to the land," Susan and her harem of junior high school harlots sang, "and that land we belong to is grand!"

"And when we say, Yip-eeyo-kiaa," me and my pal Shawn bellowed as we watched in amazement while Eve Bloomburg, who had bigger breasts than Susan, did a cartwheel, "we're saying you're doing fine Oklahoma, Oklahoma, O-K-L-A-H-O-M-A, Oklahoma, Okay!"

With that, the crowd of about three hundred students gathered in the auditorium for the afternoon assembly applauded wildly. Not for us, I'm sure, but for the chicks. Well, them. And him.

Bob.

"Curly".

The star of the show.

The kid who got to sing opposite Susan.

The kid who beat me and about ten others out for the starring role.

The kid who was captain of the football team.

The kid who was the star of the baseball team.

The kid who was captain of the wrestling team.

The kid who played first trumpet.

Bob.

The kid with one arm.

The kid with the life that was better than all of ours. Fuck, how I thought I hated him.

***

"Guess what Dad," I said to my father one Sunday afternoon, while he was busy watching me first hose out the two car garage we had in Greenwich, Connecticut, followed by the bicycle garage.

"What?" said my father, as he sat in the shade under the large rock we had in the side yard, on a lawn chair, sipping Iced Tea.

"Our Chorus is putting on a play, and guess what play it is?"

"Well, if it isn't *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*, I'm not interested, he quipped.

"But it's a good play," I insisted.

"If it isn't *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*, and you don't have the Robert Morse role, don't bother telling me about it."

But I did anyway, as I hosed out the corners of the filthy garage, watching spider webs, spark plugs, and dead mice wash by.

"It's *Oklahoma*," I explained, "The Rogers and Hammerstein musical."

"Uh huh," he said, more interested in making sure I hosed down the walls as well as the floor, than in anything I was saying.

"And they haven't picked the lead yet, so maybe I'll get it!" I exclaimed.

"You? Get Gordon MacRae's part? Never," he scowled, as he finished his glass of Iced Tea, and poured himself another, "maybe you could get the Rod Stieger's role, Jud, because he was ugly. But I doubt you could even sing half that well."

"I could sing as good as Jud!" I yelled at my father, who was, as usual, pissing me off.

My father said nothing, as he watched me continue to hose out his Rolls Royce parking space.

"I guess maybe you should play Jud," he finally said, "because then you would be killed."

"Fuck wad," I mumbled under my breath.

"What'd you just say?" my father yelled.

"Nothing," I said quietly.

"You're damn right you said nothing. That's because you are nothing. I have nothing for a son. A useless nothing," he bitched.

"Sorry I'm nothing," I sarcastically moaned as I began moving out bicycles of the other garage so I could hose it down.

"That's okay," my father replied, "I have two other sons. Maybe they'll amount to something. Maybe even get Robert Morse's role in *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*".

But they never did, either.

* "George," said Mr. Cott, our Chorus teacher, "you have a really powerful tenor voice. You could be the lead in this musical."

"Really?" I said to the old and balding guy with the big black glasses, "I could be a lead?"

"Sure," he answered, assuredly, "your voice is so pure. How do you sing such high notes?"

I looked at my teacher, sitting behind his desk after class, with just me in the room. Alone.

"I dunno," I answered, "but my stepmother says it has something to do with to do with a guy named Hubert."

"Hubert?" asked Mr. Cott, "Is that your father?"

"No," I answered, "my father is named Lester."

"Then whose Hubert?" Mr. Cott asked.

"I dunno," I replied, "but his last name starts with a T because she always calls him by his first name and last initial. She just says something about me not ever going to reach him. He must be really tall or something."

Mr. Cott laughed and then told me to run off to the auditorium where rehearsals for *Oklahoma* were to begin.

Later that afternoon, I found myself sitting next to my pal, Shawn, who spelled his name like a girl. I used to ask why he didn't spell it "S-E-A-N", like James Bond did.

"I don't know," he'd tell me, "but I think it's because my parents really wanted a girl."

As Shawn and I sat and talked about how we were both going to try out for Curly, he walked in.

The kid with the one arm.

Bob.

"Aw, fuck," said Shawn, with his flaming red Irish afro, pasty white face, and overly red lips making him look like a clown, "Looks like Bob is going out for Curly as well."

"How do you know?" I asked him.

"He's the captain of everything, and gets laid more than a carpet, of course he's gonna go for Curly," answered Shawn, "why else would he be here?"

"Hi guys," Bob said.

We said nothing.

"How are you guys doing?" he said, looking in our direction.

"Are you talking to us?" Shawn finally said.

"No, morons, I'm talking to the wall," he replied.

"Oh," I said.

"Of course I'm talking to you, you little pansies," said Bob.

"We're fine," said Shawn, "How are you?"

"Great," said Bob, "I'm gonna be Curly in *Oklahoma*! What parts are you guys going for? The farmer's wives?"

"We want to be Curly too!" I blurted out.

Bob just looked at me. Then laughed.

"What's so funny?" I asked the one-armed kid who was much taller than both Shawn and I, and who was wearing a long-sleeved white shirt, with one sleeve pinned back at the elbow.

"What's so funny?" asked Bob, "Well, one of you looks like a circus clown, and the other, well, you're a little Jew."

"Curly could be a Jew," I yelled at the kid who resembled a slot-machine, "after all, he was named after his curly hair. Like mine!"

"Ha," said Bob.

"And he could look like a Circus Clown!" said Shawn.

Poor Shawn.

"You guys are losers," said Bob, and

with that, left us geeks to go talk to Susan, who was trying out for the Shirley Jones role, and Eve, who was going after Little Ado Annie.

They both got those parts. And Bob, of course, got the role of Curly. I remember the next day Mr. Cott announcing who got what role. When I asked him why I was cast as just a nameless farmer, and Shawn, as "Man Number Two", Mr. Cott smiled and just said, "ask Hubert T."

Whatever.

***

Rehearsals for *Oklahoma* lasted at least three months. During that time, every week day, after school, we rehearsed like crazy. Even though Shawn and I just had a few lines here and there, we were required to be at every rehearsal because we sang on almost every song.

Our favorite parts of those afternoons came when it was time to square dance with the chicks in the chorus. I had this thing for a girl named Winnie Wilson, and Shawn liked Stephanie Carr. When it came time to dance, we'd try and get as close to these females, and their chests, as possible. Once I even grabbed Winnie's left tit. I told her it was an accident, and I was reaching for her hand. I think she knew I was lying, but smiled, anyway.

Shawn had no such luck with Stephanie. She'd dance as far away from him as she could, and would joke under her breath to Winnie that Shawn, with his girlie spelled name, was an "Oklahomo".

During this time, I was also on the wrestling team with Captain Bob, the one armed "killing machine", as our coach used to call him.

Bob would wrestle the same way every match. When the match would start off, wrestlers in the standing position, Bob would throw his nub into the opponents neck, and trip him with his opposite foot. Then, when the guy was on the ground, Bob would get the guy in a headlock with his half-an-arm, and turn him over. Then he'd pin him. The whole match usually only lasted thirty or so seconds.

"That guy is a killing machine" Coach used to tell all of us, "why can't any of you little pussies do half as well as that? And Bob only has one arm!"

But we were used to hearing that. The "one arm" bit. See, those of us who were on the Baseball and Football team heard the same thing. Well, actually, I wasn't on either. Varsity, anyway. I was J.V. Junior Varsity. That meant I was on the B-grade team. I didn't want to be there at all, but it was my father's brilliant idea that I become an "athlete". Anyway, I never really got to play, I just sat on the bench most of the time, if I wasn't getting other teammates water and towels and stuff.

And every coach would say the same thing. Why couldn't any of us be like Bob, the one-armed kid? And all of them had a point. Bob was amazing.

While playing baseball, if he was in Center Field, and a ball was hit in his direction, he'd catch in with the mitt, throw the ball up in the air while tucking the mitt under his chin, then throw the ball to whatever base it had to go too. And he never fucking missed.

The same with football. He'd never miss. He was the quarterback, and after he was hiked the ball, he'd throw that pigskin like it was a homing missile. Incredible.

Also, when being tackled, he'd just shove his nub in some guys direction, and the guy would freak out long enough for Bob to get away.

Bob was also great on trumpet. And he let everyone know it. During marching band and orchestra rehearsals, he'd play solos and Chuck Mangione songs during warm up, just to show off. All the girls would always fawn over him, and it made a lot of us sick. I remember once bitching about it to my dad, who told me I was sick for being jealous of a kid with one arm, and that if I didn't shut-up, I might only be able to see out of one eye.

One day, after one of those long afternoon rehearsals, one where I actually got to feel Winnie's ass, and a fine Canadian ass it was, I found myself alone in the "Boy's Room" with Bob.

"How's it going, Jew?" said Bob.

"Do you even know my real name?" I asked him.

"Why should I?" he replied.

"Because besides being in Chorus with you, I'm also playing football, baseball, and wrestling with you," I explained.

"So?" said Bob, "so are lots of other guys."

"Well, my name is George," I said.

Then I stuck my hand out to shake his.

Then I realized what'd I done.

But it was too late.

My right arm was already extended.

And Bob didn't have one. Or half a one.

"What are you trying to do, Jew?" yelled Bob, and with that, jabbed his nub into my throat real hard.

"Sorry," I managed to wheeze out, but it was too late. I saw fury in Bob's eyes.

"I'm gonna kick your faggot ass," he told me.

Then, of course, he did. After alternating his nub and his fist to my face, he tripped me with his left leg, and then got on top of me.

"Please stop," I literally cried, as tears rolled down the sides of my face.

"Fuck you," was his reply, as he actually nub-slapped on each side of my face, over and over.

"I'm really sorry," I cried, "really, I am. I didn't mean to make any comment about your missing arm!"

"The only thing you'll be missing," yelled Bob, as he stood up and started kicking me, "is your teeth!"

Bob continued to kick my ass, and finally left me on the floor of the "Boy's Room" in a bloody pulp. After I finished crying, I was too ashamed to take the bus home, so I walked.

***

Finally the week came where we were to perform four shows. Three of them were daytime shows during school hours. Two at other schools, and one at ours. Then there was the night show.

The one that scared me. Because my step-mother, brothers and sisters would be there, as well as my dad. And I didn't want them to see me on stage. In a bit part. Wearing brown corduroy pants instead of jeans because my dad and step-mom were too cheap to buy them for me. Even though I'd saved up five dollars in allowance money for them.

"I guess you won't have blue jeans for the show," my step-mother had said a week earlier, "unless you can buy them yourself!"

"But they cost eight dollars," I told her, "and I only have five."

"Well, then you'll have to wear something else. Too bad," she said, "by the way, what color pony do think your sister would want for her birthday next week?" she added.

Bitch.

So the week rolls around and we do all the daytime shows. Bob, of course, does a great job as Curly, and the rest of the cast did just as well. I actually have fun with Winnie, and at one point, Stephanie actually begins to like Shawn, and they do hold hands during the square-dance scenes.

Then the big night comes along.

And we're all nervous.

The whole ninth grade chorus.

Everyone.

Our parents are there to see us.

I even saw Bob twitching around before the show.

Finally, the overture ended, the curtains went up, and our final and most important show began.

"There's a bright golden haze on the meadow," sang Bob, as the audience was exposed to him in his cowboy hat and one arm all at once, "there's a bright golden haze on the meadow."

After a few "ooohs" and "awwws", Bob continued.

"The corn is as high as an elephants eye, and it looks like it's climbing clear up to the sky," he sang.

We all then joined in on "Oh What A Beautiful Morning," and the crowd went nuts. They clapped, whistled, and sincerely enjoyed it.

The show continued and by the end of the whole thing, after Jud gets killed and Curly marries Laurie, the whole place was

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singing along.

"Oooook-lahoma, where the wind comes sweeping down the plains," we heard everyone sing along with us, and we smiled.

After the show, and a standing ovation, lots of our parents came backstage. I watched as Shawn hugged his mom and dad, who both had curly red Irish hair like him, and I smiled as Winnie introduced me to her mother and brother.

I also watched as Bob's Dad came backstage to congratulate his son.

"You did okay," he said to his one-armed kid, "but next time I think you can do better."

Bob said nothing.

"You have to prove that having one arm doesn't make you any worse than anyone else," his father went on to explain.

As his father talked to him, I could see one single tear well up in his eye.

And I felt terrible.

Then Bob looked over and saw me looking at him. The look on his face is something I'll never forget. Pure grief.

*

On the way out to our brown paneled Chrysler Station Wagon that night, my father pulled me aside in the junior high school parking lot and talked to me alone.

"George," he said, "that kid who played Curly, he had one arm."

"Uh huh," I said, thinking about how Bob's dad must be disappointed in everything his son does. From football to baseball to band.

"Well I'm glad your chorus didn't do 'How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying'," my father explained, "a one armed Robert Morse would have been simply terrible."

"Fuck wad," I mumbled to him once again.

"What'd you say?" he asked.

"Fuck wad," I said clearly.

"That's what I thought," he said, and with that, hit me in the mouth so hard my gums started bleeding.

The next day at school I saw Bob in the cafeteria, seated at a table full of cheerleaders. And I smiled.

He saw me smiling at him, and just in the very corners of his mouth, smiled back.

"What are you smiling about?" asked Shawn, as he saw me staring at Bob.

"In a land of men with two arms, the one-armed man is still king," I said.

"What are you talking about?" asked Shawn.

"Nothing," I told him, and with that, motioned for him to follow me to a table where Winnie and Stephanie were sitting, waiting for us to join them.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www,furiousgeorge.com
2. Got some new CDs I like. Sexy Xrist, Fist Her Face (aweful name, good band), Heartdrops, Kowalskis, Spunk, Blanks 77, and much more!
3. I think this was supposed to be the column where I could write about other columnists. Well, seeing as Mykel Board gets more pussy than the ASPCA, Ted Rall has Balls, Dr. Dante doesn't make housecalls anymore, Sean Sullivan actually has a sense of humor, Mark Hanford is THE ONE, Felix Havoc has a Hog, Renee Bryant's Five Minutes are up, Lefty Holligan make absolutely no sense to me, what-so-ever, Bruce Roehrs roars, Sheri Gumption is yummy enough for consumption, Bill Florio has a girlfriend, Dave Dictor is no dummy, Mark Murrmann is cool, mann, Skipard Reason is the only true way, Brian GTA is probably a member of the PTA, Arwen Curry is in a hurry, and the rest either have balls or breasts, what could I possibly say? Punk Rock!

NOTHING PERSONAL

Walzwerk Records has some first rate Oi!/street-punk product for your listening pleasure this month. First up is the great band SCURVY- presently the toast of London's Oi! crowd. The new SCURVY 45 is entitled "Nothing Personal". The sleeve features a rather menacing looking fellow on the front with a quote on the back: "You have to understand the circumstances. I'm not trying to make excuses but really, remorse is the wrong word. I can understand someone being sorry for killing someone they love, someone they care about. But these men were strangers. It was nothing personal."

The "A" side has an excellent street song "Your Time Will Come" that quickly takes on anthemic qualities. You will soon be singing along!

The "B" side of the new SCURVY 45 is fucking tough! This rocking guitar-driven punk/oi! number has vicious momentum right from the start! "Means and Ends" carves out SCURVY'S territory with a raw torrent of nasty oi! influenced punk! This record receives the highest of recommendations!

The second "must listen to" record from Walzwerk this month is THE WARRIORS 45 rpm 7" record called "The Last Resort". This is melodic oi! from these English street music veterans. Saxby"s vocals are perfect for the title cut "The Last Resort". This tune has good harmonies and well placed guitar and drum accompaniment. Turn this seven inch slab over and you have a slower finely -crafted melodic punk and oi! selection called "Sad Junkie Loser". This bit of folk-punk shares some knowledge from the wise old street-punk sages. This is another good record from Walzwerk.

Also available on Walzwerk Records right now is a new CD by the German skinhead band SCHARMUTZEL. The CD is called "Wenn Es Nacht Wird". This fucking CD has very rough and hard oi! songs! The material has deep and gruff vocals. Great! Some of the stand out skinhead anthems on this disc are "Hey Little World", "Kraft Durch Oi!", "Weekend", "Kick Em Down" and "Battle in the Night". This release by SCHARMUTZEL is one fucking brutal Oi! experience. There's good singing, good guitar playing and some time breaks in the more melodic songs. Very good! Write to Walzwerk Records, Ballinclogher, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry, Ireland.

GUNDOG, that esteemed Oi! outfit from London, England has a great new split single out on their New Blood Label. This split with the TEMPLARS represents some of the strongest work to date by both bands. On the GUNDOG side the band fucking kicks ass with their song "Middle Of Nowhere"! Some of the lyrics are: "Sitting here all alone in the middle of nowhere. The job's a joke, I'm broke with nowhere to go. I'm drunk, stoned and cold, ain't nothing but a rolling stone. The dead end street and the road that winds to nowhere." GUNDOG have demonstrated again that they can deliver the one-two punch on the side of your head with their street music! The TEMPLARS song on side "B" is one of the best they have ever recorded! Have a listen- the TEMPLARS rail on "I Don't Need You" This hammer has a fucking excellent guitar sound! Carl and the TEMPLARS sing "I'm sick of work - I'm sick of school. I get the feeling I'm being misused. Through sweat and blood does happiness come. The rich boy gets smiles, how come I get none. With only myself to guide me through, I live my life the way I choose. " Great! Get a hold of New Blood number 04 as soon as possible! Write to GUNDOG/ NEW BLOOD Records at : P.O. Box 52, Gravesend, DA9ZL ENGLAND.

Vulture Rock has some great new product available for you skins and punks! The hardest new CD on Vulture Rock is SOLDIER 76 "Balance of Armour". This fucker rocks! From the theme song, "Soldier 76" through "On Our Way", "Life and Times", "Skinheads on the Piss", "Here Come the Cops", "The Way It Is", and "Hicktown". SOLDIER 76 fucking delivers great oi! in the BOVVER WON-

DERLAND style. You will recognize Bo from BOOT PARTY and this band continues his involvement in great California oi! music for you Fresno City skinheads.

Next up from the new releases on Vulture Rock is DISORDERLY CONDUCT from Wilmington N.C. with their mini-CD "Love Thy Neighbor". DISORDERLY CONDUCT starts right in with "Working Class Blues" which is rough edged street-punk with good harmonies and guitar parts. The band plows through 5 originals including "Tonight", "Drunken Kids", "Ugly Kids" and the tough-as-nails "Left Behind". Then DISORDERLY CONDUCT tear into a live cover of "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting". Great!

The third hammer for you skins is YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE with their CD "American History (Live from CBGB 1987-1988)". This has rough and tumble live versions of "The Boys", "Youth of America", "The Banner", "Blue Pride", and a cover of the LAST RESORT classic "Violence in Our Minds". Also included are the live renditions of "Skinhead 88", "Old Glory" and "The End". This CD has better sound than many "live" CD's, but is not up to studio sound quality. This would be recommended for the YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE completest. It represents some powerful shows in New York 1987-1988.

Vulture Rock presents the YOUTHFULL OFFENDERS from Massachusetts and their fucking brutish LP "Domination". The "I'abst Blue Ribbon Bootboys" kick ass! Check out "Nobody's Hero" , "Independence Day", "Aggro", "Pride", "United Skins" and "Thugs Not Drugs". All hard- all fast!

In the seven inch department Vulture Rock offers the SOLDIER 76 "Power It Up" EP with two songs from the SOLDIER 76 "Balance of Armour" CD plus one track that appears only here. There is a new Vulture Rock promotional 45 by YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE containing two songs off of the "American History" CD. You lucky fucks can order the action packed VULTURE ROCK PROMOTIONAL EP NO. 4 with THE TEMPLARS, YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS, THE MOLOKO MEN, DISORDERLY CONDUCT, THE UNRULY, and Canada's IMPACT.

Rejected Records from Dun Laoghaire County, Dublin, Ireland has a new CD release for you punks. It's a tribute to the RUTS with fourteen tracks paying respect to the legendary London punk band. Featured are SKINT doing "Back Biter", THE BLOODY MUTANTS doing "Out of Order", THE STEAM PIG covering "H-Eyes", RED ALERT playing "West One (Shine on Me)", TOFFEE HAMMER with a pumped up version of the great RUTS song "You're Just A...". The always tough ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS play "I Ain't Sophisticated". The crowd pleasing RUNNIN' RIOT do "Babylon's Burning." THE RUDE BOYS doing "Something That I Said" and last but not least EXTERNAL MENACE play "Society". Other releases you must watch for on Rejected Records are the BLOOD OR WHISKEY CD, RUNNIN' RIOT "Reclaim the Street" LP, RESTARTS/ZERO TOLERANCE split LP, NOISE POLLUTION/BLOODY MUTANTS split 7", and coming soon: a RUNNIN' RIOT mini CD out in January 2000!

Look for a potential stateside distribution for Rejected Records by No Pride Records in San Francisco, CA USA. In the meantime write Rejected Records at: PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, CO. Dublin, Ireland.

TKO/Flat Records has a couple of new CDs for you. First up is "Boston Drops The Gloves- A tribute to SLAPSHOT". This brawling compilation contains SLAPSHOT covers by DROPKICK MURPHYS, NOBODY'S HEROES, PINKERTON THUGS, THE TROUBLE, VIGILANTES, STRIKERS, BLOOD FOR BLOOD and many more. Give this a spin. The other product you must check out is the new CD by BEERZONE called "They Came, They Saw, They Conquered" This CD continues the stalwart punk-rock tradition that BEERZONE initiated with the fine "Gazza Gazza" EP earlier this year. Hopefully you saw BEERZONE open for DROPKICK MURPHYS recently- if not, you might get a chance to see them when the DROPKICK MURPHYS go out on the road with the HUDSON FALCONS in late January.

Punkcore Records has a rocking new CD for you charged punks. The new one is by the CASUALTIES and it's called "The Early Years-1990-1995" This CD has lots of hits -as you might recall Punkcore was one of the first labels to support these New Jersey punkers. Write to Punkcore for a catalog with hundreds of punk, Oi! and HC rercords and CDs at : P.O. Box 916 , Middle Island, N.Y. 11953.

There is a good split EP out now by ATTENTAT SONORE and NEGATIVE IQ from France. ATTENTAT SONORE was formed in 1988 and kept the kids placated with two demo tapes, followed by another D.I.Y. tape in 1990. After several line up changes the released another tape - a split in 1995 with PRIMITIV BUNKO. In that same year BROKEN EAR included one of ATTENTAT SONORE's songs on the Crises CD compilation. 1996 saw the release of a live split 7" with SCRAPS, one of the first French hardcore bands. Now you have the "Limo Vices Street Punkers" split EP with 100% Limoges punk. Good stuff! The lyrics in "Punx with Brains" by ATTENTA SONORE ring true: "You wanna leave school so you think you'll be free./What happens in the end?/You're fodder for the factories." ATTENTAT SONORE has good deep male vocals and strong female trade-off vocals. This music is good punk with an oi! flavor.

The other band on the record is NEGATIVE IQ, who sings "Technocracy Sucks" and their theme song "Negative I.Q." with oi! styled vocals over top of excellent old-school hardcore.

Data Records present the new release by the stellar UK punk outfit CONTEMPT. The "Justice For Who" EP starts out with a rocking title cut that has a melodic punk foundation and plows right into "Barry the Anarchist"- a spirited punk paean with some guitar breaks and PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABYS style guitar phrasings. On the "B" side CONTEMPT continue the onslaught with "Make a Stand" which is a strong call-to-arms for you punks with superior guitar playing and drumming. The last tune is "General Strike" and one can see that CONTEMPT has their politics in perspective. Listen to "Justice for Who" by CONTEMPT!

This month Pure Impact Records from Belgium presents a hard-nosed skinhead band from Norwich England called RETALIATOR. This is no nonsense skin/oi! music with aggressive metal-tinged guitar leads on top. The lyrics deal with fighting the system and keeping the skinhead faith. In "Fight Back" RETALIATOR decry "The kids of Britain are fed on shit./The problem is that they're loving it./The rubbish that they're force fed has washed their brains, and fucked their heads./Fight back-Don't let them win!" You skins and punks that like a little SLAYER mixed in with your CONDEMNED 84 will be partial to this one! Write for RETALIATOR product at Pure Impact Records, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout Belgium.

Orlando X from SPECIAL FORCES and UNITED BLOOD has a new band for you punks and skins. The debut vinyl for INTREPID AGAINST ALL FASCISTS is called "Songs of Battle" and it is brought to you by Cheetah Records. This fine punk rock EP contains one SPECIAL FORCES cover, "Make the Leaders Fight", one UNITED BLOOD cover, "The Hardway", and two INTREPID A.A.F. originals. This shit rocks hard- strong punk/Oi! with powerful vocals! The lyrics are pertinent to the plight of working class people- listen to "Common Man", Very Good! Fans of PRESSURE POINT will like this band. Order from Cheetah Records, P.O. Box 4442, Berkeley, Ca. 94704.

Whoa! A band with a most unlikely name has come to town to kick much ass! KERMITS FINGER from Boston, Massachusetts has unleashed a barrage of fucking raw punk on your hapless ears. The EP is called "Negative Mental Images" and this slab of pure punk bile starts out like a hell- bound train with "Bottle Rockets" - 56 seconds of unadulterated brazen punk-rock vitriol! This song slams head-on into

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"Not a Goddamn Word". This is a fast and fucking furious punk blast that levels the playing field. After the "Fuck You" song, side "B" begins with "Kicked the Bed"- a fast and melodic punk ditty. It's got harmonies and everything! Song two, side "B" is "Airwave Pollution- Why Don't They Just Shut the Fuck Up" about all the garbage on the radio. The final song is a RANDUMBS type of drunk -punk rant called "Bye Bye Now". Get this is rocking record from KERMIT'S FINGER!!

The NEW BREED from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada have a good debut EP out now on Subprofit Records. The "Blue Collar Blues" EP starts out with a good street song "We Believe" which appears to have some DROPKICK MURPHYS influences. Then THE NEW BREED go right into "Never Give In". Good shit!

Side Two starts off with "Wasted Youth" where the singer sounds, favorably, like Johnny Bonnel from the SWINGIN' UTTERS. Song four is the title song of the EP and it's called "Blue Collar Blues". A damn decent record - we hope to hear more from THE NEW BREED.

We have two blazing "Spikes and Leather" punk blow-outs available for you this month from Charged Records in Jersey. First on the menu is VIRUS from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania with their "Global Crisis" EP. This fucker kicks off with "Bomb Drop", a tumultuous overkill of great punk. Then THE VIRUS slow things down a little with a good CHAOS UK style punk anthem called "Pull My Strings". Flip this disc over and you get more top-flight punk with good lyrics. "Celebrity Gossip" indicts the papers and television for their bullshit coverage. This record winds up to a strong finish with the song "No War Can Be Won", which hits the fucking nail on the head. Good record!

The second platter available from Charged Records is ENDLESS STRUGGLE with their EP "Leathers, Studs and Punks". This Salt Lake City crew of drunk-punks has got the great England 1983 punk sound down cold! If you are a fan of the FORGOTTEN you will like the ENDLESS STRUGGLE. The first song is "Red Alert" which goes right into "Fault" about teenaged frustration with school. Turn the record over and you get "Beer" - an ode to P.B.R. (Pabst Blue Ribbon for you uninitiated), and then a fitting song to close with ,"Let's Start a Riot". This is a full-throttle Mohawk punk with lots of balls and buckets of enthusiasm! Get it!

Radio Records from Sonoma, California has a new mini-CD available for your listening pleasure, The new product is by the BODIES and it is entitled "Addicted To You" This band can write songs with plenty of hooks , and if they are not too drunk, (when was the last time that happened?) they can play good punk rock.

Outcast Records from Dortmund, Germany presents two beautiful split 45s for you CONFEDERACY OF SCUM mothers. The fearsome team of Jeff Clayton and Joe Young aka ANTISEEN kick off the festivities. The undisputed kings of southern rock for going on two decades. ANTISEEN fucking tears your ears off with "Run My World". This is some hard shit with Clayton's vocals sounding like a rusty old bowie knife chopping through a big catfish. Rock and roll don't get no dirtier than this shit pilgrim!! On the "B" side of this fucker is BORN BAVARIAN, the Munchen bastard kin of Clayton and company. BORN BAVARIAN start off with a slow swamp tune "Gun Maniac" that has some psycho-CRAMPS bad blood lines. Then BORN BAVARIAN kick your skinny white ass into next week with their finale - a gritty southern style rock n' roll scum fest. Very good!

The second outcast release this month is a split EP by HELLSTOMPER and BORN BAVARIAN. HELLSTOMPER play "All Pilled Up and No Place to Go But Down" - a fast Georgia country-rock tune suitable for square dancing and fiddle playing. Swing that pardner you Dixie Confederates! The hillbilly mood continues with a cover of Mr. Silverstein's "Put Another Log on the Fire". On the BORN BAVARIAN side you get an original "White Blue Trash" song with a loping southern German country beat. BORN BAVARIAN then segue into a fine banjo and harmonica - laden version of "Six More Miles" by HANK WILLIAMS. This shit has warts on it's tongue it's so goddamn country! When all is said and done BORN BAVARIAN deserve respect for their pure redneck spirit. Get Outcast Records from Our Area Records, Parkweg 9, 59379 Selm, Germany.

IT'S CONFIRMED! First Round Productions from San Francisco is going to bring COCK SPARRER to the States for five dates in February. The REDUCERS S.F. will be supporting on all these shows. Look for possible shows in New York, Providence, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. We will inform you of exact dates in their near future.

You literate Skins and Punks should be sure to pick up the new issue of AMERICAN UPSTART magazine. The Fall 1999 issue is packed with articles about Punk n' Oi! Read about THE DUCKY BOYS, SUBWAY THUGS, TERMINUS CITY, THE AUTHORITY, and OXYMORON. Also included is coverage of the Oi! Fest in Arizona and the Midwest Oi! Fest in Kansas City, Missouri. Write to : AMERICAN UPSTART, P.O. Box 10005, Kansas City, Missouri, 64171.

Until next month-
See you around-
See you in Hell!
200 issues?
Goddamn!

CHRIS DODGE

I'm going to wax nostalgic for a second here, so bear with me. I'll try not to let my liver spots show... I remember the first issue of MRR that I picked up. I believe it was issue#9. Or was it #8? Guess I don't remember it that well after all. Anyhow, it was the issue where Tesco Vee wrote the cover story on record collecting. At that point, around 1983 I believe, it was actually possible to buy almost every new punk record out there. It was a small amount of releases by today's standards, but in the early 80s it was just enough to satiate my thirst for new music and still anticipate more. There was a geniune excitement about every new band that popped up and every new demo that came out. And each (then bi-monthly) issue of MRR was instrumental increasing this passion for such an obscure yet closely knit underground music scene. MRR was the first magazine to tie together all the loose ends of the international punk & hardcore scenes. For the first time, it created a sounding board and a worldwide meeting place for bands and people interested in hardcore. There was no other resource that could tell me all about the latest from Finland's Terveet Kadet, Brazil's Olho Seco, Japan's Lipcream, and Wisconsin's Die Kruezen all at once.

Soon after discovering MRR, I wrote in to them complaining about a local store selling the Crucifix "Dehumanization" LP for $7. 99 when it said "pay no more than $5. 50" on the cover. I can't even tell you how excited I was when they actually printed my letter. In 1984, I submitted a San Jose, CA scene report. I was just a pimply-faced teen who was too young to drive. I didn't get to go to many shows and I certainly wasn't a fixture in the S. J. scene. But MRR still printed my scene report! I couldn't believe it. For the first time I was realizing that I could actively participate in the punk scene, and what I had to say wouldn't be ignored just because I wasn't a "celebrity". What I wrote actually mattered. MRR was an outlet as well as a reference for my concerns and interests. I could contribute something to the magazine and it would be noticed not just by a handful of my loser friends, but by punks worldwide. I had found a community where nobody knew me, yet I belonged.

I contributed sporadically over the years until late 1988 when I became a regular monthly staffer and I was officially

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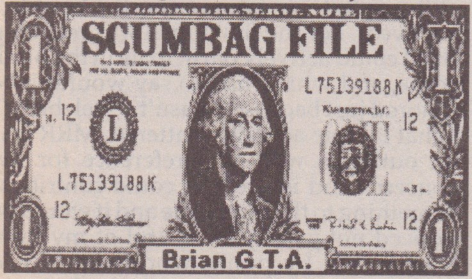
christened a "shitworker". As silly as it may sound now, it was a great honor for me. Over the years, MRR has come under constant fire, often for good reason. I myself have criticized it endless times. For as much as he did to breathe life into the scene, Tim Yo equally had a knack for knocking the wind out of your sails just for the hell of it. If he disagreed with something you did, no matter how credible you were or how long he had been friends with you, he wouldn't think twice about raking you over the coals in the pages of this mag if he had a disagreement with you. I jumped ship from MRR in about 1993 because I got sick of what I viewed as Tim's needless censoring of my contributions. I understood why he did it, but I didn't want to be associated with it anymore. He was a pain in the ass in many ways, but then again, that was the spirit of punk rock in its truest form. No idols, no rock stars, no bullshit. Do what you want, say what you want, and fuck what anyone else thinks. Nothing is sacred. It's true that nowadays MRR is not what it once was, but neither is the punk scene. Hardcore has factioned into countless sub genres that are entire scenes within themselves.

There are literally thousands of alternatives available now for easily accessible zines to read, records to buy, and shows to attend. The fact that mags like Punk Planet, Heartattack, and Hit List were seemingly initiated for the sole purpose of torpedoing MRR proves that, for better or for worse, MRR still holds great staying power & influence in this scene. Personally, I don't find MRR as interesting as I used to (probably because I think I'm officially "jaded" now), but I know that it still serves its purpose as punk's masthead. Despite the peeves that pervade the scene today, the underlying importance is that there is now an underground network so well established that it's not likely we'll see another MRR cover story like the one that asked simply, "Is Punk Dead?" The punk scene of 2000 is very well-padded and comfy. That's not necessarily the worst thing. However, it is important to understand the roots of it all so we know how we reached the position of privilege we are in today.



As we last left off, Kai was asking for an order based on the premise that "you know I'm that honest so if I tell you that I'm putting your check in the mail right now, will you ship us that order right away?" Now maybe my "smarts" won't ever solve world hunger, but I wasn't about to go for Kai's "check's in the mail" suggestion either. I basically told Kai that payment on past due invoices was to be delivered in full before we could discuss another shipment. Kai then says "What do you mean we will discuss it, do I get my order or not!?!"

Next Kai starts telling me about how if I'm not sending him anymore orders then he will be forced to withhold a portion of the money he owes me against return CDs he is going to send me. (When Rotz had started greatly upping their orders around a year or less previous to this, I had told Agnes specifically that I hope she understood that I did not want to see these ever coming back in large quantities as returns. Agnes said not to worry and that everything they ordered from me was always sold; I would never receive returns. Ahem.)

So I tell Kai no such doing, and he responds that if he pays me in full and we stop doing business together would I buy back returns; to which I responded yes. Kai then tells me that he is immediately cutting me a check for the full amount. A few days later on about 5-5-99 a check for $846.00 arrives only covering the oldest invoice, though not in total as I'm still being shorted $63.00 for the 9 "missing" CDs (the same ones that they had later claimed to be mistaken on and were never missing). The check was also dated 3-16-99! (So when were they planning on sending it?)

Soon I received a call from Kai saying "You have some issues with us and we have some with you", and basically that the rest of what's owed would arrive in the form of CD returns, as we would no longer be dealing with one another. Receiving the money promised would have been more preferable but I figured that at this point any way to be done with Rotz wouldn't be soon enough. Kai told me that they already had $2,700.00 worth of returns sitting at Rotz ready to be shipped back in from their stores and one stop distributors. Before I got off the phone with Kai I made sure to reemphasize the matter of the 9 CDs they were still shorting me on, and Kai got a little miffed.

Weeks passed and nothing had arrived yet, so I gave Kai a call, wanting to know what was up with my returns. Immediately he starts blaming the lack of action on his assistant Harlow (Not long after, Harlow decided to bail Rotz, along with several other employees.) and says that I should have received his registered letter listing the returns (a letter that, ahem, mysteriously never showed up). Kai says he is going to check on the situation, hangs up, and then calls back shortly to say that he had a word with Harlow to make sure everything would be taken care of and that he was placing Harlow on "probation." ("Probation"!?! What the hell am I dealing with, a distribution company or a prison camp?) I then tell Kai Basically that I hope things will finally get taken care of properly and that nobody is going to try to pull anything otherwise. Kai, slightly indignant, responds "Oh Brian, you of all people should know how honest Rotz is!" I think my response back was something like Whatever."

Not leaving it up to Kai, a few days later I decide to call Harlow myself and restress what Kai had discussed with him about my returns, only Harlow responded in a way that made me wonder if he even knew anything about any such returns. (I swear it wasn't me, the dog farted!) Very soon I actually do receive a large return (short one CD) and a bit later on a second return (I'm overcharged $3.00 on one CD). Written at the bottom of the return statement enclosed is "We don't owe you anything!" Oh to the contrary, take a wild guess at what is still being shorted!?! You got it, just a few dollars less than those nine CDs. In-fuckin-credible!!! Is this just a case of incompetence, or could someone be so obsessively hell bent on shorting someone else of nine CDs? It didn't matter because either way I had had just about enough; so I faxed off this message to Kai:

From: Brian

To: Kai Grand Theft Audio Rotz "We don't owe you anything!"

Guess again!! Your returns only total up to $3,221.00 (First shipment was $2,751.00, not $2,758.00 as you stated because I was shorted one Demise CD at $7.00; and your 2nd shipment was $470.00, not $473.00 as you overcharged me on a $4.00 Atrocity comp, upping the price to $7.00). Now we take another $2.00 off that total because four CDs had cracked cases on the 2nd shipment ($0.50 per broken case, the same price you charge everyone, though I did not charge for missing and torn shrinkwrap like you!). Now your returns total only $3,219.00! What you owed me on was invoice #155681 for $2,719.62, plus invoice #155683 for $498.26, plus invoice #155678 for $63.00 (the nine CDs you are still attempting to short me on!). Total of invoices due $3,280.88 - $3,219.00 returns = $61.88 still owed!!! You ordered the CDs, they were due up for payment, you decided to return them rather than pay, so YOU are fully responsible to pay all shipping costs! I have grown very very tired of you wasting my time with such petty garbage. I don't want to talk to you about this, I just want immediate payment (as in NOW!!!), or I shall bring this ALL to everyone's attention via Maximumrocknroll and the many other avenues I have at my disposal immediately! Over and out.

Very soon I receive a box with 10 CDs along with a list of returns which featured Kai's clever "Mr Paranoid" comment and a letter from Agnes where after she calls me "childish" and "unprofessional", then

makes the brilliant (and hopefully) non-sexual advance that "Now you can kiss my ass." as seen in last issue's column. My how truly professional and most unchildish of you to write that, Agnes. (A very wise person once said "They don't think that their shit smells but their farts give them away.") I am also not the only one, as others like Todd from Recess Records have received similar uncalled for exhibitions of such behavior from Agnes (which I won't go into great detail about at this time, as his unpleasant experiences with Agnes and Rotz could easily fill a column or two).

"Agnes kept sending me emails and making phone calls filled with wild slanderous accusations." -Todd, FYP/Recess Records Now someone could say, so what, maybe both Brian GTA and Todd Recess are a couple of complete asswipes and got the treatment they deserved? Well then what about what these other people have to say?

"Not only did they shaft me at every possible turn, they even returned crap they couldn't sell from other labels that I had never even sold them, against money that they owed me, then had the nerve to ask for more stuff. They definitely weren't professional or people-friendly. My checks they claimed to send would mysteriously disappear in the mail also." -Roger, Unclean Records

"Underdog Records stopped distributing through Rotz because their system seems designed to make getting payment or returns as difficult as possible." -Doug Ward, Underdog Records

"Working with Kai is not worth the hassle." -Brian Peterson, booking for Fireside Bowl, Chicago

"I personally wouldn't do business with Rotz unless it was on a COD basis." -Mike, Beer City Records

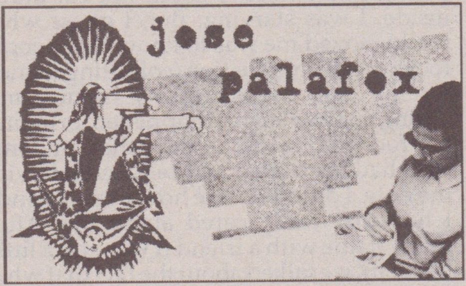
"Kai at Rotz promised me so much and delivered nothing. He was a complete jerk and pain in the ass." -Armin, X-Mist Records

"Very early on I had Rotz distribute my magazine and it only took an issue or two and then I dropped them. They were one of the two worst distributors I have ever had. Agnes was an extremely difficult person with which to work, even as far back as 1992." -Randall Tin Ear, Angry Thoreauan Magazine

So are all of these other folks (Believe me, there are many more whose annoyance with Rotz is causing these labels to end their business relations with Rotz, though they are trying to creep out silently while getting paid in full, and therefore cannot be mentioned.) "childish", "unprofessional", "vicious", etc. or are there fundamental problems with the behavior of Kai and Agnes? Let it be known that their vindictive and self-centered attitudes are not acceptable! I think that one of the things that bothered me the most and drove me to write this piece on Rotz was that Agnes' letter pretty much confirmed what had already made it back to me of what was being said about me. I have also heard other things about other people, being passed on to me that were most likely false accusations.

As we all know, spreading falsehoods can unfairly cause problems for the persons they are aimed at; as it sometimes makes new people skittish and not want to deal with them. Most often though, the bringer of such poor behavior ends up the one whom is not trusted and also on the receiving end of tenfold slander pointed right back at them. I could have chosen to be "vicious" and "childish", but instead just told it as it happened. Hopefully "someone" will start reexamining the way that they handle things and this will be the end of it. Somehow though, I seriously doubt it.

Now onto more pressing matters: the new Loudmouths CD on 702 Records kicks buttock! Real school degenerate punk rock about being a drunkard dirtbag that even a real straightedger like me can enjoy. Great fuck you punk lyrics coupled with the blitzen vocals and authentic music to make you think that it's a long lost classic LP. With all of the positive yap on this group I was expecting to be disappointed, but not so. What a rarity, a band worthy of their praise. Well that about does it, later. Brian GTA, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd., Ste 313, Glendale, CA 91202 News Flash: Flipside is currently in the process of suing Rotz Distribution over money owed in the tens of thoudsands that dates as far back as 1998.



"They say there is no hope for the youth, but what they mean is there is no hope for the future" —Tupac Shakur, "Keep Ya Head Up"

In 1960, Greensboro, North Carolina a few black students decided to sit-in at a local Woolworth lunch counter. Going against the grain of Jim Crow segregation, the students put their bodies on the line because they had a vision of a different society. "We were trying to eradicate the whole stigma of being inferior," one of the students stated. "We do not picket because we want to eat. We do picket to protest the lack of dignity and respect shown us as human beings." Out of these sit-ins, buss-boycotts, mass-direct action led by people of color (and yes, some progressive white folks), many Civil Rights groups like the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) would for-ever change the course of history in this country. Although much of the Civil Rights Movement addressed many of the legal aspects of segregation-e.g. the emphasis in pushing for the 1954 Brown vs. Board of Education Supreme Court decision which declared segregated schools as "unconstitutional"-a struggle over eradicating de facto segregation would be a harder reality to change. One can take down as many signs that read: "For Whites Only" and "Blacks, dogs, and Mexican's not allowed" but, the reality is that, until we really deal with structural inequality, having the right to sit in the front of the bus is not gonna be enough if people don't have the money to ride the bus in the first place.

On October 21, 1999, 24 members of the Third World Liberation Front (TWLF) were arrested for taking over the Berkeley courtroom of Alameda County Superior Court Judge Ronald Greenberg. The members of TWLF, led mostly by students from UC Berkeley, were cited with contempt of court and released while one student was charged with "resisting arrest." That student happened to be me. After spending a whole day in Santa Rita Jail, in Dublin, I had a little bit of time to reflect on what we had accomplished by taking over the court and getting arrested. But this story does not begin here.

Some of you might remember reading my 1999 July column (#194) about the struggle to defend the Ethnic Studies Department at UC Berkeley during the Spring semester. Briefly, on April 14, 1999 close 45 students were arrested for taking over one of the buildings on campus to bring attention to the fact the our department has-for the last 10 years-been downsized. From that point on, shit broke loose on campus: over hundreds of arrests were made, a long camp-out and hunger strike in front of the Chancellor's office, students banned from campus, daily demonstration on campus; basically, life on campus was "no business as usual." We were able to win most of our demands: we got the administration to hire new tenure track professors, ensure the replacement of retiring faculty, the establishment of an Ethnic Studies Research Center and a Multicultural Student Research Center. But, out of the 100+ arrests that were made during that Spring semester, six students still face criminal charges.

On October 21, 1999, over 60 members of the TWLF and community members congregated early in the morning to march down to the Berkeley courthouse where the "Barrows 6" were scheduled to appear for their pre-trial hearing on charges of "resisting arrest" and "assaulting an officer." As we walked in to Berkeley Court #2, we sat down patiently and waited for the judge to come in. The court was packed

with supporter of the Barrows 6. As the judge began the case, Amy Sadao, a TWLF member and a grad student in the Ethnic Studies Department read a prepared statement by TWLF: "Expunge the record of injustice! The defendants being charged did nothing different than the hundreds of other protesters. If the court sees fit to try these students, we must be charged as well... We stand in absolute solidarity with the Barrows 6. Defending our right to an education is not a crime." At first, the cops freaked out and did not know what to do. They waited around to feel us out. The judge, by this time had all ready left. The courtroom was pretty full of TWLF folks and a few cops.

We decided to have our own trial, you know, a "peoples trial." We were going to put Chancellor Robert Berdahl and the Vice Chancellor Carol Christ on trial while acknowledging that it was the whole "schooling system" that was on trial: these administration officials, like any other law enforcement officials who accept their responsibilities to enforce "law and order" are complicit in the Prison Industrial Complex (many of the desks and chairs in our UC Berkeley classrooms are made by prisoners), Chancellor Berdahl was the one who sent in his "negotiating team" of pigs that beat the crap out of non-violent kids during our hunger-strike and camp-out last semester, and the list goes on. Anyways, to be able to get near the judge's chamber, we had to pass a couple of cops.

A few of us tried to get close but the cops said no. I then decided go pass one cop and was quickly pushed by cop from behind and landed on a desk with the cop landing on top of me. Can you imagine a big-buff cop pushing a skinny-short kid (I weight 130 pounds) so hard that I flew a few feet away? I didn't know what the fuck was going on. I guess, somehow the cop picked me up and took me to the back of the court to a jail cell. I remember telling the cop: "You can't arrest me! I'm Jose Palafox!" The cop gave me the weirdest look. After this took place, I was later told, more TWLF members went pass the cops and in near the judge's chair. We had taken over the courtroom. This is when the cops called for more back up and pretty soon the whole courthouse was closed and they had to call a lot more cops to close of the entire area near the courthouse. It would take a few hours to "secure" the area and bring in the police buses to put us in. A total of 24 students (16 women and eight men, including one student in a wheel chair) were taken to Santa Rita jail, an hour away from Berkeley.

I guess that, the hardest thing for me was that during this arrest (as opposed to other times that I've been arrested before), I spent a lot more time in jail. I was the first arrested and the last one to get out. First of all, I'm claustrophobic. I was able to handle being alone in a tiny room for hours, but, once in jail, put into prison clothes and taken to a jail cell, I got a little freaked out. You see, when I was little I was sexually abused and I did not like a prison guard grabbing me hard and touching me with all my clothes off. Fucking assholes! I mean, he could see that I wasn't going anywhere, why did he have to grab me like that? I realized that this place (jail) is meant to not only hurt people physically, but to try and break peoples spirit by controlling everything that one does and thinks. Yes, I was a little scared but, after talking with some of the other prisoners I found out that many were in for "minor offenses" like being poor, or just being a young person with a little pride. Some of them were like, "You're a graduate student at UC Berkeley and so, what are you in for?" I got a chance to talk to them about why some us (students) got arrested. I told them that with all the attacks on affirmative action, bilingual education, ethnic studies etc., we students had to try and do something to stop this backlash.. As students of color, I said, we have a responsibility to our families and our communities; theory can and should be related to practice. I must say that many of the stereotypes that we learn from movies, press, TV, books, about jail being a scary place where everyone is out to get everyone is not always the case. Some people do look after each other.

After getting out on a $1000.00 bail, the first people I saw were my comrades from school. They had waited all day until midnight. They brought food and drinks because they knew I could not eat much inside. I was starving. But, I guess what really moved me was to know that people took care of my situation (collecting money for my bail, contacting my friends and letting know what had happened, bringing me food) but also, all the other students who had been cited and released left with me note. I didn't realize how many friends I had that really cared about me. After going home with a friend (I was still a little out of it), we talked about the fact that what we had done a good thing. We were ready to face the consequences from the other side. But as graduate students at one of the countries most elite universities, WE WERE GOING TO BE ABLE TO GO HOME. Had we been young kids of color from Oakland taking over a court room, who knows how long we would have been in jail for. While hundreds that night would stay there for days, months, and some would stay there for years, we were able to go to class the next day. As my friend waited for me to be released, she told me that it was pretty sad for her to see families waiting all day outside; mothers with little kids, grandmas, fathers, uncles, many who would wait all fucking day only to be told to come back next month because they would not be able to have any visits that day.

After the arrests, Marie Felde, a university spokesperson, told the Daily Californian, the Berkeley student paper, by us getting arrested and impeding a pre-trial process, we were simply making things harder on ourselves. "The issue is clearly that when you disrupt a judicial process, you are disrupting a democratic process," Felde said. "I think anyone would agree that this is outrageous behavior" (10/22/99, p.11). Another Berkeley student wrote in to the Daily Cal echoing Felde: "To subvert the legal system... is not free speech-it is a subversion of our (not theirs, not mine, but our) legal system... to mock that system of justice is to deny the rights of the rest of us who have collectively chosen this system as the one under which we will conduct our societal interactions" (10/26/99, p. 5).

So if you happen to be a Native American and you never "chose" to have your land taken from you and you didn't abide by the law (read: "for white's only"), then sometimes living outside the law is your only option. I think it was Bob Dylan who once said that, "to live outside the law, one must be honest." I think the opposite is also the case: at times, to be honest, one must live outside the law. For "illegal aliens" who come across the border as "illegal," sometimes survival is more important than being concerned with breaking the law or not (do we consider Transnational Corporations as "illegal aliens" who can freely cross borders?). And so the reality is this: the law has never nor will it ever be "objective." They are made by real people. And, in society with all it's contradictions of racism, sexism etc. these policy and lawmakers do not exist in a vacuum.

Think about what it meant for those students in the South in the 1960s when they said: "to hell with the law (it's never protected people of color anyway, in fact the law is always used against us), we have to take a moral stand against the injustices of segregation." Can we afford to learn from the struggles of the past and build on them? Can we afford not to?

A week after the fact and I'm still recovering from the Las Vegas Grind. God. Any of you who thought about going, hesitated and stayed at home—MISSED OUT!!! The only acceptable excuse you have for not going would be for going to Cavestomp in New York the following weekend instead. I didn't find out until I

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was in Las Vegas that the STANDELLS AND the MONKS were playing in New York. Ugh

Oh well, Las Vegas was amazing in every aspect. Great shows from 6 until 2 in the morning. But the real highlight was a smaller, impromptu show at the Double Down on Saturday afternoon. A handful of Japanese bands played, every single one of them was absolutely amazing. The cute, innocent sounding BUNNIES, the absolutely aural madness of GYUGEN REND'S (who shook my little world!!!), the beat style and of the NEATBEATS, and, of course, the 5, 6, 7, 8's. I missed the YOUNG PENNSYLVANIA'S who played first, but did get to see the WILDEBEESTS. Even though the Grind was well put together and fun, this small show was more my speed. The packed crowd, pushing up against the bands was perfect. It was, as Jeff Heermann put it, an "antidote for the Las Vegas Grind."

I know you'll read countless blow-by-blow accounts of the Las Vegas Grind in fanzines around the world, so I'll spare you. Now, let's get on with the records!

Are you as excited as I am about the new REATARDS LP on Empty? I got a taste of the raw raucousness of this record from the Empty website. Ever since I've been salivating at the mere thought of hearing it. I'm happy to say it does not disappoint in the least. Pure fucking Genius!

Rip Off has notched up the records they've been putting out lately. More records, fewer than are forgettable. Let me start this off by saying a little more about the ZODIAC KILLERS LP. It's so fucking short, I had to listen to it like 20 times before it really got into my bloodstream and made my heart race. But once it did...I'm hooked like an addict. And I have word that Mr. Lowery has revamped the line-up and is considering a few more live outings of the ZODIAC KILLERS. Good thing, 'cause it's too good of a band name (and sound!) to waste on a one-shot band.

Also up his sleeve, Mr. Lowery has an LP by the METROS, which I haven't really had ample time to listen to yet. Likewise with the WONGS. The reason is, I've been to busy listening to the fucking REDS 7"!!!!! These Texas boys now how to trash a song, and I mean that in the best possible way. They have an LP due on Rip Off early in the year 2000 and few other things after that. Red hot!

I'll admit to be skeptical about the new REAL KIDS 7" on TKO. Boy was I pleased when I dropped the needle on it and the sound absolutely jumped off the record. these guys have recaptured the magic of their earlier stuff with two rock-in' catchy gems.

Other new records worth your time and mine (but that I don't have enough time to write about at the moment): Scott Morgan and the HELLACOPTERS join forces and form the HYDROMATICS. They have a great 7" out, as well as an LP. The DUKES OF HAMBURG finally have a new LP called "Bad Side of July (Dukes of Earl)".

The FLAKES have been playing lots of shows in San Francisco lately, and every single one of them something keeps me from going. Car wrecks, lethargy, you name it. Those familiar with my column will recall my ranting about the FLAKES a little over a year ago. This DMZ/REAL KIDS-esque four piece features members of the COUNT BACKWURDS, the LOOSE LIPS, and of course, SIR RUSSEL QUAN. What band isn't he in???

When one of your favorite bands breaks up do you lament the loss or celebrate the fact that there's now more than one band similar to them? Such is my dilemma regarding CHINESE TAKE-AWAY. I love them. Absolutely love them. However, they've broken up and have formed two bands. Ego T. and Kati are now in a band called PART-TIME POSERS. Kim, Chrille, Micro & Volvex are starting a new band called BELA KISS. The reason for the split was "musical differences." Both bands have already recorded and should have singles out soon. I can't wait...!

Sorry I didn't write about more records this month. It's just been really fucking busy. Plus, I've been trying to buy fewer records so I can spend that money on putting out records.

Now, let's step into the murky, crowded world of reissues and comps...

Just when you thought the blood-bath had subsided, we finally see BLOOD-STAINS ACROSS THE WORLD. It's been advertised for over a year now and we'll see if it was worth the wait. Only 400 were pressed, so you better act quick! All the songs on this have not yet appeared on other comps. Bands include (as if you've ever heard of most of them...): DEEP 6, DRAGONS, MONROE, JOHNNY DEMON & THE DEVILS, FRAEBBBLARNIR, TIPI & MINISTERIT, FDS, MR HYDE, THE JOHNNIES, STAR CLUB, RIOT SQUAD, THE BUZZ, PVC, BÄRCHEN & DIE MILCHBUBIS, TNT, JACK RABBIT BAND. Expect a full report next issue.

We mark the end of a short, but great series with WHERE THE BIRDMEN FLEW Vol. 3. Keeping in the tradition of this series, you're offered 20 tracks from some great Aussie bands, including: X (worth the record alone! the Australia X will blow your fucking mind!!!) X, LAST WORDS, WORLD WAR XXIV, XL CAPRIS, RIPTIDES, SUICIDE SQUAD, REJEX, LOCAL PRODUCT, QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE, WHAT?!!, VIGILANTI, KELPIES, THE PRESS and EX-SERTS! As if this weren't enough, you also get an illustrated 24 page booklet covering the year 1980 in Australian punk. Only 1,000 exist, and they're gonna go fast!

After blabbing about it for months, I finally got KBD #999 on my turntable. Don't be put off by the cut-and-paste cover. There's some really killer tunes in those grooves. Stuff you never knew existed that really smokes. The DOGS (IA) are on it! What else do you need to motivate you to get it???

Stepping into our time machine, Dionysus has just released a three volume series of wild '60s punk and psych called FUZZ FLAKES and SHAKES. I've only heard the first one so far, but it's a good balance of early psych and more wild beat-oriented rock 'n' roll. Good liner notes on the back make this a must for those who dig the sounds of the '60s. I do.

A lot of shit has been turning up on the reissue circuit lately. Are people just cashing in, or is the music of yesteryear really that much better than the shit being called Punk today? Well, if you compare most of today's schlock to the likes of IVY GREEN, UNNATURAL AXE (on Alternative Action), KRIMINELLA GITARRER and BISEX B, all of whom recently had full LPs of old material released, there's no question that the old shit carries a lot of weight. Throw in the reissue of the second DRONES LP (on Alternative Action as well), a bootleg of the amazing CHORDS LP (for you mods) and the bootleg reissue of the ZERO BOYS 7" and you've got a helluva fight! Need I mention most of these are limited to 500 copies, so if you don't get 'em now, you never will?

The post RADIO BIRDMAN band, the VISITORS' only LP has been reissued (Chinese Take-Out). The band included BIRDMEN Deniz Tek, Pip Hoyle and Ron Keeley and Mark Sisto (RADIO BIRDMAN Minister of War) singing. The PASSENGER's Steve Harris picked up the bass. It also has the complete LIPSTICK KILLERS 7" included as bonus tracks! Again, only 500 (on color vinyl).

Will the world ever get enough JOHNNY THUNDERERS reissues? Maybe, but only after they tire of shitty sounding DEAD BOYS reissues. There's been an LP of live versions of THUNDERS' best known songs, the usual staples, along with liner notes by Nina Antonia (who wrote both the Johnny Thunders and the NEW YORK DOLLS biographies. There's also a 2xCD on Jungle called " Born Too Loose" (sic) featuring 3 songs recorded at the last ever Heartbreakers studio session (December 1977, with Terry Chimes on drums).

A record I can really get excited about is the re-issue of the REMAINS (the '60s band) self-title LP. Originally on Epic, it looks as if Beatrocket and Sundazed both reissued this with bonus tracks. IT'S ABOUT FUCKING TIME!!! This is one of the best garage records of all time, ever! If you can,

pick up the thorough CD reissued about 3 or 4 years ago that has lots of never-before released stuff on it.

And for the reading punks, this month I recommend getting the long anticipated I AM RIGHT fanzine. Interviews with ROB YOUNGER (RADIO BIRDMAN/NEW CHRISTS), the DICTATORS (of course), ZOOGZ RIFT, ? AND THE MYSTERIANS, SKY SAXON, NOMADS, ROY LONEY, Extremely Stange Wrestling, Richard Harrison (star of 60's Italian sword and sandle), Rip Off Records (Greg Lowery), GRIMSLEY (70's TV horror host!), ANTiSEEN, LIGHTNING BEAT MAN, SHEEK THE SHAYK (Australias newest kings of Rock and Roll!). And, if you can believe it, more. It's $3 in the US, $5 outside. Mike Desert c/o I Am Right/1866 McAllister St./San Francisco, Ca. 94115

Okay, last month, in my article on record collecting on the internet, I forgot to mention Ryan Richardson's homepage. He's no longer doing Busy Kids, but his new site is really great. Lots of great information on all kinds of US bands. You owe it to yourself: http://home.austin.rr.com/texaspunk/.

That's it this month. Enjoy the 200th issue!

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Saluton!

Eschewing arabesques in favor of the arcane this month, I'd like to share a remarkable little paperback that it's been my pleasure to have in my library for several years.

Entitled "Cults of America," " it could have been more properly been called "Sex Cults of America had the progeny of Comstock been thought willing to allow it. Publishers MacFadden-Bartell (who also brought the world the sleaze/cheese classic "The Velvet Underground") did a good thing in issuing this unsung classic and helping author Maurice Beam (who has also published avowed fiction of various stripes, seemingly concentrating on the mystery and adventure genres) to put one over on yours truly.

I should perhaps mention that a lot that is worthwhile (as well as a lot of worthless bullshit) can be found disguised as sleazy-looking paperbacks. For example, "Black Mafia," despite the title and the pimped-out cover photograph, turned out to be a serious sociological study on "ethnic succession in organized crime" in America (Venn diagrams and all) and, though concentrating largely on the less spectacular aspects of loosely affiliated violators of the letter of the law (gypsy cabs, the fly by night insurance companies they rely on for coverage to stay marginally less illegal, etc.), fascinating withal.

"Cults of America" combines a reasonable amount of research, trenchant analysis, an entertaining prose style and the expected titillation by implication. For example, Beam says of Joseph Smith (in the brilliantly titled chapter "Hoopskirt Hypnotist"), "The founder of the Mormon Church came near failure because he could not make up his mind as to what he was: messiah, politician or general of an army...he had the follies of a fool and the lustiness of a healthy boar. But he also had the heart of a lion and the imagination of poet. Had he not written the first authentic American Bible?"

The most interesting chapter, however, concerns Edvaard Admusson of Waukeagan, Illinois, who managed to pass himself off as Osiris Reincarnated in the Spiritualism/Occult faddery that was so common in England after World War I (seemingly even more so than prior to the war).

After hooking a select batch of wealthy nitwits in his Cult of the Eternal Flame, he found the atmosphere unconducive for his free love ceremonies and decided to skeedaddle, setting up on the Isla San Marcos in the Gulf of California (Sea of Cortez).

Hiring workers and craftsmen from Guayamas (on the far side of the Gulf), Osiris was nonplussed by their building his minipyramids along the Mayan/Aztec lines with which they were more familiar. "With no effort at all he would take the esoteric rituals - Eleusian, Sabazian, Samothracian and Cretan - emblazoned in the Egypto-Chaldic lore he had absorbed during his sailor days in Alexandria, and relate them to ancient Mexico."

Complications arose as a result of their taking in various friends of a doctor in Gauyamas. As it turned out, they were supporters of Obregon who were hiding out from dates with the firing squad. When asked to give them up, "Edvaard met the situation characteristically. Seeing only one practical way out, he agreed to bring the wanted men ashore - and he did. That they would be taken away and shot was no concern of his. This callousness he later denied, of course."

When Obregon became president, Admusson was unsurprisingly told to get the hell out and take his Flames (no relation to the Famous Flames) with him, escaping arrest and probable execution himself owing only to the Guayamas doctor's intercession.

The only problem with this great story is that not a lick of it seems to be true. Lord Eustace (and other nobility named) don't appear in the Registry, San Marcos is noted only for its gypsum mines (founded by the French), and every other lead that I pursued in trying to verify this whopper turned up "no sale," despite how much I wanted to believe it (the full story makes great reading, and the book isn't hard to find by any means).

The genius of sticking this well-crafted (and credible) fiction in the midst of lively but factual historical recountings ("To many connoisseurs of cults, Franz Creffield, naked necromancer of the Oregon wilderness, has become the archetype of the hell-raising breed of religious wise man.") to serve as an object lesson to not believe everything one reads leads me to say, "Good work, Maurice Beam, wherever you are."

MRR doesn't suck... you suck.

When I was doing the research for this issues feature on the people who have been involved for over a hundred issues, I spent a lot of time looking at issue one hundred. It seems so weird to me that it was only eight years ago. 1991. I was reading MRR then, which put me in this weird position of feeling very old, and thinking that, geesh, I guess it really doesn't take that long to put out a hundred issues.

In issue one hundred, the columnists talked about whether MRR sucked, and some of them had interesting things to say. Some were really positive (Dan O'Mahoney) some were pretty negative (Lance Hahn), and some were really constructive (Sam McPheeters). Reading that and thinking about all that has happened since, I come back to the same question. Does MRR suck? You can guess what my answer's going to be, I'm sure.

Is MRR as dangerous as it once was? Maybe not. Or maybe that's just you. MRR still gets rejected from prisons, and people still write us and say that we're ruining the scene for this or that reason, so someone is still getting mad about what we do.

Could MRR be better? Definitely. I'd love it if every time I went to the PO Box there was a thought provoking article or interview and I'd love it if I had the time to do a great interview every month, but I don't. And more and more with each passing year neither do the people in the Bay. I work at Bound Together bookstore here in

the city (which, like Maximum, is also all volunteer) and when I sit around there and hear about the conferences, parties, riots, and fanzines that came out of here in the late eighties and early nineties, and I look at the issues of MRR from that same period, I can't help but think that our time pales in comparison. There's a couple of reasons for that.

In the early nineties you could live in relative opulence in San Francisco while only working part time, and many people did. They filled up all their spare time by doing interviews with their friend's bands for MRR, and volunteering at Bound Together, Gilman, or Epicenter. Now, to live in the city without a computer job is a struggle, and few have the time (or energy) to volunteer at MRR or anywhere else. Does this have something to do with the closing of Epicenter? Absolutely. Will it lead to the end of MRR? No.

We're lucky here in that we have a solid crew of very dedicated shitworkers who year in and year out do reviews, fix our computers, interview bands and keep the idea that you do a punk fanzine not to make a living, but because you think it's important. Oh yeah, and it's fun.

So why are the articles in MRR not a good as they once were? Because you're not writing them. We're stretched to the limits here with our staff, so if there's something you want to see in the magazine. You best send it in. No more whining, kiddies (funny that Tim said this exact same thing one hundred issues ago) time to produce. We're in it for the long haul. Are you?

The continuing story of why I think the Bodies are a bit on the sketchy side.

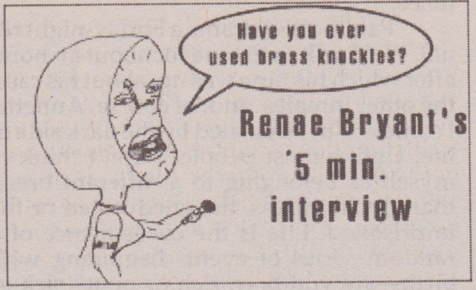
I was going to write a column last issue to go along with Tom's about the once again rising tide of patriotic lyrics in "street punk". I know this subject has been beat to death in the pages of this magazine over the years, and that is part of the reason why I cannot understand why people continue to look the other way while bands espouse this shit.

Since Tom's column ran I've heard over and over again that the Bodies don't really mean anything when they sing about 'Ol Glory, that they're just trying to annoy PC punks like me. Well fuck that.

I enjoy being shocked just as much as anyone else. But you don't shock anyone by singing one song about how our country sent men off to die for no reason (see Bodies song blah blah blah) and another about how we're the best country on earth. You just come off like a bunch of fucking idiots. And I'm not shocked, just disappointed. I don't mind dumb songs, but I have no tolerance for dumb political songs. So, if you are going to go that route boys, stick to songs about beer (then you'll stay on my good side).

Stuff You Should Pay Attention to:

1. I can as always be reached at 1369 Haight St, SF, CA 94117 or through email at seansul@mindspring.com
2. Every year Bound Together holds a book fair/networking event for anarchists here in SF. This year it will be held on April 15th (that's tax day for all you law abiding citizens) and you presence is requested.
3. *Next month: Why protesting police brutality is dumb.*



Happy New Year! Wooo-eeee! Happy New Year! Woo-eeee! Okay, now that that is over with let's get down to business. I wanted to make this column special so here goes my attempt. I ran into this beautiful young lady @ the Palace in LA when I went to see AFI and Sick of It All (I know to some of you that is very anti-punk. I have a serious weakness for good looking men that play hardcore. Meow.) I met this lady originally at Adriana's riot grrrl show last year. I had a moment of epiphany when I talked to her. She told me that she read my column and asked me how I was doing ('cause of the heartbreak and all). I thought that was so amazing. She told me she preferred my first hand diatribes over the interviews. She wasn't the first to tell me this. I realized that this young lady, although I didn't know her that well, knew me very well from my column. That happened to me when I read George Tabb's column. I really felt like I knew him. When I met him, it was strange because I kind of felt like a voyeur, as if I had been peeping in on his life. It occurred to me that there are at least two people, hopefully more, that read my column and that this outpouring of myself that I do here and there really isn't for nothing. I love people. I am a people-person through and through. So, being able to reach people and somehow communicate to them matters to me. I want to know that somehow I am making a small difference. That in my willingness to share my humanity, it entertains, inspires, motivates, annoys, angers, etc., another person. Before he died I interviewed Tim about his life and specifically about the magazine (which was his life). He started the magazine for that reason, the connection. To build communication between the different punk scenes, to build some solidarity.

The columns this month were supposed to be a kind of free for all for the columnist to speak to one another. I guess I am choosing the Mary Poppins route. I would like to take this opportunity to praise (like a good teacher should) everyone at Maximum. I think almost everyone has really honored the original purpose of MRR and pulled together to keep the zine important, relevant, and meaningful. I think the coordinators, even Jen, had some huge shoes to step into and haven't really missed a beat. Tim, as it should be obvious to everyone, didn't want Maximum to stop. It was his life's work and I am just happy to be a small part of something I think is so vital to the punk scene.

Anyway!!!! When I interviewed Falling Sickness a month ago we talked about the revolutionary potential of punk and why we are still involved in the scene. It made me think about why I got involved in the punk scene. I was a late punk rock bloomer @ fourteen. I was really into 45 Grave, The Nuns, and Souxie Sioux. I had a really conservative step father and punk was the rebellion of choice. I remember hearing how, "This is a phase, you will grow out of it, blagh, blagh, blagh.." I remember my step father being informed by this carpet installer that he shouldn't allow me to listen to the Sex Pistols, etc. I remember buying my first issue of Flipside (I chose Flipside over MRR because of the glossy hot pink cover). I took that issue to Ohio with me, for family vacation, and read the whole issue cover to cover. I remember Youth Brigade was on the cover, I think it was summer of 1985. I knew I had to be a part of it. These guys we went to junior high with told us about this show at this hall in Riverside. So, the first show my best friend Alicia and I went to was Uniform Choice and 7 Seconds. We had to leave in the middle of 7 Seconds because I had a 11 o'clock curfew. Then Alicia and I were on a quest. The next show we went to was the Circle Jerks and Mad Parade in Orange County. I was thoroughly addicted. I didn't want to fuck the guys in these bands (I was still in my born again stage), I wanted to be them. I wanted to be in a punk band. So at fifteen I knew what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. It amazes me that in the midst of all the metal mayhem of the 80's, and being from the horse town of Norco, I actually succeeded in making this happen....eventually. The punk scene was my saving grace, especially the music, especially the women doing it (who are all quasi-heroines to me).

I know that the punk scene, although it's been packaged and turned into a commodity, still has this revolutionary potential. When I say revolution, I don't just mean an insurrection against a ruling party, I mean self-revolution. Punk rock changed the entire course of my life. Punk combined with feminism turned me into an activist. I look at the effects bands like Crass, Dead Kennedy's, Minor Threat, Black Flag, Uniform Choice, Bikini Kill, etc., have had on people and continue to have. This amazes me, especially when they influence people in a positive manner, like many of

the aforementioned bands did. That is the power of the punk scene: empowerment. Teaching continually reminds me that whether we like it or not we are all role models. I am proud to be a part of a scene that challenges people of all ages to think and to act. I know that not all punk falls into this category but I am also proud of this diversity. I hope that in the coming years the punk scene becomes more about action and less about talk. I hope that solidarity is achieved and as successful grassroots groups have done, we can see beyond our differences in order to set goals and achieve them. Punk has been about more that hanging out at a cool show. I want to see more and more activism and enlightenment. That is what I am going to work towards. I know many of you feel the same. Infighting is always the sabotage of any grassroots effort.

Well, I know I went off on a tangent, but believe it or not, I said exactly what I wanted to say. I've never reflected on the punk scene in print, so now that is off my chest. Next month I'll tell you about all the awesome bands I've seen this fall. Until then..webmistress@ontherag.net, PO Box 251 Norco, CA 91760-0251, www.ontherag.net. Write to me! Send your love mail and hate mail.

"Hello, Annette?" the voice on the phone asked one night.

"You have the wrong number," I replied, a little pissed off. I may not have the manliest baritone on the Bell Atlantic network, but I certainly don't sound like anyone named Annette.

"Wait, wait—" the guy begged, so I did.

The caller turned out to be Paul, an inmate at New York's Rikers Island prison, and Annette was his girlfriend. Whether Annette had moved on to a guy she could date outside of visiting hours, however, was an open question. It was better not to address the obvious. Obviously my new number had previously been Annette's, and it had somehow slipped Annette's mind to advise Paul of her new contact information. Well, these things happen, especially when you've moved on to greener pastures.

Nonetheless, Paul wanted to talk me, to anybody at all. Paul was only allowed one local phone call a week. Paul only had one phone number: Annette's. And Annette's number was mine. Fortunately, Paul was a pretty interesting guy.

I asked Paul about how he landed in jail.

"I was stupid," he admitted. "I was running drugs from Queens to Brooklyn. Ultimately, my boss got arrested, and he gave me up in exchange for a shorter sentence."

Paul's calls became a Friday-night ritual. We'd talk each time for about an hour, after which his time was up, about his case, the other inmates, and, of course, Annette. I confess: I'm fascinated by the dark side of life. Unlike most people, I don't think of myself as belonging to a different breed than the homeless, the uneducated or the imprisoned. Life is the consequence of a random series of events beginning with birth—are you born rich or poor? sick or healthy? to loving parents or sociopaths?—any one of which can bring a good person to a bad end. In other words, anyone can end up in the can. Finally, I got up the nerve to ask Paul about his first few days at Rikers.

His voice changed—no more slick, easy laughs. "It's hard," he said. "In the movies, they come for you the first night, but it's not like that here. They wait a few days, size you up. But they come for you soon enough."

Can you avoid being raped?

"There's no way," he remembered softly. "They come in a group, maybe three or four big guys. There ain't nothing you can do. You fight—bite, scratch, whatever—so that they don't have so much fun they want more. But you're not getting out of it."

Paul had been gang-raped three times during the first week. He said that that he got off relatively easily because he never stopped struggling. Other victims break quickly. Eventually they get raped so many times that they contract HIV.

What about the guards?

"They know all about it, of course. But they don't care. They think it's funny."

And so do most of us. Bring up the issue of institutionalized rape in prison at any bar in America, and you'll arouse a chorus of lewd one-liners and savage comments that being sodomized comes with the territory, that criminals lose their rights when they commit crimes, that no one should care what happens to such animals.

Never mind that no judge in America has ever sentenced anyone to x years in prison, x dollars in fines and being rectally cornholed by a member of your own gender, with a good possibility of contracting a lethal sexually-transmitted disease in the process. If we want, as a society, to sentence drug-runners to being raped, then we should rewrite legal statutes accordingly. Until then, inmates are wards of the state—which means that we, the citizenry, are their legal guardians. As things are today, you and I are incredibly negligent and abusive to the people in our care.

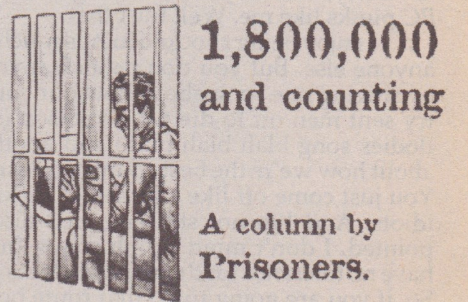
This past month four guards at California's Corcoran State Prison are on trial for allegedly deliberately placing former prisoner Eddie Dillard in a cell with Wayne "Booty Bandit" Robertson, who everybody agrees raped Dillard twice. Robertson not only admits raping the tiny Dillard—in the joint for crack possession and assault—but testified that Sgt. Robert Decker procured the victim for him. Decker and other guards were angry at Dillard for kicking a guard at another prison.

"We were tussling and he said he was going to rape me. I tried to fight him off but I couldn't. He raped me." Dillard, who broke down into tears, recalled that guards laughed at him, ignored his pleas for help and promised to return him to Robertson's cell if he reported the rape.

I have long believed that only sadists and control freaks would *want* to become corrections officers, and that the only sane way to fill the jobs would be by drafting those who didn't want the gig. Our prisons, which in some states are the fastest-growing industry, are being run by sadistic goons. These rape factories are releasing shattered ex-cons onto our streets who have learned that society hates them, thus hardening kids who might have otherwise gone straight into cynical, alienated thugs. The average American taxpayer has no problem with financing a penal system that compares unfavorably with Nazi P.O.W. camps. We chatter inanely about cozy cons lounging in cushy air-conditioned cells with cable TV—never mind that none of that exists. We treat our pets better than people who've done wrong.

And we have the nerve to criticize the Taliban.

You can find information about prison rape at Stop Prisoner Rape's website, at www.spr.org. Stop Prisoner Rape, Inc. was founded by Stephen "Donny the Punk" Donaldson, a friend of mine who died from HIV in 1996. Donny contracted the disease after having been raped in prison. Stuff goes to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.



FUCKED WITHOUT A KISS - SCREAM

Journal Entry 10.1.99: Shots fired from the west tower. Our first and only warning

Columns

from the guards up there.

Another stabbing. This time its a fatal hit.

Laying face down in dirt by a weight pile, I see the handle of a shank sticking out of a dudes neck. I'd have to say that he is pretty fucking dead.

It doesn't bother me anymore. Desensitized by years of hard living. Hard as the concrete and steel that surrounds me.

All of us on the yard remain face down as the guards wait for the medical cart to roll along and scrape the still warm corpse from the dirt. Standard procedure.

I see P-U-N-X tattooed on the knuckles of his left hand. Must be a Rancid fan. Back in 1990, my skinhead friend Joe was killed in his cell as he slept. The Aryans garroted him, and stabbed him 17 times. D.O.A. Destination South.

Just another story on the front pages of the Penitentiary Times.

I'm hungry. Hope this shit ends soon so I can make it to chow.

****

I used to score balloons of heroin down on Mission St., back in the day when my habit was like ten howling monkeys chewing into the flesh of my ink-stained back. Rolling along the streets of SF with my liberty spiked blue-tipped black mohawk and a pocket full of loot, I managed to stay one step ahead of the pigs, and the cells on Bryant Street.

I spent endless days running away from the stench of my own 2-gram-a-day junk habit and fucking every hole that would open up to me. With veteran status and a loaded pistol, I became one with the shadows of the night and just another gutter punk by day pushing along the streets catching glimpses of the Oakland skyline with bloodshot pinpoint eyes. Life wasn't shit.

Swindling tricks on Polk Street and scamming in the Castro, pulling armed robberies downtown and too cool to wear a mask. Who gives a fuck when its all about feeding the monkey and living life on the edge of a knife.

Not once did it cross my mind that I'd end up fighting for my life on the bottom of the prison food chain. All of the gigs and parties, all of those wild punk rawk nights became a memory when the gates slammed shut.

After a few months of fighting charges in court I found my ass chained up on a bus bound for the state pen. Punx ain't shit in San Quentin. Your street hustle won't get you nowhere when you roll into Pelican Bay on a robbery charge and facing a 3 to 5 year stretch. Now your fucked without a kiss.

You find yourself the victim of a sill ass skidrow song- 18 and life to go. Now your a punk rocker where the "punk" word is a bad thing and all eyes are on you.

With no friends or affiliations you become a target for that subculture who places little value on your wasted life. Your asshole quite possibly becomes a bargaining tool if your caught slipping. Chances are you'll hook up with the Aryan cliques if your white, or you will walk with your own race because in prison that seems to be the unspoken rule. If your not ready to be stabbed or stab someone then its "check-in" time in which case you will end up in protective custody with a forever-damaged reputation for the rest of your time in prison.

No more gigs at Gilman Street. And your deceased like the Epicenter. All for what? Stomping through the streets with your leopard print leather jacket and spiked hawk. Shooting up junk with the junkie punx and doing crimes because it sure beats flipping dead cows at Carls Jr.. No more squatting on the nod, hanging like scabs on the Les. No more dropping 40's down your neck and hiding from the dealer that you burned for six dime bags of scag.

In your mind your untouchable. Just because you hail from the burbs and left your jock friends two years ago doesn't mean shit because now you wear bondage pants and more tracks on your arms than Southern Pacific. Your punk as fuck and your Filth patch and Discharge shirt means that your can ride without paying.

An last year Billyrat turned you onto "H" and now its all about fixing and itching, eating out of dumpsters on Broadway. From Seattle to NYC you ride on waves of self-destruction and call it punk rock.

Nobody's doubting your passion for punk, but instead of makin something positive out of it you feed off it like a junkie parasite. I know. I've rode that wave and you and I are of the same stench. While you smell your own puke in a crack alley I sit in a dirty cage with burning memories of that Oakland skyline.

Punks on parade.

Your habits are your problem and punk rock will go on without you.

All I'm saying is wake up and smell the shit. Prison life might save you- or kill you. It's your choice.

Sitting here, missing the smell of stale beer and cigarette butts. Thinking of my punk rock girlfriend. The one who died at age 25 with a needle in her arm. She was a suburban girl with oxblood hair and a vicious smile. SD was her favorite city and she knew the scene well. Captured by the thrill of the poke and nod, she ended up a cold slab of meat in the city morgue.

Nothing new. Same old story. The shit happens daily and one man's pain is another man's passion. Nothing more than black ink on white paper. Words spilled out of boredom and a need to write.

It doesn't matter that she was a punk for 15 years and you for 5. It's all about recognizing that needle for what it is. Otherwise, your in my world and the walls are closing in.

First thing I'm doing when I get out of prison, is a speedball. My veins throb just thinking about it. It's my life. Prison is my neighborhood and this is all I know.

What about you?

Now your number 5446 like a Sublime song, and all of your friends are in your head because the guns is in the evidence room and the judge stuck his gavel up your ass and now the 275 pound 6' 4" convicts tattooed from the eyes down are sizing you up to be their little bitch and the Folsom blues make you blush.

Fuck the callbacks on Mission Street. Instead of scoring another balloon of tar maybe it would be wise to buy a bottle of booze and a handful of Valium and kick in the back of a cargo van like that US Bombs song.

But what do I know? My 14 year stint inside of various prison settings doesn't mean shit to you because your not in my boots. Not yet anyway.

This isn't no straight edge ad or scared straight sermon. Fuck all of that plastic ploys to show you the light. Look into your own eyes and you'll see reality. Pinpointed and glassy.

I survived prison, and no, I didn't get fucked up the ass. I fought and got stabbed, and stabbed and fought my way to the top of the prison food chain. Climb on up if you think you can survive. Slammy of Fang did. He made it through a seven year stretch at the Rock. What you have to look forward to is another typical day in the joint: Wake up when your cage racks open and begin the day at Gladiators School. With a shank in your waistband you swim through the day not knowing if you will surface to the top at the end of the evening.

Or maybe you will burn to death in your cell on a hot summer day soaked with gasoline that was tossed on you. Burning because of a 10 dollar debt you failed to pay while your girlfriend is fucking the new punx up on the Haight.....

It's hate street motherfucker, now that your locked-up and the punx in your circle have caught amnesia when it comes to writing to you.

So your days are spent in combat getting fucked by your tormentors. Your become another "Donny the Punk" or end up on death row for shoving a piece of steel into the inmates neck who tried to pop your cherry.

On the yard pumping iron all day is about the only outlet you have. It's not about laying down and reading William S. Burroughs and doing easy time. It's life or death. Sanity or madness. Its sleeping with one eye open and your ass to the wall.

So the next time you find yourself shooting up in the park or rolling down Market Street on your way to commit a 211, just remember that being a punk in prison isn't a blue mohawk and conjugal visits

with that punk rawk girl from Sunnyvale.

It's about fighting for your life and dealing with a thousand hardcore dudes who are a lot tougher than you, and who will not hesitate to take your ass or life. It's about political prison hierarchy and "Sancho" fucking your wife.

So I drift through another day. Over a decade behind me and one more year to go until I'm free to capture all those loss nights, in hindsight I see that it really wasn't worth all of the hate and violence and time slammed i our nations prison system. The heroin, the gigs and gutter punx lifestyle was all just wasted days and nights in the endless struggle. Yeah, it was fun as fuck but not worth the price of prison life.

But for me its too late. This is my dream. My living nightmare.

You? You can be a contributor to punk rock and live life on your own terms while having a blast and making a difference. Or you can look around you and smell your own oppression as you stand in line at the needle exchange.

The wasteland is of your own making.
You have that choice.
We all have choices.

Much respect to Maximumrocknroll, Brian-GTA for inspiration, and to all of the punx and skins world wide.

-Punx for Life
Jimi Germ

You can contact me at: James Owens, ID #50700, Purgatory Correctional Facility, 750 South 5400 West, Hurricane, Utah 84737, USA

REALLY RED

Really Red is an early Texas punk band that I never tire of. Their sound changed with every release. They managed to be political without being heavy-handed or tiresome. For those unfamiliar with these fellers, here's some background. There are plans for Get Hip (Pittsburgh, PA) to reissue the *Teaching You The Fear* LP, an undeniable classic punk full-length. Hopefully this reissue won't take as long as the Legionnaires Disease project (4 years and counting). First of all, the name and what it means according to different band members…

Kelly (guitar): "I was (am) a printer, and I was trying to think of something nonsensical that people could extrapolate a bunch of non-related meanings to. For some reason, Red (magenta) crossed my mind, and Really Red came to be. Our political leanings meant we could be considered reds… communists. That was bullshit, but if it got people to think, that was O.K. with us. I would request that you run this by the others… in case there is an alternate explanation."

Bob (drums): "Kelly used to be gay, and that was his favorite lipstick color."

John Paul (bass): "The name Really Red came from a situation where we were trying to come up with something interesting and profound, of course! We looked at other band names like King Crimson, Pink Floyd, Sex Pistols, and all of the other ridiculous names that bands have had in the past. Through a deeply religious experience (drinking booze, playing hard, staying up late doing naughty things), it turned out that we had practice the next day and someone mentioned that someone else's eyes were 'really red'. Viola! A most mystical occurrence! An incredible quark of nature! A true quantum experience! This went beyond all reasoning. Something so profound from such a meager beginning."

I can only imagine the band history is remembered even more differently by individual band members, but John Paul said it best when he wrote….

"Really Red was a band committed to freedom of expression, political statement, some misguided opinions, and a lot of volatility. We were a group of people who were all individuals, and none of us liked to give an inch. That is what made us good. I used to think of the one thing, that day, that ticked me off more than anything just before I got on stage. Then I spat (not on people) venom and took my anger out on my machine. I found that by being as tight as hell musically, then it didn't even matter what you were saying because people rarely understood it anyway unless you had a lyric sheet. I can remember times when we were so fast and so tight that the feeling was unreal. Kelly and I wrote all the music. Ronnie didn't want to 'sing' anybody else's lyrics so we went along with that as long as we agreed on the content. After all, Ronnie sang, and we played.

"Really Red as a group worked hard. We practiced every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Sunday afternoon without fail. If you were hung over, pissed off, not feeling good or whatever, there were no good excuses. You showed up, and you played. We were a band that jammed for hours on end. We played stuff we didn't even know what it was. We just jammed. Through the jam we came up with interesting riffs. Through the interesting riffs (where were usually very simple in the beginning), we would develop a bridge (from another interesting riff), and come up with a beginning and end. Sometimes we would come with the beginning, sometimes the end was first. The pieces changed constantly, sometimes in concert. There were no rules except participation by all. We were a band. We all worked hard. I always tell young people who want to 'play' that you have to commit, you don't let everyone else down just because you don't feel like it today. We are a poorly motivated society these days, and I have very little patience for assholes who think being a punk or a hippie means doing nothing and staying stoned. 'I Refuse To Sing' is an example of our feelings toward idiots who wreak havoc on their own because they think the music gives them permission. One thing is for sure: Really Red had integrity and a lot of faults and through that friction came fire."

And, finally, from the man who wrote all the words, U-Ron Bondage wrote: "Being involved in the explosion and turbulence of the Texas and American punk movements of the late 70s and early 80s was a truly exciting and gratifying experience. The bands, audiences, publishers, artists, and DJs were cutting their way through uncharted areas, breaking lots of rules as they invented a new counter-culture. Being a small of the lives of the wild, inspiring, and often crazy people that we met along the way was well worth the time, money, and energy spent… not to mention the often frustrating experiences with rip-off promoters, cheap motels, lousy sound systems, unresponsive DJs, and abusive police. There are many ways to measure success. REALLY RED never had any dream of becoming stars nor was our intention ever to "get signed" by a major label (a goal that seems all too common with so-called alternative bands of the 90s). Our aim was to be somewhat of a catalyst (however small) for thought, outrage, fun, action, and ultimately CHANGE and to have a great time provoking it. I don't know if we succeeded or failed in that area. But I do feel that we turned out some good music, for our limited abilities and the somewhat restrictive musical genre we chose. It is most gratifying to know that we are still remembered by a few. Thank you to those who were there then and those of you who are listening now. Never give up."

Aside from being a band, Really Red also had their own label (CIA) and U-Ron ran a record store, Real Records. Here's a Really Red discography:

"Crowd Control" 7in. (CIA 001, 1979)
"Modern Needs" 7in. (CIA 002, 1980)
"Despise Moral Majority" EP (CIA 003, 1981)
Teaching You The Fear LP (CIA 006, 1981)
"New Strings For Old Puppets" EP (CIA 009, 1982)
Rest In Pain LP (CIA 0015, 1985) – a posthumous release
CD (Angry Neighbor, 1992) – most of their material, but not all of it
compilation tracks:
"Prostitution" on *Let Them Eat Jellybeans* LP (Alternative Tentacles, 1981)
"Nobody Rules" on *Cottage Cheese From The Lips of Death* LP (Ward 9, 1985)
"Downtown" on "Rather See You Dead" EP

(Hot Box, 1996)
+ various appearances in the *Bloodstains* and *Killed By Death* series

That's about all for this month.

Peer Pressure, P.O. Box 49984, Austin, TX 78765, http://austin.rr.com/texaspunk

"Lefty" Hooligan

What's Left?

Toward the end of the second World War, the Allies resorted to a military tactic designed to force Germany and Japan to surrender as expeditiously as possible, or so it was claimed, by going after their capacity to wage war. The Allies carpet bombed major urban areas deemed strategic in both countries, going so far as to drop incendiary weapons across cities like Dresden and Tokyo to set them ablaze. The fire bombings caused massive civilian casualties as these urban areas were enveloped in raging firestorms that burned for days; huge mile high pillars of smoke and flame consuming everything, sucking oxygen from the surrounding countryside in hurricane winds, incinerating anything living.

It's clear the Allies were not only trying to cause costly damage to Germany's and Japan's capacity to wage war, coercing them into quick surrender as orthodox historians would have it. They also sought to terrorize the Axis civilian populations and disrupt their societies. The Allies took the concept of total warfare, initiated by Nazi Germany with the destruction of Guernica during the Spanish civil war, and perfected it under conditions of conventional warfare.

Mainstream historians also like to minimize the US atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by describing it as just another military tactic, one in a long line meant to speed a Japanese surrender. Whereas the firebombing of Tokyo was carried out through a substantial expenditure of military might in the form of waves of armed B-29 bombers with extensive fighter protection invariably taking casualties over many hours, Hiroshima was accomplished in a matter of minutes by one airplane carrying one bomb with minimum escort. The scale here is important. The firebombing of Tokyo was at the absolute top end of conventional military warfare. The atomic bombing of Hiroshima was at the absolute bottom end of modern nuclear warfare.

There are thermonuclear bombs with megatonnage exceeding all the conventional bombs dropped in the second World War. There are nuclear weapons capable of taking out a good chunk of any continent, of spreading radioactive fallout over an entire hemisphere, or of killing people without disturbing property. The thousands of nuclear weapons currently in existence, mostly on MIRVed ICBM's but also on cruise missiles and in old school bombers, haven't made conventional warfare obsolete. They have certainly set an upper limit to conventional war, and folks rightly worry about potential escalation when nuclear powers get into direct or indirect armed conflicts. In a world of warring nation-states, the option of obliterating the planet has also caused generational nightmares, even as it remains hanging over our heads today.

Few would contest that nuclear weapons have significantly changed the nature of war. Mao thought China could survive a nuclear holocaust through sheer numbers, and many survivalist types hope to endure a similar atomic assault when in their fantasy the UN takes over the US. The sheer magnitude of destructive power in a single nuclear weapon however is enough to convince most experts who've studied the subject that total nuclear warfare, much less the attendant nuclear winter wouldn't leave much life left on the planet. Humanity certainly wouldn't survive, except perhaps in some sci-fi scenario where a few expensive well-built bomb shelters permitted an elite to hole up on a world otherwise reduced to radioactive slag.

Concentrate enough destructive power in a single weapon and a bomb becomes a superbomb. Quantitative differences eventually become qualitative distinctions. It doesn't require Friedrich Engels' chin wagging about dialectics to understand this rather simple truth.

One of the things I'll miss about being unemployed is the time for a long, leisurely read. Time has an entirely different quality when I can do whatever I please with virtually every minute of every hour of every day. Rewrite my novel, or read in a single sitting the fast-paced fiction of someone I enjoy. Even plow through a forbidding black jacketed tome like *The Black Book of Communism: Crimes, Terror, Repression*. Independent research certainly benefits from having the time to run down every angle and source. Reading in general has a different quality as well when its not squeezed into the meager "free time" left over after work. Quantity becomes quality...

At 858 pages, the just published translation of *The Black Book of Communism* from the French would seem to have this potential as well. This depressing volume documenting Leninism's worldwide mass murder, while accurate in the facts, is controversial in that the organizing agent behind this imposing eleven author project, Stéphane Courtois, makes the case in the book's introduction and conclusion for unambiguously equating the atrocities of Nazi Germany with the crimes of Leninist Communism. In turn, it is precisely the failure to properly evaluate when quantity becomes quality that ultimately scuttles the dubious conclusions Courtois derives from this comprehensive worldwide study.

According to Courtois "the techniques of mass violence and the intensity of their use originate with the Communists and [...] the Nazis were inspired by them." He stops short of contending that there might be some "cause-and-effect relationship between the Bolshevik revolution and the rise of Nazism," but that these two forms of totalitarianism are essentially equivalent is clear:

Time and again the focus of the terror was less on targeted individuals than on groups of people. The purpose of the terror was to exterminate a group that had been designated as the enemy. Even though it might be only a small fraction of society, it had to be stamped out to satisfy this genocidal impulse. Thus, the techniques of segregation and exclusion employed in a "class-based totalitarianism" closely resemble the techniques of "race-based totalitarianism." The future Nazi society was to be built upon a "pure race," and the future Communist society was to be built upon a proletarian people purified of the dregs of the bourgeoisie. The restructuring of these two societies was envisioned in the same way, even if the crackdowns were different. Therefore, it would be foolish to pretend that Communism is a form of universalism. Communism may have a worldwide purpose, but like Nazism it deems a part of humanity unworthy of existence. The difference is that the Communist model is based on the class system, the Nazi model on race and territory.

Denying that his purpose is "to devise some kind of macabre comparative system for crunching numbers, some kind of grand total that doubles the horror, some kind of hierarchy of cruelty," Courtois still simplistically maintains that "Communist regimes have victimized approximately 100 million people in contrast to the approximately 25 million victims of the Nazis." He challenges the Left in particular and liberal society in general to quit ignoring and stop making excuses for Communism's crimes. Ultimately he argues that historians and international legal scholars need "[a] whole new language" that broadens the definition of genocide to include attempts to "exterminate [...] entire segments of society on a massive scale for their political and ideological beliefs."

These conclusions—the essential criminal equivalency between Communism and Nazism, the basic continuity in the terrorist "methods implemented by Lenin and perfected by Stalin and their henchmen," that the "genocide of a 'class'" is "tantamount to the genocide of a 'race,'" etc.—made the book controversial from

day one. Two key collaborators, Werth (who did the large section on the Soviet Union) and Margolin (who covered China and southeast Asia), publicly dissociated themselves from Courtois' ideas. The *Black Book*'s bleak, relentless documentation of Leninist Communism's permanent Red Terror in between Courtois' introduction and conclusion ultimately becomes the hammer he uses to bludgeon the reader with his rather questionable theses.

Courtois criticizes "the fascination with the whole notion of revolution itself," yet he is too sophisticated to disavow that terror is part-and-parcel of any revolution in-the-streets. There was the Terror of Robespierre and the guillotine in France's revolutionary past, which he admits "prefigured a number of Bolshevik practices," though apparently not enough for him to declare the French Revolution criminal. And before we get too smug over our less violent American Revolution, remember that tens of thousands of British loyalist "Tories" were forced to migrate to Canada after 1776 for their health. No doubt Courtois would argue in line with the theme of this column that the sheer magnitude of Communist and Nazi terror and violence makes them qualitatively different from the terror and violence in classic 18th century *bourgeois* revolutions. ("Unlike the terror of the French Revolution which with the exception of the Vendée touched only a small section of the population, terror under Lenin was directed at all political parties and at all the layers of society...") In this I agree. Both Communism and Nazism have transformed terror from a revolutionary excess into an everyday premeditated instrument of social control and restructuring. I in turn argue that there is another qualitative distinction between the Leninist and Nazi uses of terror, again based on sheer magnitude.

First off, there are significant differences between "class-based totalitarianism" and "race-based totalitarianism" conveniently ignored by Courtois. Aside from the fact there's far more empirical evidence for the existence and criminal activity of an international capitalist ruling class than there is for an international Jewish conspiracy, economic class is a much more permeable, malleable and forgiving category than is biological race.

The major leaders of Leninist Communism—Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Mao, Ho, Castro *et al*—were not born to the lowest strata of the working classes. Most were middle class, and a few even came from the aristocracy and *bourgeoisie*. Indeed, Leninism makes much of linking proletarian status to class stance, allowing members of the upper classes to be proletarian based on "standing with" the working class in their revolutionary struggles.

Leninism further argues that present class circumstances and correct class stance on top of current social conditions can erase the sin of class origins, even while Leninists occasionally got carried away attempted to "exterminate the *bourgeoisie* as a class" in the heat of civil war. Initially riding revolutionary waves of working class and peasant violence against the upper classes, Leninism consistently reigns in this spontaneous "mass terror." The Bolshevik Party during and after the Russian civil war, the Communist Party during the Spanish civil war and Mao's Chinese Communist Party at various periods generally prevented workers and peasants from exterminating the upper classes, in addition opening their memberships to the middle classes in the interests of "social stability." Lenin's central theory of the vanguard party—that an organization of professional revolutionaries needs to bring true "socialist consciousness" to a working class mired in "trade union consciousness"—virtually guarantees the leadership of a revolutionary intelligentsia drawn from the upper classes over the proletariat.

Mass terror was never a feature of Nazism's exclusively state-based terror, though given the deep rooted anti-Semitism in central Europe prior to the second World War it's easy to conceive of the Nazis using mass pogroms to supplement the Gestapo. What's impossible to imagine is a renegade Jew becoming a leader in the Nazi party, let alone that Nazi ideology could in any way justify Germany being run by a party dominated by renegade Jews.

I have frequently argued in past columns that Leninism recoups and reconstitutes class society in crucial ways. Leninism reproduces class society either through the party and bureaucracy controlling a state that owns the means of production or by reviving elements of the old ruling class under state and party sponsorship. Leninism's selective savaging of the *bourgeoisie* is thus not an attempt to liquidate the capitalist ruling class as a class, nor is it confined just to the *bourgeoisie*. The ruthless yet somewhat discriminating slaughter of non-Leninist leftist workers and peasants as well as capitalists clearly establishes Leninist terror as a blunt tool to be used by the vanguard party first to seize and hold state power over the working class and society in general, and second to restructure the economy and society under its control. And while I don't have the space to argue whether Leninist regimes are state capitalist, bureaucratic collectivist or some class society of an entirely new type, this recreation of class rule actually defeats the analogy with Nazism. Nazis would not have tolerated the reestablishment of what they perceived as the rule of international Jewry over Germany.

The necessities of war and civil war did force both Nazis and Communists to rely on the coerced labor of their avowed enemies to run their respective regimes. The Nazis gave special dispensation to Jews with skills needed by the Reich , as did various Communist regimes to skilled technicians, managers and capitalists of the old order. Yet while Leninism has shown the occasional tendency, as represented by Maoism, to "reeducate" class enemies instead of actually killing them, it is again impossible to imagine Nazism reeducating the Jews as an alternative to the Final Solution. Whereas Leninism has easily accommodated itself to class society in numerous ways wherever it has taken power on the slogan of abolishing class society, Nazism's attempt to create a racially pure "Aryan" German society necessitated the consistent, merciless extermination of racial minorities and other "biologically defective" elements. Contrary to Courtois then, only Nazism transformed terror into a continuous means of socio-biological purification.

Finally, from the moment it came to power Nazism demonstrated a particularly sadistic, sometimes irrational use of terror. The SA's initial Wild Camps and the SS's *Einsatzgruppen* during the Russian campaign come to mind. The Nazis intensified their waste of men and resources on the systematic extermination of the Jews even when both were desperately needed on various losing military fronts toward the end of the second World War.

In contrast, Leninist Communism has proven tactically intelligent in surviving the twists and turns of the class war; allying with the Left to smash the Right and visa versa; joining with segments of the middle class against the *bourgeoisie* or with the working class against the middle class or with the capitalist class against the proletariat depending on social circumstances in the struggle to seize and maintain state power. Recall Stalin's "popular front" strategy prior to the second World War. Mao used the apparent liberalization of his Hundred Flowers Campaign in May/June 1957 to draw out dissident intellectuals, which he then crushed as "poisonous weeds." Many Third World national liberation struggles, such as the Nicaraguan Sandanistas, began as broad fronts uniting coalitions of democratic, progressive and leftist social elements, which were whittled down by their member Leninist organizations during and after the revolutions that brought these wide fronts to power.

Certainly there are examples of Leninists attempting to eliminate an entire social class, as when Stalin ordered that the kulaks be liquidated "as a class" to further the collectivization of Soviet agriculture. A much more prevalent theme in Leninism than "proletarian purity" however is that class contradictions will persist after the socialist revolution. Mao contended, not only that full class struggle would continue under socialism, social contradictions would arise even after communism had

been achieved. The overwhelmingly practical, utilitarian use of terror by Communism is in marked contrast to the sado-mythic application of terror by Nazism.

Now Courtois might admit to these distinctions and still maintain that Nazi atrocities and Communist crimes are *morally* equivalent. Murder is murder after all. Ironically he makes the parallel between his own proposals and encyclicals that "condemned Nazism and Communism" from Pope Pius XI, the pope just prior to Pius XII who wholeheartedly cooperated with the Nazis against Communism. Instead of lengthily attacking the Christian and humanistic assumptions to his moral outrage, and without speculating as to whether he would go the way of the papacy when push-came-to-shove, I'd like to ask whether Stéphane Courtois has the ability to defend such moral high ground. Being myself a collector of wingnut material, I've been known to now and again patronize American Opinion bookstores run by that Cold War relic, the John Birch Society. (I think one still exists in San Diego!) I'm familiar with the Hungarian 1956 and Czech 1968 "Black Books" (the sobriquet being for the latter, which named the genre). It makes me leery that *The Black Book of Communism* popularizes a format long promoted by the fringe right-wing, of which Birchers are only one tiny sect. This paranoid McCarthyite ultraright would think nothing of jailing, even liquidating anybody who challenges the sanctity of private property.

Let's give Courtois the benefit of the doubt and instead assume he is some type of conservative liberal (or visa versa) who nevertheless might argue that it is justifiable to restrain or overcome people who preach mass murder at home or abroad. This is a familiar position, ranging from the idea that you can't give free speech to fascists or communists who would deny you free speech once in power to the notion that a "house divided—half free, half slave—cannot long stand," meaning that the "free world" is inevitably at war with totalitarianism of any sort. All of this begs the question as to whether, under the right circumstances, Courtois too might be willing to "exterminate [...] entire segments of society on a massive scale for their political and ideological beliefs?"

I'll venture one step further and assume entirely for argument's sake that Courtois is a card carrying member of the French equivalent of the Libertarian Party. He would defend with his life the right of Nazis and Leninists to preach and organize their respective types of hatred in the name of absolute freedom of speech. He's anti-interventionist as well, unwilling to intercede in other wars and countries for any reason. There is still his misleading statement that "Communist regimes have victimized approximately 100 million people in contrast to the approximately 25 million victims of the Nazis." More precisely Leninism slaughtered almost 100 million individuals over some 80 years across the entire globe, whereas the Nazis managed to exterminate 25 million people in 10 plus years in Europe alone. Not only did Nazism kill people at twice Communism's rate year for year, the extreme territorial concentration of Nazi atrocities arguably makes this a qualitative distinction in the use of terror; on a par with the difference between conventional warfare's urban firestorm and nuclear warfare's radioactive holocaust.

The metaphor for Leninism is the Gulag forced labor camp. The hallmark of Nazism is the gas chambered death camp. Invariably Communist concentration camps were designed to mercilessly exploit the slave labor of their prisoners, frequently to death. Only Nazism devised a special order of concentration camp designed solely for human extermination. This qualitative distinction is due to the concrete differences between class-based terror and race-based terror. One pattern in nature is for something like the relationship of water to temperature to exhibit multiple qualitative thresholds punctuating long stretches of gradual quantitative accumulation. Aside from the properties of matter at or near absolute zero, water at sea level is predictably solid until 32 degrees Fahrenheit, when it suddenly liquefies. Similarly, water remains predictably liquid as the temperature mounts, reaching 212 degrees where water changes instantly to gas. There's an even hotter, more rarified state of matter called plasma, but I hope you've caught my analogy. Violence and atrocity reached different ascending thresholds with the French Revolution, the Bolshevik October Revolution and the Nazi seizure of power. Terror escalated from revolutionary excess to a tool of daily social control and restructuring, finally to an instrument of continuous socio-biological purification.

I'm critiquing Courtois's simple, moralistic equation of Nazism with Communism and offering this alternative classification of terror also because I've never really felt comfortable with the ultraleft tendency (as exemplified by Wilhelm Reich) to label Leninist Communism "red fascism." I've done so myself in the past, mostly to get the goat of Leninists I'm debating. It doesn't really hold water, even if we go back to the sexual origins of Reich's mass psychology of fascism.

The Black Book of Communism is certainly a ponderously well-documented, damning indictment of Leninism's chilling crimes, even if it can't quite square the circle and equate Communism with Nazism. This is a remarkably non-literate project however, despite being French and all. It's hard to imagine a discussion in France of Marxism and terrorism with only two mentions of Sartre, and without even one mention of Merleau-Ponty's *Humanism and Terror*. In the final analysis, Stéphane Courtois is no Hannah Arendt, whose key study *The Origins of Totalitarianism* boldly expounded one of the first comparisons of Communism with Nazism. She, along with Sartre and Merleau-Ponty, get a proper context only in Martin Malia's foreword to the English translation. Where Arendt philosophically soars, Courtois statistically plods. In other words, Courtois's bloody quantity never achieves Arendt's brilliant quality.

This extended book review wouldn't be complete without other vital statistics. *The Black Book of Communism: Crimes, Terror, Repression* by Courtois et al is published by Harvard University Press (Cambridge, Massachusetts and London, England) and sells for $37.50 hardback. It's got b/w photos, maps, extensive footnotes and bibliographies to include material now available after the USSR's collapse, and a decent index.

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

MORE CHIN WAGGING... "A revolution is certainly the most authoritarian thing there is. It is the act whereby one part of the population imposes its will upon the other part by means of rifles, bayonets and cannons—authoritarian means—if such there were..." Friedrich Engels, *On Authority* (1872). Listen up, anarchists...

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

It made me madder than an umpire makes a Red Sox fan. At first: glory. This is The New York Yankees after all. Not sweeping The World Series embarrasses them. There is no second place. This is the team of greatness.

It's the night of the second game. There's a tribute to the greatest ballplayers ever. Among them: Pete Rose. Officially banned from baseball for life, he's back for the first time in years. The fans give him a standing one. More than the one for Hank Aaron. His first chance at really feeling good.

Then comes sleazeball Jim Gray. He's

a seedy wimp who couldn't hold a bat without the other end touching the ground. With half the integrity of Geraldo Rivera, he's there to interview the great one. He starts on the gambling bit. Rose denies it. Interview over? Oh no.

"You agreed to a ban from baseball for life," says Gray.

"It also says I can apply for reinstatement in one year. I was looking forward to that day," answers Rose.

The badgering continues. Here's Rose with a glimpse of glory. Here's this scum, trying to destroy it.

"You know," says Rose finally, "I'm surprised you're bombarding me with this. I'm here to do an interview with you on a great night, a great occasion. You're bringing up something that happened 10 years ago."

I don't get it. So he gambled. Big fuckin' deal. He bet ON his team, not against it. Gray was evil, malicious. He used sleaze for the ratings. Typical of TV newscasters.

It was Monica Lewinsky again. The press needling for something people don't care about. What is this? The National Enquirer?

Now we go to the third game. Chad Curtis is an attractive guy for a whiteboy. During the year, The Yanks rarely used him as player. This game he's in the outfield. His second trip to the plate. KERPOW! Homerun. In the tenth inning. KERPOW! Another homer. A game ender.

Atlanta cries in its CNN hanky. Now it's Chad's chance to be a star. The postgame interview where the baseball world is watching. The interviewer? The same Jim Gray who fucked over Pete Rose.

"Well, Chad," says Gray, "you made some homerun there."

"I'm sorry," says Curtis, "because of the Rose thing, we as a team have decided not to talk to you." Then he says high to his grandma and turns his back on the sleazeball.

"Yes!" I say clapping my hands. "Yes! That guy had a chance to be famous and he passed it up. Instead, he decided to be great." I'm happier at his action than I am at the Yankee victory. That man has balls!

The next game, I expect to be less thrilled by the predictable victory than by seeing Gray kissed off again in the postgame. What happens though? Nothing. Tore, the Yankee manager, gives an interview. The guy presents the series trophy, for G-d's sake! Later, I find out that the baseball commissioner and Yankee owner George Steinbrenner gave the team a talking to. The team caved in. Fell like a gringo with the cramps. Rolled over. Screwed, they thanked the rapist.

Baseball season is over. I'm pissed—and I got a column to write. An issue 200 column. My 189th for this zine. Lefty, the column-master, says it's gloves-off time. I'm free to attack anyone else who writes for the zine. Perfect, though I think I'll only attack George Tabb. Who reads anyone else? Right?

The Yanks and the world in general have given me a topic for issue 200: BALLS. Those who got 'em and those who don't.

Of course, I'm using balls in the metaphorical sense. I'm not talking about testicles. Lotsa girls I know have more balls than the most hangingly endowed male. I'm talking about balls as we know 'em. Emma Goldman balls. Suzy Bright balls. Camille Paglia balls.

Chad Curtis had 'em. His teammates didn't. They let him down. Collapsed. These days it takes a lot of under-rock looking to find real balls.

Two Negro groups in New York have balls. I wish I could remember their names. Both of them joined with New York's Norm Seigel, head of the ACLU here, one of the balliest guys I know. Negroes and the ACLU are not an unlikely combination. But what was this combination for? TO PROTEST THE BAN ON A KU KLUX KLAN DEMONSTRATION! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Another man of balls joins the party, the right reverend Al Sharpton. He's the only Christian minister I actually admire. Sharpton has more balls in his hairstyle than you have in your entire body. And he's here to support the Klan's rights. As it turns out, the Klan marches.

It's downtown New York. The cops cordon off the march area. There are 17 Klansmen, each of whom get a 10 on the ballsometer. They stand, walk back and forth carrying a few signs no one remembers. That's it for awhile.

Alas, the whole affair is not a display of spherical magic. Who are the wimps? Who lack the balls? Yep, it's the "counterdemonstrators." These guys, mostly white, show up like gang-busters. A bunch of thugs, they're more interested in getting on TV than doing any real good.

One pathetic young whiteguy slips behind the police line. SOCK! He lands one on the jaw of some startled Klansman. What a man! Yeah right. That attacker is as macho as a skinhead stomping a homo. Big tough guy, with a hundred pals backing him up. Listen buckaroo. Your fist just hides what you really are: A wimp!

You want more wimps?

Let's get on the time machine. Let's move back twenty years, give or take a couple. I'd been to Europe a few times, but never with a band. Only David Bowie did European tours... and he IS European. Can you imagine fucking people who talk all those funny languages? Can you see yourself getting free beer of every color from clear to black? Can you picture yourself eating snails and sheeps' stomach? I can only dream what it'd be like. Maybe I can find out tonight.

It's winter. I'm hangin' out in front of CBGBs. *The Dead Boys*, are on tonight. Their first New York show since their European tour. Wow! A European tour!

In CBs doorway, Stiv Bators stands. He wears these skintight black and white pants. I can see the crotch straining as he leans with one hand against the doorjamb, talking to a girl in a pink fur jacket. She walks away. He shrugs. His pants loosen ever-so-slightly. I walk up to him.

"Hey Stiv," I say.

"Yo Mykel," he says.

"How was Europe?" I ask, "I really envy you guys' going over there and all."

"Europe sucked." he says, "You can't get a good hamburger."

Jeezus fuckin' Christ! Stiv Bators is a wimp. I'm crushed. What good is traveling if you eat hamburgers and drink Budweiser? You might as well sit at home in front of the TV. Balls IS traveling, but really doing it. It's eating what the locals eat, whether that's whale or locust. It's drinking what the locals drink, whether that's fermented mare's milk or dad's piss. Traveling with balls is immersing yourself in the place you travel. It's eating, drinking, sleeping, fucking like the people of the place you are. Balls is risking a few loose bowel movements or waking up with an exotic myriapod crawling up the back of your leg.

Traveling with balls is one of the many reasons that vegetarians are so wimpy. At least as wimpy as any hamburger eater. Vegetarians *start* with the rejection of local ideas. They refuse to allow other cultures or other people to challenge their ideas. They're afraid to participate.

Testing the strange, the unknown, the dangerous, *that* takes balls. I don't mean the packaged thrills of "adventure travel." I mean putting yourself in a place you've never been before. I mean challenging your ideas, prejudices, physical health... everything you know. I mean jumping into a psychic river filled with piranha.

A million years ago, when Larry Livermore wrote for MRR, he proposed a "smart punks club." To me that was as oxymoronic as "the feminist humor society." Anything that smacks of intellect, any word that has more than three syllables, anyone who says that life is more complicated than a Hollywood movie, gets the label "arty" or "pretentious" from punks. George Tabb, MRR's second best writer, is as smart as most college professors I know. Yet he plays dumb when he hangs out with the gang. It's punk rock.

In this kind of atmosphere, it takes balls to read... or at least to admit to it. It takes balls to use a word like *myriapod*. It takes big round blue-veined balls to discuss politics, economics, psychology, anything mental, using more than derisive scorn or bumper sticker clichès. Being stupid takes no balls at all.

It also takes no balls to preach without knowing. Any straight-edger whose never drank enough to sleep in his own

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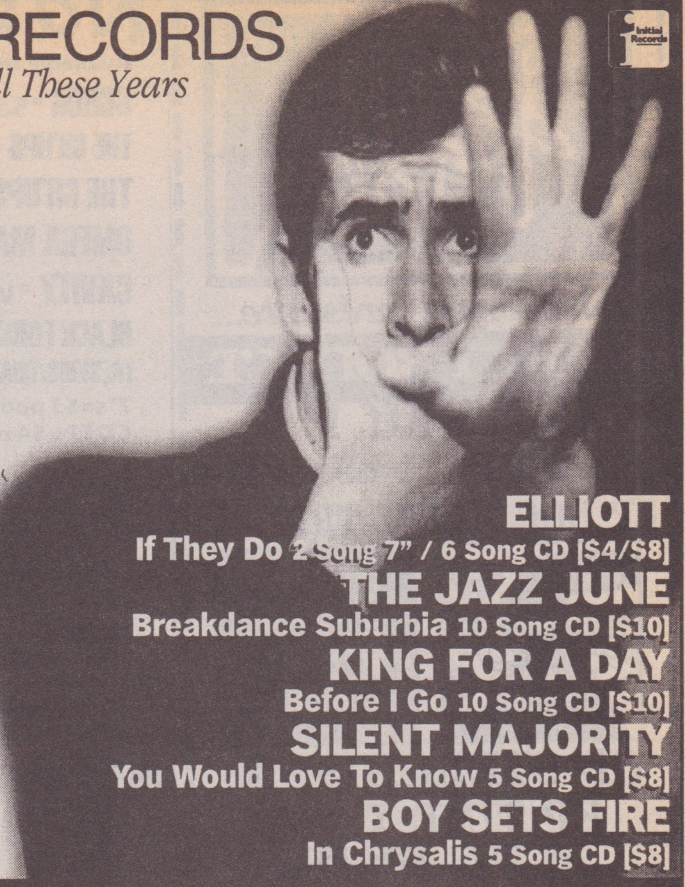

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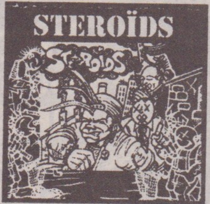

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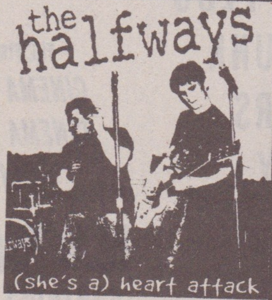

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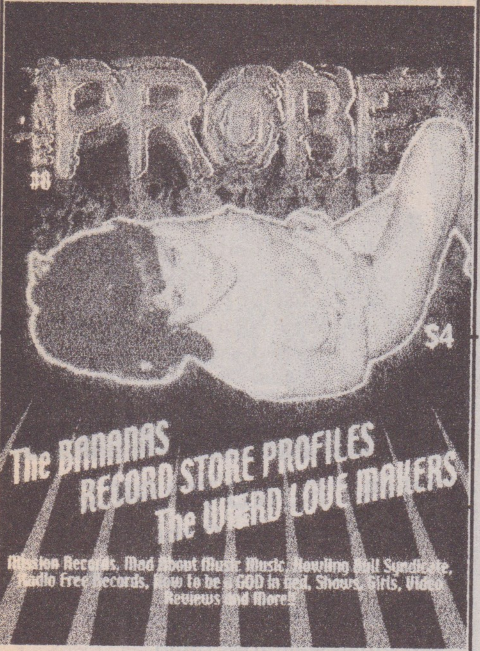

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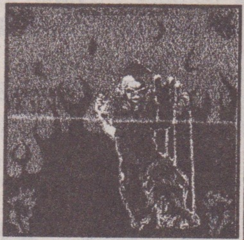

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puke, has no balls. I love to drink. It makes me feel good. I experience the world drunk in a way I could never experience it sober. Some people know that experience and choose not to have it. It's tough for me to understand, but I respect that decision. But if you've never done it. If you've never tasted what you preach against, I ask, "Why haven't you tried yourself, before you accept judgment from some one as stupid as you are?" Easy answer: you got no balls.

In the same balless boat are monosexuals who call themselves "straight" or "queer" or anything else. If you've tried it and don't like it... okay. I think you're weird but everybody's got her own taste. But if you haven't tried. If you reject a gender or a sex act out of hand. If you say "I don't do that," because you've defined yourself one way or another. I say YOU'VE GOT NO BALLS.

I once wrote, "You're not a man unless you've been fucked up the butt."

I was wrong. Or at least I was too limiting. If you're unwilling to experiment with something new. I don't care about your gender or your orientation. If you're unwilling to try a little pain. If you won't allow your sexuality to expand beyond, boyfriend/girlfriend kiss-grope-fuck, if you haven't been fucked in the ass, no matter what your sex: YOU'VE GOT NO BALLS.

Scene shift: It's Peter Landau/Lovely Kate's Xmas bash. The world's wildest party. Gash flashing, projectile vomiting, it's all here.

Sadsack Melissa sits on a chair. She rests her chin on her hands. Her elbows are on her knees. Staring at the floor, she speaks to no one.

"Yo Melissa," I say, "there's a party here. Have a drink. Get up and boogie. Lick crotch in the bathroom. You're supposed to be having a good time."

"I can't drink," she says. "My medication."

"Medication, shmedication. This is a party and your pulling that depressed bit."

"Mykel," she says before reciting the catechism, "depression is a disease. It's like diabetes. People with diabetes lack insulin. I lack serotonin. It's the same thing."

I want to punch her in the mouth.

Instead, I yell at her.

"My dad has diabetes," I yell. "Every day they test his blood sugar to adjust the insulin. They measure the insulin in his body by the amount of sugar in his blood. He constantly check and adjust his insulin based on blood tests. Prick a finger, test the biochemistry. How often was your serotonin measured?"

"Never," she says, "they can't measure serotonin."

"Ok," I continue, "how many lab tests were done before they prescribed this drug? How much blood was analyses for ANYTHING?"

"None," she said."

"Then it's all bullshit!" I shout, the remnants of my last mouthful of Olde English 800 dribbling down my chin.

There is NO conclusive proof of this serotonin-depression connection. Plenty of people are depressed, but don't have low serotonin. Plenty of others have low serotonin and aren't depressed. The entire mythology started from animal experiments.

Bright scientists shoot up some rats with a tranquilizer. It lowers their serotonin. They huddle in a corner. They don't move very much.

"Eureka!" shouts one of these drug company shills, "a lack of serotonin causes depression!"

The rest is in the marketing.

Melissa makes a comeback. "But it works!" she says.

"Double bullshit!" I say. "65% of those tested claim it works. That sounds like a lot, But 25% of the people taking a placebo— a sugar pill that does nothing— also said they feel better. Get it? It's bogus. A fraud."

Yeah, it's very convenient to say you've got a disease. It's biochemical and there's nothing you can do for it except take drugs. Depressed people do it. Drunks do it. Gamblers do it. Families love it too.

"Oh no, it wasn't *our* fault Melissa is depressed. Those 17 enemas a day and that wire hanger had nothing to do with it. It's *chemical*, you see?"

You're wimps! All of you. People with balls can take responsibility for themselves. They can say "I'm depressed because my life is shitty." They can say, "I drink, I eat, I gamble because I like to. If I want to stop more than I like to, I have to power to do it." People with balls are never helpless.

Who has balls these day? Well, besides Klan members in New York City, I'd say members of the Communist Party, NAMBLA, and Houston Astros fans have balls. Girls who openly express their sexuality and fuck like every guy wishes he could fuck have balls. Depressed people who make their lives undepressed have balls. People who write poetry and try to sell it on the street have balls. People who make porno videos with themselves appearing, have balls. Defenders of every unpopular cause. Travelers who participate in the lives of those where they travel. Writers who risk their livelihood or even their lives. All of these people have balls.

And you? If you live in Berkeley or San Francisco or Portland or Seattle and read MRR... that doesn't take much balls. If you're a punk, a vegetarian, straight-edge or any other fad-follower, you don't have 'em. But if you're getting this in Afghanistan. If you're on the outside. If you're the trenchcoat mafia in Littleton Colorado. The skin shows through my comb-over for you. My hat's off. You've got balls.

ENDNOTES: [*Thanks to your protests, sit-ins, marches and church burnings, there are no longer column length restrictions at MRR. All power to the people! Yeah! Still, visitors to my website: www.freeyellow.com/ members2/ seidboard/index.html, or subscribers (email to: MykelB@ix.netcom.com) will receive a few extra endnotes.]*

—>Further on the baseball front: Congrats to the Daiei Hawks for winning the Japan series in 5 games. Their manager, Sadaharu Oh, is one of the greatest players in the world. He outhit Hank Aaron. He his swing with a Samurai sword and straw bundles. He stood on one leg, perfectly balanced, for hours. That's balls!

—> The info in this column on psychiatry and pharmaceuticals is taken from a great book. It's called *Blaming The Brain*, written by neurochemist Elliot S. Valenstein (Free Press New York, NY 1998). Although very technical, the book does a spectacular job of debunking the drug pushers. I'll probably write more about this in another column.

—>*Is this true? dept* The best parody is so close to reality you can't tell it from the truth. That it's believable gives it power.

I got the following in an email message. It may be true— or not. Anybody know?

Did you know that the black right to VOTE will expire in the year 2007? Seriously! The Voters Rights Act signed in 1965 by Lyndon B. Johnson was just an ACT. It was not made a law. In 1982 Ronald Reagan amended the Voters Rights Act for another 25 years. Which means that in the year 2007 blacks could lose the right to vote!

Does anyone realize that Blacks/African Americans are the only group of people who require PERMISSION under the United States Constitution to vote! In the year 2007, Congress will once again convene to decide whether or not Blacks should retain the rights to vote. In order for this to be passed, 38 states will have to approve an extension.

—> *Asshole dept:* Quite awhile ago I ran an endnote from a reader who said scientists found that nicotine is healthy for Irritable Bowel Disease or "buttsores." My accurate pal, Scott Born (who has is own intestinal problems) writes:

Unfortunately, your reader/writer doesn't really know squat about what he is talking about. For one, Irritable Bowel Disease has little to nothing to do with "Butt Sores", but is a cluster of GI diseases with similar symptomologies but differing pathologies. Ulcerative Colitis is simply an ulceration or ulcerations of the large intestine caused by an auto-immune response, while Crohn's disease is a more complex auto-immune attack on the whole of the GI system, but largely in the small intestine.

Nicotine IS indicated as a convoluting variable for the onset of Colitis symptoms, but is contra-indicated for Crohn's disease, neither of which have a symptomology of "bleeding rectal ulcers", or "lovely butt sores". Normally (as in my case) it involves the slow surgical removal of the small (or in other cases large) intestine.

Columns

Scott is NOT an asshole, by the way, but he's got a nasty one. Check out his website at: www.killcreek.com

—>*Is this real? (pt. 2)* Here's another one I can't figure out, though it rings less true than the last:

The Vatican has not decided on appointing a patron saint for web-surfers despite increasing calls from Catholic internet users. According to a spokesman for Switzerland's Catholic bishops, many Catholics believe that the church needs to appoint a spiritual guardian for the Internet.

Researchers came up with the name of Saint Isidore, bishop of Seville in Spain, who was born between 560 and 570. Though Isidore is now unknown even to most Catholics, he has long been seen by scholars as a man ahead of his time.

—>*Life is ironicer than fiction dept:* This one I'm sure is real: Earlier this year (1999), the *Wisconsin Coalition Against Sexual Assault* invited anti-porn headmistress Andrea Dworkin to speak at their convention. She accepted the invitation. Before her appearance, Louis Fortis, head of WCASA's Board of Directors called her and said she should forget it. He had just learned of her history. Then he called to tell her she couldn't speak because she is against the first amendment.

—> *Too good to be true dept:* Here's another one I got in an email message:

Two animal rights protesters were protesting the cruelty of sending pigs to a slaughterhouse in Bonn. Suddenly the pigs, all two thousand of them, escaped through a broken fence and stampeded, trampling the two protesters to death.

—>By the time you read this, I will have returned from my month in South America. I'll let you know about it next month. Loose bowels and all.

I had to wear a suit today because my grandfather died yesterday and since I'm Italian we do the 2-day wake thing. I wore the priest's outfit sans collar, well as you well know I've been wearing it everyday. More priest stuff next time, its going well and so far I got a free Italian bread and about 20 hey fathers. I called the Catholic League to see if they have any protests scheduled and I guess they don't like to rally once it starts getting cold. I missed the big pooponthevirginmother march last month and it seems like they're not gonna show up for the premiere of Dogma next week. If you're interested in joining me in the priest thing go to www.catholic league.org and check out what they're doing. I want to show up at a few rallies in full padre garb and do exactly whatever they are upset about. Maybe the Pope will come to town soon.

The other thing this whole funeral made me think about is what am I gonna do when I get old. Ok, here's the plan. When I'm like 60 or so I wanna buy a truck and a trailer with two big searchlights on it. Then I can rent em out and all I have to do is show up and hit the switch. I have a feeling this type of business is mafia controlled but who knows maybe I'll be in with them by then. I also plan to drive painfully slow. Some people say that I do this now actually,

Anyhow, this priest outfit is the first piece of dress clothes I purchased since I left catholic high school ten years ago and it got me thinking... In case you don't already know this, anyone can get free food if they own some nice duds. See if you show up at a catering hall or hotel, you walk into the cocktail hour of a wedding reception and viola, free food and booze for everyone. I have actually pulled this off about 100 times when I used to actually videotape these things. See the only people who know everyone at the party are the bride and groom so as long as you avoid them you're home free. Hell if you're really brave you can wait around 'til the end of the hour and see if there are any little place cards leftover from the no-shows. Just grab their cards and sit at the table on them. It's a little dangerous maybe a better idea would be to just find one of the big catering halls and start early and just jump into another cocktail room. Watch out for Bar Mitzvahs though, you'll be spotted as an outsider immediately. I had a wedding once where the morons had the ceremony at noon and the party at 6 and I had to sit around waiting around for four hours and I successfully ate at three cocktail hours before the one I was allowed to sneak food from came up. Actually, if you get caught you can just say, "Oh? This isn't the Clarke/Bosnak wedding? Judy and Ted? Oh my god, I was wondering why I couldn't find uncle Pete!"

So, yeah I sat around all day at the funeral. It was really strange because my grandfather usually has control over the whole room and he will systematically go and annoy everyone in the place and it doesn't matter if he knows you or he doesn't. The big fear now is that my grandmother will die and their two stupid poodles will be left to someone else. My late aunt bought them a few years ago and she came down with cancer soon afterward and for some reason they were never toilet trained, they'll just sit there looking at you while pee streams out of them all over the floor. Oh yeah, the other funny thing about my family is my grandmother's cooking. She's German. In case you don't know Germans is one of those ethnicities where people have no taste buds and no common sense when it comes to food. So it's like Irish and Scots and most Jewish people where they will eat garbage and not notice. People who put ketchup on spaghetti and BBQ Sauce on salad and the like. Anyhow every Christmas Grandma Joan makes a turkey and all the related dishes. The rumor is that she cooks the turkey all day Wednesday and Thursday 'til its cooked to a fine powder, and then she lets it sit out on top of the stove until Saturday when all the other semi-iced-cold food is placed on the table. Then a gallon of boiling hot gravy is passed around to dump on top of everything. I've only puked 3 times in my entire life and Christmas Eve was 2 of them.

Ya know I was all excited to go and write about the other columnists today, but to tell you the truth; the law against writing about other columnists kind of makes this a hard thing to do. I think the columnists should write about each other every month, that's one of the things that used to make reading MRR fun. You'd see who was dissing who and the tension would keep building until doughnuts flew and people ended up quitting, but at least ideas were being shared and it was not just one person spewing stuff about how their grandma's turkey sucks. Adios. greedybastard@mindspring.com

This is the "gloves off" issue where we are allowed to talk shit about other columnists. Sorry to say, that since Nick Fitt left I don't really have a dis list of MRR columnists. Canning Nick Fitt was the best thing this magazine did in years. Despite the fact that each issue of MRR is thicker than the Duluth phone book, my interest is only held by a few columnists, a few ads and a few record reviews. Maybe once or twice a year there is an article or interview that I will read from start to finish. I guess I'm like most MRR readers in that I only actively consume the five or ten percent of the magazine that matches my musical tastes. I really miss Profane Existence of which about 90% matched my musical and political tastes but those days are over. It gets worse with Heart Attack where I have no idea who any of the bands are or who the columnists are or what the fuck is going

on. As for MRR columnists I think Brian GTA's column is the most useful as far as real world advice for bands and labels. I like Lefty Hooligan but I think he is sometimes too based in Marxist academic thought and has spent too much time inside the "movement" which can be pretty divorced from the streets and the real world. As a record collector I really like Ryan's columns about records, but Max and Rob are the only other writers whose musical tastes really overlap mine significantly. Sorry to disappoint anyone who was expecting a four page tirade against George Tabb or something. As for Nick Fitt hopefully he's past his punk phase and got a job at punk planet or some other college rock journal where people will continue to consume his infantile twaddle.

Calling Australia! Code 13 is planning a tour of the Pacific for spring of 2000. We have contacts in Japan and SE Asia but are still looking for a band or individuals to help us tour in Australia and maybe New Zealand, please contact me at Havoc Records if you can help.

Don't count Straight Edge out yet. I wrote a scathing criticism of contemporary SEHC in Heart Attack a few years ago. Some great SEHC bands have arisen in the last few years to challenge the ridiculous jock core and commercialism rampant in mainstream SE today. A lot of lip service has been paid to the "spirit of 88" lately but few of the current crop of "88 revival" bands capture the energy and spirit of the times, and most importantly they have misjudged SE Hardcore's roots in punk. Those of you who wrote off SE as neanderthal jock metal a few years ago should check out some of the following bands. Rain on the Parade from Philadelphia play excellent straight ahead, fast HC with witty, yet to the point lyrics. Trial from Seattle put out some great material, both musically and lyrically although I was disappointed by the recent Equal Vision (?) lp. Underestimated records from Chicago has put out some really good SEHC lately like Minnesota's Real Enemy and Reinforce. My current favorite is Vitamin X from Holland. Vitamin X play great catchy, sing-along punk hc with lyrics that are poignant without being dogmatic or preachy. I don't know if 97A are really an SE band but they seem to fit in better with the SE scene than any other type of HC. This band plays some of the fastest, tightest HC outside of the crusty thrash scene and totally shreds on all their releases. The lyrics come across as bearing a naive faith in the American political system, but at least they are sincere and making a point. Sweden always out ahead in hardcore has produced some great SE bands lately. So I say to the punk community at large, Straight Edge hardcore isn't all about dumb jocks, bad metal and sportswear. There are some great bands playing solid fast hardcore with relevant and sincere lyrics that aren't getting their due outside of the SE scene because the spirit of unity is on the wane.

In my column about the golden age of Grindcore one band I totally neglected to mention was L.A's Phobia. Phobia has been going since the dawn of Grindcore and still delivers the goods, totally pummeling holocaust in your head grind eruption. They have a number of records and split releases and a new 10" on Pessimiser that will tunnel a hole into your cranium. So put your head up against the speaker and blow your brains out.

625 recently released a comp flexi called Bandanna Thrash. What the fuck is Bandanna Thrash you ask? Allow me to venture briefly into hardcore history for an explanation. Around 1980 punk gave way to hardcore in America and it was the USA that led the way in Hardcore for the next few years. Since hardcore was of course the greatest form of music in human history it quickly spread to the corners of the earth just as punk had a few years earlier. In the mid 80's several bands in Europe pushed HC forward by building on the American HC of the previous few years. Taking their cue from the speed and energy of bands like Bad Brains, Minor Threat, SSD, Necros, DRI, Seven Seconds and so on these bands added an additional level of speed and intensity, improving on a proven formula. Another important factor was that while a lot of bands around 1985 were going dangerously into metal territory these euro bands were 100% straight ahead hardcore. In terms of style there was an active attempt to copy American hardcore style represented in flannel shirts, baseball hats with flipped up brims, and yes bandannas! To my mind the four best bands from this milieu were Larm from Holland, Negazione from Italy and England's Heresy and Ripchord.

Negazione started about 83-84 and their earlier stuff is more raw and aggressive like CCM, Wretched or early Indigesti. The first Negazione 7" Tutti Pazzi came out on Subvert Productions in 1984, it's raw and abrasive but there is a hint of the tight and complex fast core to come. Next came a split cassette Mucchio Selavaggio with Declino. This was later released on vinyl as an LP by COR records of England. From the liner notes of this LP Negazione explains some of the thinking behind the Wild Bunch Crew "Wild Bunch is vital energy to fight against apathy that everyday pincers us; our will to explode is the only weapon we got against who's always trying to control us, to direct us into already planned life/scheme. As bands we decided to stay out of each kind of commercial business, far from the eager control "managers" and "promoters" we choose self management and self production, with a complete autonomy from the big record companies, keeping and direct control of our music." So as you can see this music was committed to bringing the anger and energy to the forefront and keeping control of the scene for the kids and their music not commercial interests. The Declino split is fast, aggressive HC that absolutely rages. Negazione along with Indigesti also were doing some pretty wild stuff with fast tempo changes, crazy guitar noises and such that bring to mind bands like Articles of Faith and the Bad Brains. Next up for Negazione in 85 was the Condannati A Morte Nel Vostro Quietro Vivere 7" ep, no label info is given on the sleeve so I assume it was released by the band and their friends. The ep is dedicated to the famous EMMA squat in Amsterdam which hosted a lot of punk and HC gigs at the time. Once again this ep is straight ahead HC but with more structure than a lot of bands had at the time, yet still raw and chaotic. Negazione's crowning achievement though was their 1986 LP Lo Spirito Continua, on get this Mordam Records of San Francisco (those were the days). This LP is one of the all time HC/Punk classics of Italy. Really great speedy HC with chaotic but complex guitar and a singer who sounded like he was on fire. Negazione did another good ep Nightmare which as far as I can tell was recorded in '85 but not released until '87 on New Beginning records in the US. Sorry to say that like many of the great bands of the 80's Negazione decided it was time to "progress" musically and put out some shit records like "100%" and "Little Dreamer" which were pretty much alternative rock. This band sported bandannas and flannels on every release.

Larm from Holland was one of the great mid 80's HC bands out of Europe that didn't fade into obscurity in later years. Since members of Larm are still active in the HC scene in Seein Red, there is still good Larm material being brought to light and reissued for today's fans. Now I got taken to task last time I tried to write about Dutch HC so hopefully this time I will keep my facts straight. Larm played incredibly fast for their day. When I first heard Larm back in the day I tried and tried to play my bass along with the record at the same speed for so long I wondered if they had sped up the tape in the studio. They called their assault on music as we know it the "Campaign for Musical Destruction" and "Extreme Noise Terror" from which the UK band took their name. Larm's first release was a split LP with Stanx. They crammed an amazing 28 songs on one side of an LP. The music was relatively simple thrash, not unlike DRI, Siege or Deep Wound but it was played super fast. No label info on this release so I assume it was put out by the bands. I'd have to say that although it was their first material this stuff is my favorite. The next release for Larm was the No One Can Be That Dumb ep, released in 1986, no label info given so once again probably self released. Fifteen tracks fast and furious HC with political, animal rights, straight edge lyrics

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and a song about love in the pit. Lots of flannel and bandannas on this ep. Next up from Larm was the Straight On View LP on One Step Ahead Records out of San Francisco. This LP had some tracks from the No One Can be That Dumb ep. Thirty Seven songs! The best lyrics have to be Metal Attitude Sucks, which like most HC lyrics from 15 years ago still rings true in these ears today. Larm's next ep was Nothing is hard in this world if you dare to scale the heights on Definite Choice Records, 1987? I would have to say that on this ep Larm starts sounding a lot like Heresy in terms of playing tighter and the vocal style. Or maybe Heresy was trying to sound more like Larm. Regardless the to bands sound very similar about this time period. OK sometime after this Larm ends and Seein Red begins. But Larm material has continued to come to light. Wicked Witch released a 7" called Destroy Sexism which was recorded live at practice sessions and according to Henk's liner notes featured 8 unreleased tracks. There is also a live 7" called Extreme Noise Terrorism featuring a gig from 1985. Earlier this year Wicked Witch put out a double LP discography of Larm material which I once had ten copies of but now have none, so I can't tell you much about it until I find another copy. I pretty sure there are one or two CD discographies for Larm around, but I never paid much attention to CD's.

Just as important as these two bands were Heresy and Ripchord from the UK, but to place those bands in context I'm going to write a whole 'nother column on the UK Hardcore of the late 80's. I'm going to Finland next week so expect a column or two about Finnish HC before I pick up on 80's thrash again. Good luck hunting down the Negazione and Larm records. Hardcore Rules!

It's August 28, 2020 and I am at the California State Fair here in Sacramento. Actually, I'm on my way out the gates. Wait a sec, gotta put my air tank on. This Valley air is a bit thick. I'd move to Frisco where the air is good but Mayor Biafra and his anarchist city council are still arguing over whether or not the world has been saved by legalizing hemp. They haven't got around to rent control yet. But I digress.

Up until the last couple years I avoided state and county fairs. Not anymore. This year's state fair was the best. Tonight was the last night and guess who headlined? Okay, Weird Al. I know, nothing new there but seeing a 115 year old man hooked up to machines, doing a funny-ass version of "Beat It"...man, that's living! Anyway before Al played, it was Black Flag! Yeah really. Henry on vocals, Chuck on bass, some session guy on drums, and Greg Ginn on guitar. And some other guy on guitar playing pretty much the same thing as Greg played...well, the same thing Greg played back in the day. Tonight Greg just soloed but it was still cool. And Henry doesn't look that bad either. You think a 70 year old guy in Speedos would be a bit creepy but he was rad, even if all his tattoos had run together. They only played one new song which was kinda boring, a ballad. Wait, I think that was "Damaged." Anyway, they played all the old stuff. It was great. Man, when they played "Rise Above," you should have heard the walkers creak in the pit. I almost lost an eye to some dude's cane when he fell off the stage during "Police Story." I guess he pressed his button cuz he got help right away.

It was a little rough but not as bad as last month at the Yolo County Fair Grounds in Dixon when Blitz and the Exploited played. The skinheads...okay, almost everyone was a skinhead except me, I have a full head of hair even if it is white. But you can still tell a hairless senior citizen skin from a hairless senior citizen punk. The skins have big pee stains in the front of their pants cuz they think Depends are for pussies. Whatever. Anyway some of those bastards are mean. They hit you with their canes when you got your back turned to them in the pit. And I don't know if you ever had 15 guys telling their nurses to kick you. That's pretty fucking scary. Oh yeah, the US Bombs opened the show and, man, they don't look any older!

Back to the Flag. So I talked to Henry after the show and he was really cool. Here is what he had to say:

Henry: Yeah, man. I just had to, you know swallow the pain, and remember that me and Greg were friends once and that we could be again. So I called Chuck up and he said Greg had Altzheimers and wouldn't remember fuck anyway so we decided it was time for a reunion.

Me: Its about time.

Henry: Yeah, I know, man. I remember in the 90s, hearing about all the bands reforming, playing the clubs and that Holiday thing in England and I was kinda jealous. Cuz there's good money in that and the poetry thing was gettin kinda boring, but you know me and Greg hated each other so...

Me: Well its probably good you waited. I remember those days and there were some pretty bad reunions. Dr Know...

Henry: Man, you know it. Man, I remember when the Misfits formed without Glen. Fuck, Glen was pissed. He said he wasn't but he was. I'm glad he's got them back together though...

Me: Well, isn't it him and the News?

Henry: Yeah, after Huey Lewis died, Glen got the News to be the Misfits. They're way better now. And the money is good too.

Me: I got one more question?

Henry: No, I'm not gay.

Me: No, that wasn't the question.

Henry: Oh.

Me: Who are the other guys? The drummer and other guitar player?

Henry: The drummer, I forgot his name. He does movie soundtracks as well as fill-in work. He drummed for DOA on their last tour. We wanted to get Robo but he's dead and Bill, well, he cried, and I can never forgive a man for crying. And, besides, he's fillin' in on the Social D reunion.

Me: Oh yeah. I forgot Ness is still alive.

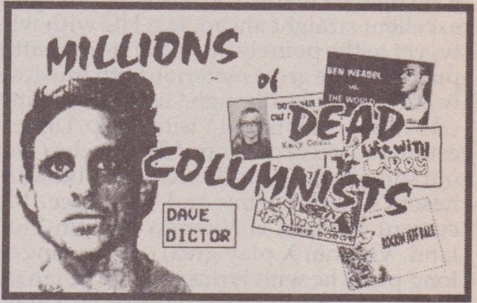
Henry: Well, he's got none of his original organs but what band does! Anyway, the guitar player is named Jim. He was in the Vandals, not the line up without any of the original members but the one without any members who ever spoke to an original member. He plays all the rhythm parts cuz all Greg remembers are Gone solos. Man, I tell you, this is good. I didn't think this reunion stuff was cool but, man, there's nothing like reliving the past. And it's so much easier to bank on these fuckers' nostalgia than tryin something new. And I used to laugh at those Styx reunions! Well, man I gotta go. We gotta get up to Reno. We're playing Harrahs with the Subhumans. That should be cool. They're filmin' it, too, for PBS.

Me: Cool! See ya, Henry.

Henry: Yeah, at next year's fair!

Letters and comments to Scott Soriano / 1114 21st Street / Sacramento, CA 95814 USA, scotts@sl.net

DO NOT send me your playlists, advertisements, show announcements, etc. I don't care.



What Are the Three Kind Of People to Cops? (Answer at the end of column)

Yeah cops suck, everybody knows that. I'm off my Electronic Bracelet now for 2 months and cops still follow me around waiting for me at my truck when I've been shopping to see what a drug dealer or ex-drug dealer looks like. Sometimes they pull me over snoop around ask me that dumb entrapping question "Do I mind if they search my vehicle?"

To which I always reply "That it would violate my Constitutional Rights so really they can't" To which they say "If you've got nothing to hide then why not? I reply, "Sor-

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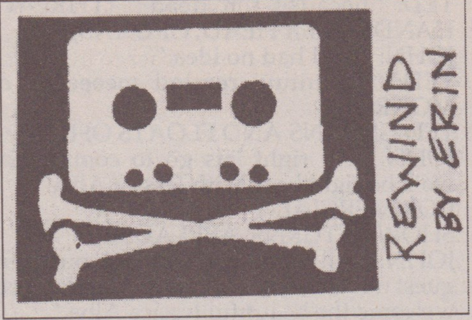
ry, can't do it".

Then they snort and so far just go away. Here in Portland I've had this running problem because Al used my I. D. numbers when he got arrested and released as me. So every time they caught up to me they'd arrest me for not showing up to the court dates. Then I'd go to the D. A.'s office we'd work it out but no matter next time they'd see me they'd arrest me. Even once in the principal's office at the elementary office at the school I taught at, as well 3 other times resulting in 2 over night stays at the Justice Center downtown here. I 've filed a tort claim for damages and it's been 13 months and I'm still waiting for a reply from the city. I'm gonna sue them for $ 20, 000 dollars but it's hell in the mean time, knowing you live in this week little city where the cops got nothing better to do then fuck with you. Since my bust I can't work in education for 3 years I remember the shit-eating grin of the school cop that was on hand for my bust. Good Ol Officer Lu the lovable Asian cop. came into the classroom to tell the kids "It's cool to turn your parents in for drugs". Afterwards the kids got into a debate whether pot could kill you or not? I told them "the only way pot could kill you is if a policeman catch's you with it and proceeds to beat you to death with his night stick while arresting you for it" I remember those precious young faces looking at me with that true appreciation for hearing something real and treating them as equals and not serving up some bullshit for an answer.

Anyway I'm leaving Portland and I'm glad. I like some of the people here but its so linear here My few gay friends won't go to strait bars and visa versa. You never see African-American punx or Asian punx, never see RRRiot girrrlz at any thing but rriot girrl events. Everyone stays in there little ghetto. And the regular black shirt-anarcho-bondage pants crowd snits and gossips around like the collegiate preppie's of my youth. I mean fucking gag me.... So I'm over stumpsville, the bands all hate each other and I feel most of the girls are junior Courtney Loves squeezing nice guys for what they're worth. And the shitheads get over on them, or is this what happens everywhere and I've been stuck here so long I don't know the difference anymore. I'm splittsvilles with the love of my last 2 years, she had her new boyfriend move in the day I went into jail. Single again, I've been grieving for 8 months but fuck that nobody gives a shit, move on.

I lost my clean and sober 2 weeks again but after a 3 day ride I wised up, I gotta stay clean just not sure if N. A.'s the ticket, it works for many I just don't know. It's my kid that is keeping me clean. Though maybe I'll find a good group in N. Y. My probation transfer coming through any day now. "I'm packing my bags. I want to be apart of it new york new york". So sorry I'm in such a shitty mood, take care, dave dictor/ mdcops@hotmail. com or 110 red spring lane,, glen cove, ny11542 Oh yeah Answer to what are the three kinds of people to a cop? Perps, potential perps and other cops.



This is a nice and short column this time; I'm leaving town for 2 weeks and have to have this finished before I go. Much much thanks go to Doug and Jacqueline for helping out with just the right word, the computer help, and the ice cream...THE BLACK COCKS sound like THE FAKES, or at least have the super lo-fi layering thing going on. Lots of weird effects. 4 songs, low grade production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 163 Barto, PA 19504. On the END ON END demo, their guitars go back and forth between GORILLA BISCUITS chuga chuga, and RITES OF SPRING emo stuff. They play faster than DAG NASTY but have the same style vocals. It's catchy, it's tough. 4 songs, great production, no lyric sheet. 7706 Hollywood Blvd., #1, Los Angeles, CA 90046. THE GIMBALS are great, and put out a solid demo. It's basically melodic hardcore with a lot of heart. Some is catchy, and some just fast, and there are half-time breakin-it-down parts, too. 5 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 1571 N. Glenn, Fresno, CA 93728. GOAT SHANTY is sure hardcore, superfast, sort of metally, but with the agonizing-screaming singing style instead of the Cookie Monster style. 7 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 255 Hillcrest Ave, Athens, GA 30601. HUMAN BODY FLAWED the vocals sound like they were recorded while the singer was on the phone, over a music bed of pretty straightforward hardcore when its fast and emo when it's slow. c/o Cory Stevenson, Longwood College, P.O. Box 2592 Farmville, VA 23909.

The HUMAN FLYS have vocals that are a combination of Darby Crash and Lux Interior, with musical influences from a host of early LA.. bands (THE ALICE BAG BAND, SUICIDE, etc.). The cover of "Jealous Again" has an extra guitar solo and a pejorative comment at the end that BLACK FLAG didn't need to put in, and I'm not sure why they felt the need to add it. They also do a FEAR cover. 13 songs, decent production, no lyric sheet. $6 PPD. Larvae Records, 2128 Englewood Ave., Durham NC 27705. THE RESIDUALS songs are driving, catchy, and good! Who would of thought I'd be singing along so quickly to a song called "Internet Generation"? Sure, "I Hate People" is great. too. 6 songs, good production, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 150206, Dallas, TX 75315-0206. SCRATCHHABIT is more menacing than REVERSAL OF MAN, with deeper and not screaming vocals. There's still that same hardcore feel, the same intensity to it. Really good. 5 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. $2 PPD. Josh, 1442A Walnut St. PMB 407, Berkeley, CA 94709. SHIVER has a singer who sounds like Kevin Seconds when he's singing, not yelling, and a mid tempo pace that speeds up occasionally. Very influenced by recent PENNYWISE/BAD RELIGION sort of stuff. 8 songs, good production. lyric sheet. 8055 Broadlawn Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15237 TWENTY-FOUR ROBBERS are simple and catchy, and have a tempo between hoe-down and a slow surf/garage song. The songs have a familiarity to them, like they might be cover songs, but that's not a bad thing. 4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 535 Wells Ave. S. #A, Renton, WA 98055. As always, send demos to P.O. Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. And remember to put the pertinent information on more than just the envelope, all right? All right!

ANNOUNCER: "From the Late Night Studios in Modesto California, it's The Late Show with Joooooooohn RRRRRinghoff!" (APPLAUSE)

JOHN RINGHOFF: "Hi and welcome to the Late Show with John Ringhoff. I'm your host, John Ringhoff. And to my left is Jeff Goldblum and the Honky Tonky Tex Mex Late Show Band!

(APPLAUSE, SHOT OF JEFF GOLDBLUM PLAYING SAXAPHONE AND BOWING AT JOHN. THEME FINISHES AND CAMERA GOES BACK TO JOHN. JOHN BOWS AT JEFF)

JOHN RINGHOFF: "Well I don't know if you've checked out the news this week but there's been a string of shootings around the U.S., ouch. Hey how about that one in Hawaii? Seven people shot?"

(CROWD GRUMBLES)

JOHN: "I don't know about you, but I'm mad the seven people shot weren't the seven picked to live in a house and have they're lives taped for MTV's The Real World Hawaii!"

(LAUGHTER/APPLAUSE)

JOHN: "ouch! Now Monica Lewinsky is back in the news!"

CROWD: "UH OH!"

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JOHN: "Apparently she has a new brand of shoes out.. yeah. They're called... BLOW-JOBS!" LAUGHTER/APPLAUSE
BAND PLAYS FUNNY VERSION OF "HAIL TO THE CHIEF"
JOHN (to Jeff): "How'd you like a pair of those huh Jeff?"
JEFF GOLDBLUM: "Um, yes, um, oh oh um hmm. Now the chaos theory, um it um."
JOHN: "Yeah. All right. So I've got a question. Now how many you all see this movie Titanic? This boat be sinkin and shit. Now that kid be like 'oh save yourself i'll die'....now if he were a brutha...(LAUGHTER)....he...(LAUGHTER)...he be like 'DANG WOMAN! YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU TO RED LOBSTER? YOU TRIPPIN! THAT AIN'T HAPPENIN!' (APPLAUSE)
JOHN: "And how about what's going on in Kashitstan?"
JEFF: "Yes Please!"
JOHN: "I'm sorry, what?"
JEFF: "Blowjobs. Yes Please. I'd like a pair."
JOHN: "Huh?"
JEFF: "Like a pair." (PAUSE)
JOHN: "And....Hey Kato Kalen has been in the news recently he-" (GETS CUT OFF)
JEFF: "Oh, I bet he'd um, he'd yes um like a blowjob!"
JOHN: "Heh heh heh. Ok Jeff"
JEFF: " ahh, ummm" (TAPS FINGERS ON SAXAPHONE)
JOHN: "Hey in the news recently a man was charged with incessant exposure."
LAUGHTER
JOHN: "Apparently he exposed his penis to a woman."
LAUGHTER/APPLAUSE
JOHN: "Also in the news, this is true, a man in Wisconson, was arrested for wearing a dress" LAUGHTER
JOHN: "yes, and when reporters asked him why he was wearing it he replied, 'It's because I'm gay."
LAUGHTER/APPLAUSE
JOHN: "And that's not all. Yesterday police found a man and a woman in bed together" LAUGHTER
JOHN: "Naked." LAUGHTER
JOHN: "And when Police came in and asked what was going on the man said 'We are having sexual intercourse!' "
LAUGHTER
JEFF: "Intercourse, hmm, yes um um. "
JEFFS EYES DART BACK AND FORTH AND HIS FORKED TONGUE SLITHERS OUT OF HIS MOUTH
JOHN: "Ok lets get the show started you know my first guest from his hit show Too Close For Comfort, Ted Knight!"
TED WALKS OUT, APPLAUSE
JOHN RINGHOFF: Hello Ted
TED SITS DOWN AND LEANS BACK IN CHAIR AND EYES JOHN
TED KNIGHT: Helooo, John (ANGRILY FOLDS ARMS ACROSS CHEST)
JOHN: "So Ted, I understand your show is doing well on it's 6th season"
TED (angry): "(low grumbling noise) my showwww...... was canceled."
JOHN: "Really. Why is that?"
TED: "because I'm dead." (THROWS HANDS OVER HEAD, GROANS)
JOHN: "Oh I had no idea."
TED: "Youuuuu, remind meeeee.... of MONROE!"
TED GROANS AND FLOATS OFF SET
JOHN: "All right lets go to commercial we'll be right back with Jessica Alba"
COMMERCIAL
SHOW RETURNS, APPLAUSE
JOHN: "All right you can see our next guest in teen comedy Idle Hands. Lets welcome the beautiful Jessica Alba."
BAND PLAYS SEXY BURLESQUE MUSIC AS JESSICA WALKS OUT. SHE SITS.
JOHN: "Hello Jessica. Welcome. It's your first time on the show"
JESSICA ALBA: "Hi it's great to be here."
JEFF: "Um yes, um hello Jessica."
JESSICA: "Hi Jeff" (waves)
JEFF (WALKING OVER): "Um, yes um, yes so-so so great to have you on the show. Um yes." (JESSICA LAUGHS)
JOHN: "So....Jessica, tell me about your character in Idle Hands."
JESSICA: "I play-"(gets cut off)
JEFF: "Hands. heh heh. I'd um...I'd yes, I'd um like to see your hands. Yes".
JESSICA (LAUGHING): "Okay."
JOHN TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO STOP HER
JEFF HOLDS HER HANDS. HIS EYES DART BACK AND FORTH
JEFF: "Yes. Hands um. You see, you see there are. There are um, here let me..."
JEFF PUTS HER HANDS IN HIS CROTCH
JEFF: "Yes, um, ok. Ok these, these are my balls." (LAUGHTER)
JESSICA LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY
JOHN: "Jeff!"
JEFF: "Heh heh. Ok now these here, these..are my other balls."
JESSICA TRIES TO PULL HER HANDS AWAY
JEFF: "No. No don't. You see. I um I."
SUDDENLY JEFFS HAND FALLS OFF SHOWING A FURRY CLAW TYPE THING
JESSICA: "Ewww!"
JOHN: "What the fuck Jeff?!"
JEFF: "Um, ok, um yes um. You see when I, um, transported myself, um...yes...um there, a fly, a...a fly, um. Also, um, entered the transport booth, um therefore. The chaos, the the the chaos theory it-" (CUT OFF)
JOHN: "Get him away!"
3 MEN IN ZOO KEEPER OUTFITS CARRYING NETS CATCH JEFF AND CHAIN HIM UP IN THE BAND AREA
JESSICA WALKS OFFSTAGE
JOHN: "Ok my next guest played a bum in Down and Out in Beverly Hills, and a cop in another movie, ladies and gentlemen, NICK NOLTE!"
GARY BUSEY WALKS OUT. APPLAUSE. HIS HAIR FALLS OVER HIS EYES AND HE IS CHEWING ON A HAM. HE HAS NO SHOES ON AND HIS WEBBED FEET ARE SHOWING.
JOHN: "Nick. Welcome to the show"
GARY: "I'm Gary Busey, Nick is my brother"
JOHN: "I see, well"
GARY GNAWS HARDER ON HAM AND BEGINS SLAPPING HIS WEBBED FEET ON THE GROUND IN DELIGHT.
JOHN: "Ok then what have you been doing lately?"
GARY: "My third row of teeth is coming in."
JEFF: "Ah. Um, yes, Nick, Um yes, I would like some ham. Um, yes please"
GARY EXPOSES HIS FANGS AND HISSES AT JEFF. JEFF STANDS UP AND TRIES TO WALK TOWARDS GARY. THE CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK STRAIGHTENS OUT AND STOPS HIM.
JOHN: "So do you have any movies in development?"
GARY STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD
JOHN: "Gary?"
GARY SNAPS OUT OF IT
GARY: "Utah! There's a meatball sandwich shop around the corner! Best Goddamn meatball sandwiches you've ever had. Get me two of them and a lemonade."
JOHN: "Um"
GARY: "Two Utah! Gimmie two!"
JEFF BEGINS PULLING ON HIS CHAIN. HIS ARMS FALL OFF EXPOSING FLY ARMS UNDERNEATH. HIS SKIN MELTS AWAY AND HE IS A FLY. HE WALKS TOWARD BUSEY. BUSEY SQUEALS AND HIDES UNDER HIS CHAIR
JOHN: "Aaah! Let's go to commercial! Let's-"
JEFF FLIES OVER AND SPITS ACID ON JOHN'S FACE.
JOHN: Aaaah!
JEFF EATS ALL OF THEM AND SHOW IS CUT SHORT. THE END.
BOO YA! That's my column! SEND ME SOMETHING! 4446 Finley Ave #201, Los Angeles, Ca 90027

As I stated in my last column, I have decided to clarify the subject matter of Structural Idealism, which I have been referring to frequently, by printing here a tract called "Structural Idealism in Twenty Questions," a tract I wrote in the summer of 1998. This pamphlet takes a question and answer form, half of which appeared in the

previous issue of MRR, the rest reads as follows:

What is the significance of the star as a symbol?

We choose the star as a symbol because we believe that everybody must learn to see themselves as "stars." Structural Idealists are star polishers. In the bright light of a city it is often impossible to see the stars at night; this doesn't mean that the sky is devoid of them. In the same way, because people have been robbed of their sense of self worth, it doesn't mean that they are worthless. Like a puzzle, every human is an individual piece; but without cohesion of the elements, no picture is formed. In the global supermarket, we can see the cult of consumerism has promoted its own version of the cult of personality, the notion of artificial celebrities that we are supposed to live through. This is antithetical to the value that a tribe places on its individual members. It's similar to taking a puzzle piece, placing it on a stage, and claiming that the piece represents all of the thoughts and feelings of the rest. Structural Idealism supports the idea that each person is both a genius and an idiot; it is only through community that linkage can be attained between individual weaknesses and strengths. Without such a linkage, the puzzle will always either be a mess or a misrepresentation.

Is Structural Idealism anti-Hollywood?

Structural Idealism is pro-art that is created as part of the community. We are against the concept of placing art and artists on stages separate and unequal to the rest of the community. We support the ideal that everybody in the community creates art, and is thus an artist. We support the ideal of the community as celebrity, not simply the individual. To do otherwise, belittles the self esteem of the majority for the benefit of a few. Lack of self esteem creates neurosis and thus threatens the health of the community. Thus we are opposed to any institutions that are built around the premise of transforming human beings into superstar demi-gods.

Is Structural Idealism another form of communism?

Communism was a scientific system that dealt with dialectics and empirical methods of collectivism. We are not communists in that we do not propose a purely scientific system. We also do not claim to be the end to the means. We are the reverse, the means to a still unforeseen end. We simply wish to level the playing field so that humanity can see its way toward a better future. We support and encourage the efforts of the individual to explore and discover themselves, just as we support and encourage the efforts of individual tribelets to investigate their own cultures. In the end, combining such impulses into a greater tribe will lead to a better understanding of ourselves as a species.

Is Structural Idealism anti-democracy?

We are pro-government that is designed for the good of the community. Currently democracy in the global supermarket is being run by and for greed. There is little room for alternative voices to buy their way into this arena. Therefore, we do not support this form of pseudo-democracy. We support the idea of government by and for the tribe, which means an eclectic compilation of belief systems. Our operating motif is that government should work directly with the people for the prevention of problems. We see government not as a separate entity or organ of humanity but one which needs to be integrated into our collective body.

Does Structural Idealism have leaders?

We choose not to see relationships between humans as between leaders and followers. Instead, we choose to see all people as teachers and students. The elders teach us to remember the past, the adults teach us to remember the past, the adults teach us to observe the present, and the children teach us about our future. Obviously, some teachers have the genius of communication and can reach wide audiences very effectively. These people will naturally serve their function as orators and diplomats between various groups.

Does Structural Idealism support censorship?

We believe in the idea of the responsible teacher. Those who use their ability as teachers to harm others and the community must be discouraged. If they do not stop, then they must be boycotted or shunned from the rest of the community. We look at mass media not as a wide assortment of individual pieces, but as an overall teacher. If that teacher is causing harm to the community then it must be discouraged, abandoned or replaced. Present mass media as a vehicle of greed is a teacher of consumerism, and thus a destroyer of the tribe. It is not teaching us to work together, but to compete against each other in every way, shape and form. It is not a tool for self esteem building, but for self abasement, and thus it needs to be confronted as a malevolent influence.

Is Structural Idealism anti-religion?

Structural Idealism encourages the religious expression of individuals and their tribelets. Again, such expressions must not take a form which serves as a negative teacher for the entire community. Unlike communism, we see and recognize the spiritual nature of life. At the very least, we propose that humanity is an animal which needs its godheads and spiritual rituals to achieve a balanced synthesis.

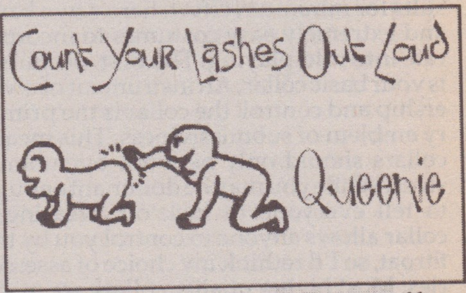
What is a 'balanced synthesis?'

We believe in the re-integration of all human components into the collective body of the species. In many ways this is similar to the organicism of the fascist re-tribalization attempts; however in this case, we are global in scope, and do not scapegoat other people. We see the hands as government and its many facets; we see the heart as art and religion; and we see the head as science, technology, and the realms of academia. Everything has a purpose and a function. Even consumerism has a place, the belly. When any element drifts away from the body we have a recipe for the tragic. Currently the heart, the hands, and the head of humanity have been removed from the body, leaving us only with an unending appetite. As a result, consumerism has become more important than any other function. Structural Idealism hopes to pull all of our parts back together and to remove the parasite of greed from our system, replacing it with a return to the sacred.

What is a 'return to the sacred?'

Re-tribalization. We want to bring back the concept that life is a sacred process, not simply an act of being born, competing against each other, and dying. We seek to nourish the entire body: food for the belly; thought for the mind, action for the hands, and the feelings for the heart. We wish to bring back the idea of being complete, whole human beings, individual but intrinsically linked together. We wish to replace the society cynicism has created with one designed around balance and a sense of belonging. We wish to replace the charcoal gray of a polluted night sky with a vision of holistic brilliance: the tribe that belongs to all of us, the tribe that recognizes all of us, the tribe in which everybody is a star.

If you would like to contact me, or would like to know more about the theory of Structural Idealism, I can be reached at PO Box 4842, Santa Rosa, CA. 95402-4842, or you can e-mail me at Brizero13@aol.com.



Since I'm relatively new around here, relative being the operative word, I was never given the option to write about other MRR columnists in my column. I was just told that it wasn't done. Yeah, I remember a time when they could and they did and they did and they did, but since I've been here, that hasn't been the case. So when George and Mykel started kicking around the idea again, I hadn't really thought much about it. But I do remember asking Tim why he had this rule, and agreeing thoroughly with his answer, "because it's boring." Columnists are egotistical and ego vs. ego is boring. These columns are our opinions. For the most part, they're refreshingly varied in terms of education, experience, backgrounds and

interests. I thought that was a good thing... If someone wants to write that my opinion is wrong, please go right ahead. But take into consideration that I don't give a shit. Unless you hit me some real, thought provoking, never before realized tidbit of information, you ain't gonna change my opinion. And I hope the feeling's mutual. It was hinted that perhaps I was a wee too scared to debate another columnist in writing. *Please! What's to debate??* Whether or not masturbation is good, or that sexual exploration really is a positive endeavor, or that women enjoy sex as much as men or can or even should? *No Queenie, I believe his left testicle wasn't the size of a ruby red grapefruit at all, but in actuality had a much closer resemblance to an aubergine...* Sorry hon, I'm not in third grade anymore; calling me chicken ain't much of a threat. But if you wanna set up some chicken wire and toss around a little feed, calling me chicken has all the makings of a funky fucked-up night feeding any deeply rooted fowl fetish you might have. *Thanks Easter Bunny! Bock, bock!*

Which brings us to this month's topic: costumes for roleplay. Elaborate sounding, but it doesn't have to be at all. Although seeing my friend Marcke dressed up in full bunny regalia was the high point of my Folsom Fair experience, sometimes the best costumes are the simplest ones, a la **The Crying Game**, or the not a show-er, but a grower, *"but you have such small feet..."* or my personal favorite, the surprising and very rare, found underneath a baseball cap: a full head of hair! Keeping in mind that most prefer maximum results for minimum effort, here's two basic and extremely easy costumes to incorporate into role-playing. The first, of course, is your basic collar. An instrument of ownership and control, the collar is the primary emblem of submissiviness. This means collars should only be worn by submissives. While you may be dominant enough to tell everyone to fuck off, wearing a collar allows anyone to control you by the throat, so I'd rethink my choice of assessories. Most higher quality collars are made out of leather or metal or a combination of both. But for the fickle dominant, inexpensive collars can be found at any pet store, but do steer clear from the ones with flea powder. Collars should be worn loose, so they do not obstruct breathing or submissives ability to perform orally, but tight enough to be felt at all times.

Feminization scenes are also easy to costume, and with the advent of catalogues, without even leaving the privacy of your boudoir. Granted these scenes have a definite femdom/male submissive slant, but being "forced" to dress as a woman can be both a humiliation and a pleasure for many strong, professional woman and even a stone butch or two. So use your imagination, just don't use your own underwear. Unless your submissive wears the same size panties as you, I highly recommend taking a stroll down to the larger ladies lingerie department. But buying larger sizes doesn't necessarily mean having to sacrifice fashion. Think Victoria's Secret not Vicki Lawrence. Even the strongest men want to look pretty.

Wow, it's finally the year 2000. What about that Y2K stuff? Did the milk go bad? Oh well, celebrate the new year with an old habit and start off the new century masturbating. Things are starting to look better already. Til next time, play hard, play safe, and just play, play, play, play...

XXX HIRAX MAX

Hey what's up. This column is going to be a shorty this month just cuz I'm already stressing on school and other projects I got going on, so I promise to make the next one jam packed full of info. But wait, don't stop reading, cuz what I suffer in quantity is made up for in quality. The first two things I'm gonna let you in on come from my own collection, and I thought they were so good you should know about em....so let's fucking GO!

First up is the new Dan Doh compilation, and by far it is the best compilation I've heard in 5 years. I'm not even kidding, I don't know if it was planned this way (hell, all comps are planned to be kick-ass) or if it was chance, but this comp is almost flawless. It's entitled "A Reason For Living" and it is 3 Lps (yes, 3 Lps) worth of kick ass Japanese hardcore bands. Most of the bands have a heavy early US / European hardcore influence, but with the added flair and energy of the Japanese scene. Just to list a few of the bands: RAZORS EDGE, CRUCIAL SECTION, LIE, STRUCK, SLAPPING BIKINI, D.R.Y., FLASH GORDON, TOTAL FURY, STRIKE OUT, FACE OF CHANGE, UG MAN, to name just a few. It goes from ripping bandana thrash of CRUCIAL SECTION (who pull off a great RIPCORD cover) to the SOA-style of TOTAL FURY (who do a ripping SOA cover as well). I can not stress how good of a record this is, and it is every record labels dream to pull off something that chronicles so many bands while being consistent all the way through. Here's the catch: as with Dan Doh's other 3xLP compilation entitled "Chaos of Destruction" this is going to be extremely hard to find. Also, there's only 1500, which probably won't even satisfy the Japanese fans, let alone the international scene. So get off your asses right now and try to get this gem. Write em at: Dan Doh, Honmachi, 2-1-21 Palms Bld, BF Kochi, 780-0870, JAPAN. If you're unable to get this, at least ask him about his other releases, he's put out over 25 so far, and all of them have been ripping in one way or another, so his label is definitely one to know about.

Next up.....I did a trade with my friend Ivo who lives in Bulgaria and got a bunch of ripping tapes. There seems to be a huge tape trading scene in Bulgaria, mainly in Sofia, and I was very surprised at the high quality of some of the bands. Most of the bands fell into the straight edge or mosh metal category, so I thought it would be perfect to include them in this column. Here's a quick run down of some of the tapes Ivo sells:

*FACE UP!-Their full 1994 demo was the best tape I got in the trade. Really fast and energetic youth crew style with some great fast drumming.

*FACE UP/LAST HOPE-A split live tape from these two bands, and while the earlier demo from FACE UP was faster and more punk influenced, their tracks on this are pretty good. LAST HOPE are cool as well. There's enough shouted choruses and faster parts to keep it interesting (Ivo has LAST HOPE's 1995 demo as well. It reminds me of SCRAPS a little, but it isn't as good as the stuff on the split tape).

*INDIGNITY-Have an 8 song demo that (as you can tell by the name) has a heavy INTEGRITY influence but which is pretty awesome because of the crude recording.

*INCRIMINAL-97 demo are the most metal out of them all...kinda like IRONSIDE.

Ok, that's a run down of some of the tapes I got, there's a ton of bands from Sofia, so try to check em out. I know Boisleve from France put out a compilation CD that had MEANSTREAM from Sofia on it not too far back so maybe try to hunt that one down. But in the meantime, if your OK with not-so-professionally recorded demos (don't be a wuss!), write Ivo to see his complete list:Ivailo Tonchev, Stara Zagora 6010, kv. "kazanski" 16-G-115, BULGARIA. Plus he's a sucker for 60's acid rock.

I had some stuff sent in to me so here's a listing of those:

If you like crust-core as crusty as it gets, check out IGNORANCE from Japan. They have one demo out which is pretty fierce, plus I just got their split with SOCIETY ATTACK. Dual vocal, UK meets NAUSEA style political crust. SOCIETY ATTACK (great name) is awesome punk/crust as well...making the split a good exposure to both bands if you've never heard em (even though both bands only offer 2 songs each). Write the label at: P.C records, 4-1-412 Simizumotomachi, Toyama City, 930-0034, JAPAN. I got the promo tape for INDECISION's new one and if you dug em before, you'll like em

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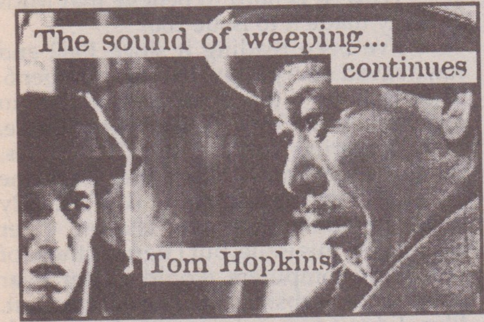
more than ever. More metal, more brutal. It's on a label I know nothing about called MIA Records....so watch out for their new full length entitled "Release the Cure." I also got a demo from Las Vegas' FADED GREY who play old school melodic straight edge. The shit is catchy as hell and I'm sure you'll hear their name soon, so try to get their demo if you dig a little melody in your youth crew. FADED GREY, 4846 Sangay Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89147.

Speaking of melody, I got a CD/demo from a Pittsburgh band called SHIVER, and while its not really my cup of tea, if you dig old SoCal punk (ie BAD RELIGION) meets late 7 SECONDS, check it out. SHIVER, 8055 Broadlawn Dr., Pittsburgh, PA, 15237. Lastly I got the new promo from the new FUN PEOPLE stuff. If you've never seen them you're missing out. But I have to admit, the stuff on this CD is pretty bad. I admire the DIY spirit this band has, and the amount of work they've put into their scene, but I can't dig this new stuff at all. Fans write the label at: Ugly Discos, C.C. 2975 C.P. 1000 Correo Central, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA.

Ok, that's it. I got to go cut this short to write two term papers....so to wrap it up, you can always write me at: Max, Po box 423413, San Francisco, Ca, 94142-3413 USA. Any contributions are welcome (as always). See ya in the pit.



When in the vicinity of any of the gnarled veterans of the old days, those in their twilight years of the late 20's and early to mid 30's, it ain't going to be long before one of them drools out that they miss the days when punk was "dangerous." Well, baby, they can growl along to Iggy Pop all they want, because for all the gimmie danger I've heard, when I inadvertently brought a little their way, tails were snugly between legs.

I'm outside Gilman street, wondering if GAUZE is ever going to finish. The first 20 minutes were amazing, but come on. Plus, I have a ride home with Rob Coons and I know he is going to be schmoozing for some time after the show, meaning the prospect of going to bed is a long way off. Just as Frisco is seeming really far away, Brad Stoddard appears to tell me that we, meaning whoever gets dug up between North Berkeley and the doorway of the Franklin Street house, are going to be partying that night. Blotto actually sounds about as good as bed, so ok. Plus, after an afternoon with Rob and the Canadians talking about records, much unwinding is in order.

Partying at Franklin Street is vetoed on Brad and company's arrival. Off to Brad's place in the Mission. Still new to Frisco, Brad and Arwen are the only folks I know too well. So, a couple of hours of beer and whiskey swilling commence amongst us. But there is one other guy. He's fucked up. Big time. And he's sharing his booze. Count me in. The night goes on, he's something else. Early morning hours, I look up from where I've passed out to see this chap sitting in the middle of the floor pouring beer on his head. He's the only one really up. He might not be the kind you take home to mother, but he'll get this party started right.

As the party peels itself up from the apartment come 11 a.m., I'm looking at the multiple choice test, still drunk or hungover, check one. I don't have time to answer because my shift at Epicenter starts in a little more then an hour and I think I want something to eat. After interactions at the restaurant and Epicenter, the still drunk scantron bubble gets filled in. The hangover comes in the hours I kill between my shift and that evening's GAUZE show at Epicenter.

Sure, I'll work the door, whatever. Things are still fuzzy but I'm capable of taking five dollars bills. I can even make the deals with those who have a handful of rusty change. "You have to promise not to drink in front of store. Really, promise me right now." Then the guy from the night before shows up. He informs me of a bargain we had struck the night before. I could have more booze if he could get into the show for free. Oh, another one of my Faustian deals, the hereafter in exchange for malt liquor now. Well, if I said so, come on in.

The visual part of this story is nearly upon us, grab your copy of the "Fifteen Counts of Arson" LP by HIS HERO IS GONE. If you only have the CD, by a ticket to Frisco so I can spank you. HIS HERO IS GONE is doom and glooming their way through the first set of the evening. I watch for a few minutes, leaving Leah to watch the door. HHIG: "Yeah, it's hot in here, but not as hot as the suburbs when they burn to the ground." Shit, that's where my parents live! My cue to head back to the door. Halfway there the music cuts out, the sound of a couple hundred feet chasing me cuts in. I turn around, see something spraying all over the place as folks are running. Then I hear "It's gas!!" I was one of the first people on the street. Look at the B side label on the LP to see what was left behind.

After calling 911 and making my way back to Epicenter it turns out the fellow I had let in for free, in a moment of punk rock abandon had jumped up and grabbed a hold of a pipe to swing around on. Most fire sprinkler pipes aren't built for such abuse. Soon stagnant water, in the hundreds of gallons was on the crowd, the band and their equipment, through the floor, and onto the moth eaten clothes of the hipster thrift store below.

By the time I am back upstairs the water was off, the crowd is gone, and my fellow Epicenter workers are silent and glum. I speak. My timing is nearly always off. "I've heard it a million times, 'Oh, things aren't like the old days, punk isn't scary, it isn't dangerous anymore.' Well look, this is it, this is danger, you finally get it and you're all about to cry." The piercing glares usher me out of the door right quick.

***

HIDDEN CHORD's second EP isn't far from being the rock n' roll of their first one. RITES OF SPRING is oh so identifiable in the singing style (though less rasp) and the guitar. They have their own dynamics (a touch more) and the tempo (less direct) and some UNCLE TUPELO rootsiness. I'm told that songs from both EPs will be on an upcoming LP. I wonder how they will match up with each other? (Heart of a Champion, PO Box 3861, Minneapolis, MN 55403)

Zum Records (PO Box 4449, Berkeley, CA 94704) could be a kissing cousins to the Slampt label. The releases aren't nearly as abrasive and kicking you in the shins, but they have the quirk and the art. SEA SCOUTS are from Australia and keep their sound pretty and smooth as can be. Like the new NUZZLE and the old EVERGREEN it can get a bit drone and repetitive. You have to be able to groove to enjoy this. Can you dig it?

GUNS OF AUGUST, may not be of the emo-pop sound that Houston has full ownership of, but the tuneful vocals help it fit in on Act Your Age ($3.50, 3244 Locke Lane, Houston TX 77019-6208). Casual tempo, subdued but determined rhythm section, with a guitar that picks notes and creates minimal anthemic walls. Catchy shit, which is quite rare of a two track EP with songs of this length. Are Act Your Age and Dosei Jidai to the late 90's what Council and File 13 were to the early 90's?

I could ask all day long why anyone would think INK & DAGGER are any good, but I wouldn't get an answer I liked. New split picture disc EP with them and ICARUS LINE on New American Dream (PO Box 265, Balboa Island, CA 92662). ICARUS LINE are a bit creepy, really bass heavy in the chorus, but not thumping. Guitars cut the verses, they're sharp. I & D, sort of spooky, mainly poopy, slowed down bursts of guitar, and way too much studio knob work. Bye bye.

If you're looking for creepy and spooky, forget the vampires and go for the

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SLAVES LP on Troubleman (16 Willow St., Bayonne, NJ 07002). I vaguely remember trashing the SLAVES a while back, though not in this column. Their early efforts should be pushed aside so that this LP can go to work. There is a new romance in the Bay Area, it is quite keen on effects and keyboards and theatrics. SLAVES win. They don't seem to care or to be trying and that just pushes this weirdness to the top. Plus it isn't really weird, just competent keyboarding and one step at a time precision sourness and pout. I don't know crap about the influences of their style, so I'll mention JOY DIVISION. Yeah, I'm an idiot, but I get to keep this record!

Hellfire Records (PO Box 21782, Washington D.C. 20009) deserves an atta boy smack on the fanny for the first SWIZ EP. They may have earned something more akin to a punch in the mouth for the GRAND NATIONAL EP. Boring, no up or down, way too much singing, slight melody on the guitar but no tempo to speak of. As awful as any of the COMPOUND RED stuff.

The absolute best reason to buy a switchblade is for opening records. Perfect for getting through tightly shrunk shrink-wrap.

Members of the thrashy-emo proto-screamo bans COUNCIL OF FIVE NATIONS and IN VAIN have mellowed quite a bit in their new band THE WEIGH DOWN. Not harsh at all, almost easily accessible, but not in any typical emo bop bop bop way. The songs have skill. But not in a boring HOOVER or later METRO SCHIFTER way. More like the power and precision of WAXWING. Healthy tempo throughout the 5 song CD (Garbage Czar, PO Box 207129, New Haven, CT 06250).

You know what, BOTCH has been around for quite some time. Their take on hardcore has been to tightly contain a whole lotta shaking going on. The result, in my four eyes, has been a precision approach to emo-violence. Harsh vocals, not quite screamo, power in the guitars almost crunching a feeling of let loose, but not spastic at all. They've kept it going on the "We Are The Romans" CD (Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199) with a huge increase in the volume and a lyrical focus more in tune with their Phyte Records EP then their last LP. Blue Ribbon H.H. layout, duh, with a digipak CD case.

The RED SCARE LP is officially out. It has been unofficially out for about 6 months in the tour LP version. But that is just bullshit jabber, here's the review: this record is bite my butt good! 8 songs, each one delves into a morose meander at some point and in one way or another is pulled out into a quick moving ringing guitar and vocal clamor. Absolutely no boring soft to loud to soft. The record is rather loud throughout. The twist all comes from tempo fuck, but no overdone tightness. The production is perfectly rough, and if you know way too much trivia about records, then the fact that this was recorded at Inner Ear Studios explains a lot. ($7ppd, Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321)

Hello big, big anthemic guitars. Hello screamo vocals. Hello two songs one methodic, the other more carefree. Oh, and hello strange effects between songs. Hello, RACEBANNON, looking forward to hearing your upcoming LP. And there is a newcomer on this EP as well: KNIVES AND GREENWATER. Well matched record partner, with a crisper approach vocally and a restrained guitar (still sneering, though) which gives everything else more breathing room. (Witching Hour, somewhere in Indiana)

RYDELL shared a split with HOT WATER MUSIC a few months ago, and it looks like that did some lasting damage. Very melodic, theatric, dramatic, and some "Soar" era SAMIAM vocals. (Flame One, Lerystr. 54/1/21, 1110 Wien, AUSTRIA).

BOB TILTON's first, and to date only, LP is now available on CD from Southern Records (PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL). Buy it. BOB TILTON's early EPs were able to combine MOSS ICON style introspective emo with more standard hardcore fabulously. By the time this LP came out they were more subdued but could still smack you in the mouth. Glad this is available in a widespread way, just hope that Helene and Subjugation (who first put the record out) got treated fairly in the mix.

Just so you know, this column is always a work in progress. The above reviewed GUNS OF AUGUST have another EP out that came in at deadline time, this one on A. Major Records (PO Box 1031, Orland, CA 95963). Two songs again, quite lengthy but full on catchy even with the reserved tempo. Fucking fantastic.

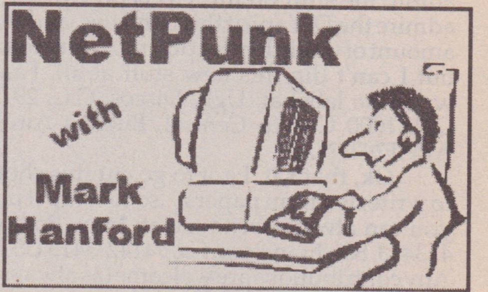
100 WATT HALO build up to build up to build up on a number of songs with just a slight backstep to start right back at you. They have an intensity (but not a sound) that is akin to SHOTMAKER. The tone of the bass (thick but smooth, no super fuzz) controls the band and the guitar and drums work around on the edges. Slightly similar to a number of Chris Thomson (CIRCUS LUPUS, LAS MORDIDAS) bands. Oh, I'm reviewing the "Steady Continental Seventy" LP ($8, Goldenrod, 317 Flittner Circle, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360)

I'm not sure if anyone besides musicians enjoy instrumental bands. I've never been too interested, but hey, I'm a cretin. LAST OF THE JUANITAS are nearly all instrumental and pull a rather fuzzed out and slower LEFT INSANE or some other SST label worshiping band. Dear Greg Ginn, I love you. Signed, LAST OF THE JUANITAS. (Flapping Jet, 3639 Midway Drive #271, San Diego, CA 92110)

Touch & Go Records (PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL) have a new ARCWELDER CD for your multi-disc Saturday night. This is my first listen to them, and I'd venture to say that I could see them getting lost in the shuffle the way the band TAR was. They are almost like what a lot of the twerpy college DJs and record store counter folk are into, but not quite math rock enough and not ho hum ironic enough either. Almost a disinterested and unpeppy SUPERCHUNK without a schtick. Three piece, with some of the most resonant, but still flat vocals I've heard.

Buying guide: RED SCARE LP, BOTCH CD, SLAVES LP, GUNS OF AUGUST EPs, BOB TILTON CD.

Next month I'll have a top ten of the column for 1999. Please send things to consider for the top ten of 2000 to PO Box 170482, San Francisco, CA 94117.



Wow, it is hard to believe that MRR actually made it to issue 200!

I've been reading it since 1982 and have saved every copy, back to number 6. They take up a ton of space, but once in awhile they are fun to pull out and peruse. Here's hoping for another 200 issues, though who knows what the magazine will be 18 years from now. We actually were offered the chance to "take on" other columnists this issue, but I figured those of you with computers would rather hear about cool websites than have me rant. Plus, I don't give a damn about other columnists' opinions — as long as they aren't boring to read. I don't agree with many of them, but they at least stimulate me to think about issues that otherwise might not be on my mind.

I found the perfect site to start of the new millennium. It shows how fucked up the 20th century really was, and gives us something to strive for in the 21st. That's right, it's The Crime Library at http://crimelibrary.com/. This site focuses on classic crime stories, gangsters, terrorists, and mass murderers. Sometimes macabre, but always interesting. Speaking of macabre, I ran across the electronic version of Murder Can Be Fun at http://www.dispatches.org/mrdrfun/. A selection of articles here on kids ripped apart by polar bears, dead music stars, and food poisoning. Check it out! By the time you read this, those old school punks that everyone loves or hates, NOFX, will have an official website up and running. It should

be interesting, as they promise a bunch of old fliers, photos, and more. I wonder if they'll talk about the early days of playing Rudimentary Peni songs at Brad's Lower Deck (a two car garage) in Boise. Anyway, you can find their site at http://www.nofxofficialwebsite.com (so much for a catchy name).

I also just found out about FatFreeRadio, which offers streaming mp3 on the net. I was afraid this was gonna be nothing but Fat Wreck bands, as it is hosted by Fat Wreck, but, to their credit, they have a diverse bunch of music up here. From classics by Toy Dolls, Bad Brains, and Minor Threat to new stuff by Fugazi, Swingin' Utters, and Anti Flag, this site has a wide range of tunes. Boasting over 2400 songs, you'll find FatFreeRadio at http://www.fatfreeradio.com/.

A site that might be good, if they could get more people to use it, is http://www.punkshows.com/. This is supposed to be a database of shows around the country, searchable by band, state, or club. Unfortunately, there isn't much here yet. If you're in a band, you might check this out, and put up your dates. This could be a great resource. Of course, if the web designers really cared, they could collect the regional lists (like the Bay Area LIST) and data enter them themselves. Whatever.

Another site with PUNK in its title is Punknews at http://www.punknews.org. Punknews has "tours, news, zines and shit about punk". The main focus here seems to be punk gossip, but you'll find some interesting links, and some weird stuff. Worth a look. One site that I discovered via Punknews was Nasty!Nasty!, a site about British punk for 1976 to 1979. Lots of cool info on bands of that period, as well as recommended releases and scans of picture sleeves. You'll find Nasty!Nasty! at http://www.thirdeyecandles.fsnet.co.uk/nastynasty/.

Of interest to some of you with tastes that include the fringes of punk, New Wave Outpost features a lot of late 70s and early 80s bands that some of us are trying to forget, along with a bunch of good power pop stuff. This site includes mp3 files of obscure mp3 bands, a list of compilations where you can find certain new wave tunes, and wish lists that the web designer wants to get his hands on. Put on your polyester clothing and surf on over to http://www.thegrid.net/mpaulsen/newwave.html. If you have a decent connection to the net, and a decent computer, you might find the Jinx Magazine site interesting. The whole damn thing is done in Shockwave Flash, which means that it is slow loading. Unfortunately, for all the slick looks, there is no real content here. Actually, check this site out for how NOT to do your site. Looks good, but is definitely less filling. You'll find Jinx Magazine at http://www.planetjinx.com/. Don't say that I didn't warn you.

I think I may have mentioned this in the past, but it is worth mentioning again. For those of you who are psychobilly fans, West Coast Psychobilly at http://come.to/westcoastpsychobilly is your one stop shop for all things Psychobilly. I've always held that punk rock was closer to hillbilly music than it was to rocknroll. More psychobilly stuff here than you could possibly want, you'll stick around this site awhile. The final page for this month is Northwest Punk. This is mostly a bunch of links to other sights, organized by labels, zines, and bands. Unfortunately, they've used too many graphics, which make the pages extremely slow loading. It's a real bummer. They also have a band of the month area, some mp3 files, and a java chat utility. Not bad, but could be a lot better. You'll find it at http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Lofts/2890/.

That's all I have time for this month. Check out my website at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/ or send me e-mail to netpunk@diehippiedie.com. And, of course, you can mail me via the good old postal service at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz, CA 95061. Oh, and if you're in a band that has put out a CD+, with both computer files and music on them, send them my way too. I'll be happy to give them a look and listen, and mention them in the column if they're worthy. See ya.

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry

Dear Max-RockANDR: You didn't review my record, you PC Nazi facist totalitarian fuckos! When I said that guys who walk funny were fags, I meant they're STUPID! When I said I like to slap my girlfriend across the face, it's cuz she's STUPID. Duh! Tim never would have let this happen! He's rolling over in his grave right now!

And so on. I made that one up, but that's beside the point. This image kept coming to me, blasphemously, as the cover of MRR #200: Tim rolling over and over in his grave. I'm kicking myself for not having saved all the comments I've seen (in one year as coordinator—I'm sure there were more before I got here) in various letters (*see above*), using that blank cliche, that's somehow still invasive, to complain about attitudes or policies that were usually initiated, approved of, or exemplified by Tim. If I were able to put together a nice collage of these carbon-copy non-critiques, maybe their writers would find in them a lack of perspective, not to mention originality. Maybe not.

People have difficulty accepting change, especially in the context of the relatively consistent animal that MRR has become—creeping in small steps for many years, out of the slime—onto equally problematic dry land. But this beast, like punk itself, isn't done, never will be done, adapting to its surroundings. We're doing a fine job, here, evolving. Congratulations, everybody who's a part of it. And thanks.

Good Things Said Recently/Why We're Still Here

"(Jeff Bale's attitude toward punk) is like saying that you can accept punk as an artifact, as the sound of an irrelevant subculture, but you cannot accept punk as an idea which demands EVERYTHING: ecstasy, revolution, redemption...For me, punk rock demands and delivers all those things, and that's what makes it great."
—Vic Bondi, *Hit List* #5

This intuition is at the heart of any important discussion about punk, though most people who sense the conflict feel silly putting it into words. Those who have made these demands are those who have superceded existing standards and made important changes to punk, to art, to politics, to life. What was, becomes inadequate, when your demands are to address everything. When your goals are not only to pursue a habit, but to *live* this way, through and through.

To collect, to polish, to perfect within borders you have accepted without skepticism, is not enough. The standards must fluctuate to fit you. If they don't like it, and without question, many of them won't, fuck 'em. Ask Patti Smith. Ask Sam McPheeters. Ask Iggy Pop. Er, scratch that. Ask Gee Vaucher. There are hundreds. I won't call them heroes, but at least they were brave.

It's a question younger punks find themselves facing. *I'm in this now, but I wanted to change the world, and punk won't let me. I wanted to make something new, but punk won't let me. MRR won't review my band, won't let me be a punk.*

If you are operating under a creative force that won't leave you alone, demanding your output, then it doesn't matter a good goddamn what MRR or anyone else thinks. Do what you have to do, and the rest will follow. Or not. But do it anyway.

It is a rift, between people. Especially when punks find themselves aging, being forced to reconcile sickness, pain, finance, and all the burdens of life, which are great—with punk, this attitude they have chosen. If it's unfulfilling, they find it's too much a part of them to turn back. Check out the interview in this issue with Gee, who still lives and makes art from the Crass farm. She comments on this process, and on how not to give up.

"But then, I don't consider anything non-punk. The punk thing is the spirit in onesself...I'm just doing it in a different way. It hasn't got a great big A and a circle on it. I don't consider that necessary," says Gee, who is

perceptive, articulate, and absent-minded at once. She's operating on her her own definitions.

Many younger kids who come into the "scene" begin punk as a process of imitation. Sometimes this gives way, and over time they come into their own voices. Sometimes not—they will sense the passion, but look at it like an animal in a cage, and finally give up on trying to let it loose, or touch it. Some older punks, after years of often unrewarding participation in the "scene", hang on merely out of habit. Habit is no small force—anything that once demanded your passion has some hold on you forever, like a relationship that has lost flavor and subsists only on memory and comfort. For many, punk has become a steadfast partner to grow old with, no longer an inspiration.

"I like being able to say whatever you want, being able to laugh at advertisers when they threaten to pull ads, circulation goes up, circulation goes down, who cares?" —Gardner, MRR shitworker, in this issue

What a great quote. Doesn't meet your standards? Who cares? The waters are dark with predators and profiteers, and attitude to have is active non-participation in the bullshit.

This bullshit: Your life is only worth living if you are successful. To be successful, you must be prosperous. If you've made enough money by them, your actions are justified by default, and genius is assigned to you.

If you are a woman, you may circumvent prosperity by being beautiful enough. To be beautiful enough, you must look this particular way. This particular way changes every six months or so. To be beautiful flaws must be hidden, especially the biggest flaw—being fully formed and self-sufficient. If you are not beautiful enough (and you never will be) your best chance at success is to please as many people as possible. (But that's an elaboration for another time.)

We've all gone over this hundreds of of times, and not without reason. This is the System all the songs are yelling about. I know people who listen to punk rock and dress the part, and have made no internal-changes, apparently; might as well be kids at a rave. Still worse, I know people who do nothing, never learn the skills to produce and make an impact on the world, in the name of resistance to the system. This goes against the point, which is, I *can*, but I *won't*. The trick is to have the genius, have the skills, and to hold them ransom from those who want to exploit them. And to have the determination to use them for yourself.

I know others who don't look like much, who have torn down piece by piece the ways they were taught to live, and then reconstructed, altered them until they were whole. People who, mindfully, decided they would participate in certain social constructs they agreed with, and threw out the ones which they couldn't abide. They're operating under their own rules. *That's* what we're still doing here.

Toxic Reasons 20th Anniversary or I Cant Help it (you choose)

I opt to go to this show as opposed to staying at home in anticipation of the Xena Warrior Princess Season premiere and spending some time with Julie and her recently acquired Wolf pups, Roarzo and General Tridad. The premiere ended up being the next day so whew! I get the best of both worlds.

Liam 'Momma' Dolan, a tall lanky irish sorta guy with blond hair who listens to TURBONEGRO too much, smokes too much, and bought the same style denim jacket as Julian Lennon did (except Lennon got three just in case someone shoots that fucker and he lives so he will still have a cool jacket WITHOUT bloodstains) when he was last in town. He picks me up along with someone I like to call the Rock and Roll nothing, Mark Zero.

Mark hates everything and also smokes too much. I'm serious too. Mark is extremely talented but at the same time VERY hard to motivate. Mark and Liam play in a band called The Syphilitics. I use my zine to spread the LIE that they are homosexuals and they make out in a scenic Cincinnati park. I laugh. They laugh. The world laughs.

Liam called earlier to confirm that Toxic Reasons actually are playing since the rumors of a glorious 'reunion' surfaces from time to time in the Dayton area. We spend the trip talking about possible new Syphilitic band names. Liam feels that a new direction is in order for his and Marks band. I agree and show some amazement when Mark actually seems a bit excited at the aspect of a new line-up and direction change. Like i said, The guy hates everything and it takes allot to get him motivated. Mark and i spent some time in a band called The Socials together. When we played in Kent Ohio Mark took more pictures of random roadsigns than anything else, talked about starting a Monkey prostitution ring if he ever won the lottery (let hope this NEVER happens) and of course smoked like 7 packs of cigs in 5 hours.

We talk about Julies Wolfs while Liam chooses the new Hot Dogs Lp. It plays softly on the cassette deck. We talk in length about instincts. I argue that we, as humans, have lost our instincts that Julies wolfs and other animals still have.

Roarzo and The General Tridad dig holes and lay in them, growl at each other when they are eating, and play fight to determine the Alpha male (even though there's just two of them) because its in their instincts. What do humans still do? Have a inane ability to find Taco Bells in foreign suburbs? HA! I came to the conclusion that humanity in general have no instincts left. Mark and Liam insist that their boners are their instincts...this coming from a band who are going to call themselves THE BLACK TRANS-AMZ. They LOVE the Cosmic Psychos. 26 1/2 percent? That's money well spent.

After arriving in Dayton and paying the JUSTIFIED $8 cover charge that's being used to help a musician relieving Cancer treatment, we were officially part of The Dayton scene and it was no longer 1999... it was 1979 and everyone was anticipating the regions #1 punk band, Toxic Reasons (or just "TR" from hence forth).

I get sick of buying bottle and draft beer in the singular form before the first band take stage. I didn't want to jockey for a beer every 15 minutes so when KING EEL finally began playing i was sucking on a pitcher all by myself. Yeah, the locals laughed at the guy wearing a Enforcers t-shirt and drinking his beer right from the pitcher but i didn't give a fuck.

Everyone was giving King Eel a bunch of shit for sounding like a mix of The Pixies (Dayton local right?) and The Bare Naked Ladies with a dose of ska/reggae thrown in but i went up front and cheered them on anyway. Someone in the band was a nephew of some TR member...

I called out for some Gang of Four covers, told them to do more drugs, and even got them to dedicate a song to Tim Taylor (a few in the crowd clapped) and then one to brake pads (no one clapped) satisfying the balance of the force with some 'yin-yang' Eastern type philosophy bullcrap. Yeah, it might have been insensitive of me since local Daytoneer Tim Taylor, famed front man of Brainiac (who were from Boston or something), died a couple of years ago in a car crash but i just told everyone I was Shawn Abnoxious and 'I cant help it'...

REAL LU LU played while i pissed on the floor in the bathroom. Mayhap the sink in the bathroom should not have been so fucking high. Who do they think i am? I'm Shawn Abnoxious and 'I cant help it' right? Fuck A right!!! Real Lu Lu sounded pretty good. Better than the first time i seen them (which was one of their first performances at Brookwood Hall MANY years ago). They Reminded me of The Bangs when i seen them play except with more 'indy' and less rock... Shawn Maglecic from a band called End Political Authority always told me how good Toxic Reasons were and i didn't believe him until i heard 'War hero' on Bloodstains Across The Mid-

west and then their 'Independence' LP. Apparently TR decided early in their career to move to San Francisco or something like that.

Original singer Ed Pittman opted to stay in Dayton or hell, maybe they left him...I'm not sure which. This, in my opinion, is when the REAL Toxic Reasons ceased. I met Ed one night when he was the neighbor of a Dayton 'collective' called Nine Volt. He came over one night to check up on them (with a 12 pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon under his arm) when he heard a ruckus like 'World War Three' (it actually was just a wrestling match between The Los Phantomies and The Killer Clowns with The Midget Mauler and The Grecian Thunder stepping in...ah; those were the days!). Ed was cool as fuck. How many times have YOUR neighbors came to check on you with 12 pack in hand? EXACTLY! I don't care how many LPs and CDs 'Toxic Reasons' have out, there's only one Toxic Reasons in my book, and it ended when they moved without Ed!

So i was standing in the front waiting for TR to begin. I had just finished my third pitcher of beer and noticed that now MANY others had ditched the singular beer theory and now opted to drink right from the pitcher as i had been doing the majority of the night! Go figure!

Oh shit, i feel it! i'm drunker than fuck and i feel ... IT! You know what i'm talking about... we all been there... IT....BLEARRGH! I let loose a barrage of vomit upon a floor monitor and stage. Someone snaps a picture while Liam makes sure i get in it and smile. The Drummer for TR hands me the shirt off his back. I tell him thanks.

He then lets me know that he intends for me to clean it up. I politely tell him 'No thanks'. He grabs the shirt from my hands, and spreads it over the puke to clean it up. Yeah, I had crossed the border from being a drunken Shawn 'I Cant Help It' Abnoxious to a drunken Shawn 'I still cant help it' Abnoxious IDIOT but i felt like i did so with real pose and class.

If i had been getting ready to play with The Socials and something similar happened I would give the shirt off my back to the guy, pat him on the back, probably see if he wanted to drink some more beer after our set, definitely would not clean up the puke myself (nor expect him to do it) AND also think it was one of the coolest things that ever happened. I'm sure TR had maybe seen this a thousand times in their career but damn, I still laugh when i watch SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT on TNT every other week! After all, i puked on the floor and not on any TR equipment.

Finally they began playing and commenced to kick major ass! From what i could tell they played most of The Independence LP (hey, gimmie a brake 3 pitchers member?) except i cant recall any version of 'Ghost Town'. TR ended their set (i suppose) with 'War Hero'.

All night long the crowd had been grabbing the mics and singing along to a legendary band. I think it has something to do with all of us (the crowd) wanting to do our part for some rock and roll legends like Ed and HIS Toxic Reasons. Me included. During War Hero i grabbed the guitarist mic. I felt it was my god given right as a fan, that i participate in this song! A Toxic Reasons roadie comes on stage, grabs my hair and pushes my head back so he could reposition the mic and then sing the part himself.

Then i discovered MY instincts. I was wrong earlier in he night. Mankind does still have what it takes...I done something i never did before at a show, i hauled off and punched the roadie in the face as hard as my drunken body could. He fell back and went to the side of the stage holding his eye as i grabbed Liam and Mark and told them it was time to go. The guy caught up with me outside and said something about wanting to continue the fight. I was surprised when he said this cause he was alone and came up to me alone despite me having Mark and Liam close by. I escaped mainly cause i figured since he was a roadie he knew some BIG motherfuckers and i needed Liam healthy as possible cause he was driving me home and the last time Mark got into a scuffle one of his friends got his jaw wired shut for 6 weeks and had to shit in plastic bags (because his house had no commode, NOT because he got THAT fucked up; that's another story for another time though). This guy definitely had guts, that's for sure and for the first time in the night, since its beginning, i had a wave of sobriety come over me.

'Hey man, sorry i punched you and shit but you know...I'm Shawn Abnoxious and I cant help it'. The guy did a even cooler thing and accepted my apology and we went about our own way. Yeah, maybe he shouldn't have grabbed me the way he did. After all, how was he to know it was my destiny to help sing 'War Hero'?

At the same time i shouldn't have been the thug i was but at least i came to my senses and avoided another fight. If i ever see this guy again and he doesn't come up to me and sucker punch me on the spot i'm going to get him and me a pitcher of beer and hopefully look back and laugh.

Fuck, the whole reason i left immediately was 1) I'm really a pussy and cant fight well despite having a larger frame (i'm fat OK?) 2) I really hate pain and can dish it out allot better than i can take it and 3) I must reitterate point number two further as well as the fact that by doing something like this and talking about it openly i'm opening myself up for retaliation or some other fuck who has something to prove. Fighting IS stupid after all. Especially what i did and YOU shouldn't be like me. I cant help it remember? I did what a REAL man should have done, admitted i was stupid and apologized. So, I made a grade A ass out of myself on this night but good thing i can say i did it for punk rock, i helped make the show a tad more memorable with my antics, we all learned about my destiny to sing 'War Hero' (be warned!), and last but not least, I'm Shawn Abnoxious, and despite what you may think, I CANT HELP IT!!!!! Who would have thought 1979 would be sooo much fun? Oh yeah, howbout another try at a CUSTOMS reunion. I swear i will be good...

You can find me At The Neus Subjex PO Box 18051 Fairfield Ohio 45018. Send stamps for new issues. Please don't punch me.

Amazing. Simply amazing, how the eyes of girls and boys and boys and girls can become so wide. So wide at you professing your soul, while reading it, screaming it, shouting and displaying it for everyone to see and stretch and put their fingers in, but only a small amount. Only enough to test the tumultuous, tumbling waters of your soul. Only enough to make a movement or an action at a round about, safe speed.

It is easy enough to ask for a ride to the show where one can consume the amplifiers, the guitars and drums. Easy enough to criticize AND critique. Easy enough to sit on the stools with the golden bar adorning your feet and slurp, slurp, slurp.

Maybe this all belongs in a black notebook with a white cloud on the cover, but read me out if you will. And fuck you, because you better think about what I have to say. It is in regards to this magazine, this subculture, your everyday life for that matter. This is my declaration of revolution on rock 'n' roll.

Where did we go wrong? How did it become so misconstrued? This is not a "punk is dead" rant, but a call to arms. A call to virginizing rock n' roll's hapless body. What else has been so plagiarized and misshaped? Hurt in the worst of all places and so patronized. Don't believe me? Look for the quotes of STONE TEMPLE PILOTS hailed as the "(new) saviors" in the quest for the true rock. The true rock is out their friends and fucks, and we need to return to it. We need to have it returned to us. Rock 'n' roll will never die, but we are sitting idly by, killing it.

The true soul of rock n' roll falls solid-

ly between a parents' worst nightmare, and any child's vivid aura. It refers to those wide eyes, and enabling oneself to enlarge the eyes of others. Crating a revolution in sound that only you can make. It should force you to stand up from that familiar stool, and move those stagnant arms and legs.Shake out the cramps and the kinks like we need to shake our the impurities. The true rock refers to taking that audacity you've been told to hide and showing and exposing yourself in all the best-which are oh so bad-ways.

The true soul of rock n' roll disgraces the disgracing aspects of complacency. It loses sight of age. It is the shitty, stinky place that everyone is afraid to be, but you feel familiar around, and realize it is home. The true rock should constantly flex your gag reflex. It never the loses the great ability to sneer, kick, and / or scream at anything in it's way. The true rock is all attitude, and none of it posed. It's yelling at the top of one's lungs, and wishing to yell louder, longer, and loudest.

I am offended. Maybe offensiveness stems from a lack of insight, patience, and ability, but with this entity, I will stick to being offended. I am offended at what happened to such a vital and strong flavor. We need to be elitists about this aspect of life. Do not be a victim-no longer-to cheap, abused, plagiarized, lackluster and overall bad rock n' roll. Do not be bystanders-we have been for to long! Instead! Grab the rock! Make the rock! Scream it and read it and shout it and display it. Stick your finger...stick yourself in the rock. Be immersed in it's cleansing powers. We've let it slip away. Now we need to bring it back to our clutches. We need to start a war! We need to (in a high nasal pitch of voice) BUILD UP THE WALLS!

You know, Johnny Thunders did not die with a guitar in his hands, but a spike in his arm. And with that moment of disgusting purity, I send through your hands and minds, my invitation to help in declaring a revolution on, and for the sake of rock n' roll.

Oh yeah, congratulations, MRR.

Christian's Corner

EXPOSED!

Edited by,

Skipard Reason

Maximum Fraud! Shocking Expose of "Christian" Column!!

Roughly seven months ago, a new column called "Christian's Corner" appeared in the pages of *MRR*. Like many of you I was outraged by the statements and opinions of Skip Reason and his cronies. I set out to track down and interview Mr. Reason, and was surprised at what I found. I did get an interview, however, and here it is.

—Mary Anne Nette

MRR: So, you're the infamous Skipard Reason.

SR: Well, in a way.

MRR: What do you mean? Are you or aren't you?

SR: Well, I wrote the columns, but Skip is not real. I don't think he's infamous, anyway. Maybe In-not-famous.

MRR: You mean it's a pen name? Who are you?

ES: My name is Erich Schulte...no, not a pen name. He (Skipard) is a device, I guess. I'm not sure of the proper term, but Skip isn't me, or an alter ego. The column is satirical, and written from the perspective of Christian knuckleheads, one of whom is Skip. He's really a part of the column.

MRR: Sa.. ter...?

ES: Sa-tir-i-cal. It means that it was satire. It was humor. It was meant to ridicule, and point out some of the foolishness of various aspects of Christianity, especially the more right-wing versions. Do you understand?

MRR: What? I mean, I guess I understand... but like... that's fucked up. Like, how are people supposed to know? It's not like TV, where they have the audience laughs so you know it's funny (begins chuckling)

ES: What's so funny?

MRR: Oh, I was thinking of something I saw on "Suddenly Susan." But, how did you expect people to know?

ES: Well, Mary Anne, there were little hints, like the name Skip Reason... you know like to SKIP reason....

MRR: Uhhhh..

ES: Like, skip, to pass over, forgo... Use it as a verb.. to skip reason. That's what Christians often do.

MRR: Oh... oh, yeah. I get it.

ES: And in the first column, which was generally kinda subtle, so I can sort of understand someone missing it, but anyway, at the end of this diatribe against knowing about biology, Skip unknowingly describes his contraction of tetanus.

MRR: Oh, I thought that was just kind of a coincidence. Tetanus is like some Vietnamese virus that attacks you ass or something, right?

ES: No, it's.. you get it... What the hell? Yeah, You're right, except it's actually Cambodian.

MRR: Yeah, that's what I meant.

ES: And aside from that, you have the Reverend Lovejoy in the header from the second column on. I mean, if there's a universal symbol for making fun of Christianity, he's it.

MRR: Oh. Yeah, well, I still think... Well, like, maybe you could explain some of the sat...uh, the jokes a little better, in case anybody didn't get them.

ES: Well, I think that might take some of the fun out of it, but basically, the first column was supposed to highlight the foolishness of following Christian dogma as opposed to reason. Skip is supposed to be a pretty smart guy, but he's subscribed to these beliefs about how the world is, so he has to twist what he sees in the world to make it conform with his beliefs. So, you get him writing the shit he does. Anyway, I'd say if you want to get that column, look for contradictions. I tried to juxtapose a lot of Christian beliefs so that they looked ridiculous compared to each other, or compared to common sense observations which would be running through any reader's mind.

MRR: For example?

ES: Well, Skip says that because God has infinite power, he was able to create the world in six days, with a seventh for rest. Obviously, if God had infinite power, the creation of the universe would have taken place without the slightest exertion, and he sure as hell wouldn't need to rest.

MRR: That's not very funny. You know who's so funny? Adam Sandler. Like sometimes, he'll say bad words in his movies, but in, like, a silly voice...(breaks into laughter)

ES: I guess Sandler movies keep the very stupid off of the streets. Like a temporary incarceration or something. So, that's good. He probably prevents a lot of traffic accidents and self-inflicted gun shot wounds and stuff like that.

MRR: "A-poopy-loopy-doopy!" (laughter) Ahhh... what? Sorry, I missed that.

ES: Well, I was just saying, that's actually one of the best arguments against Christianity. People always bring up these points which are usually pretty easy for a Christian to answer, like "why is there so much pain in the world if God is good?" Because it provides us with knowledge. The myth about biting the apple is about choosing possibilities. In this world we gain knowledge, we see possibilities, including evil, and we make somewhat informed choices, based on which we might get to go to heaven, where there's peace. That's just human nature anyway. We want to experience things for ourselves. Eighteen-year-olds don't want to stay under the shelter of their parents. They want to go out and see possibilities, even though they could end up dead, or pregnant, or whatever. So the condition of the world is just that on a grand scale.

MRR: So you are a Christian! I knew it!

ES: No, I'm not. It's just that not every argument against Christianity is valid. One that is, though, is a bit tougher, but even the famous philosopher George Berkeley had to acknowledge that it was irrefutable, unless you just choose to follow faith instead of logic, which he did.

"God is ... running around getting involved in conflicts and appearing in tortillas and stuff."

MRR Ooooooo! Geeooorge Beerkeleeey. Big deal. Stop showing of and get to the point.

ES: Sorry. Basically, if God is all powerful, he must transcend time and space completely. And he can't change his mind, he already knows everything, including what he wants, and aside from that, he wouldn't be moving through time as we seem to. So, the fact of God's existence, and the fulfillment of his will, down to the smallest detail, must be simultaneous. A god like the one in the Bible, who is running around, intervening, changing his mind, must be limited.

MRR: So...

ES: So, either God is all-powerful, and everything is just the unfolding of his will, at least from our perspectives, or he is limited, and running around gettting involved in conflicts and appearing in tortillas and stuff. It can't be both.

MRR: You stole that tortilla joke from the Simpsons! I bet you did that in "Christian's Corner," too!

ES: Well, sort of. I mean, that time, I just stole that joke outright. But usually, if I did a Simpsons joke in the column, I would make it really obvious, at least to any Simpsophile. Then it becomes an allusion, and instead of being a rip-off artist, I'm clever. Like how in the tour journal

column, PxMx let down their hair and played "Bombardment of Bible Questions." That's also an activity at the Flanderses.

MRR: What about Basil Ransom, the anti-gay undercover agent?

ES: Well, obviously, Basil is himself gay, and his repressed way of acting on it is to go on this crusade. I thought that was completely obvious, but a lot of people didn't get it. He was kind of based on a cross between these two characters in the novel *The Bostonians*, and that's where I got the name Basil Ransom. Mostly, though, he's based on a real guy I saw on C-Span, who was doing the same thing, but to a lesser extent. He was working for Honesty in Academia, and hanging out in gay porn shops, and subscribing to all these gay magazines, supposedly, all to uncover what homos were really up to. It was hilarious. But I made Basil more extreme, sending away for bestiality videos and stuff. To me, there are few things funnier than repressed sexuality.

There was actually a study that showed "straight" men who were identified as homophobes, after answering a series of questions, were almost as likely to be aroused by gay erotica as they were by straight, which wasn't the case for straight non-homophobes. So there really are a lot of Basil types out there.

MRR: And what about Paul E. State?

ES: That's another name which is just a play on words, Miss Nette...

MRR: Call me Mary Anne.

ES: OK. But if you say that name fast, all together, I mean Paul E. State, not you Mary Anne... PaulEState, see, you get *Police State*. So, he demonstrated the authoritarian streak that seems to be inherent in Christianity. And I do think it's inherent. I mean, if you know what God wants, it doesn't make sense to allow for pluralism, or secular government. If you believe you can save people from hell, which is infinitely worse than anything experienced on earth, aren't you morally obligated to do so? If you look at it that way, you can understand things like the inquisition. By getting rid of a heretic, and preventing him from spreading his message, you're saving souls. It only makes sense that any bit of mortal ugliness is justified in saving even one person from infinite and eternal misery.

> **"By getting rid of a heretic, and preventing him from spreading his message, you're saving souls."**

Also, the two real outside contributions were in a Paul E. State column, the 666 essay and the haiku were both e-mailed to me.

MRR: And the "inspirational" quotes from Christian leaders?

ES: Those were all real. I figured they would motivate people, and they did. It also shows you how crazy the right can be, people who are really pretty mainstream figures, like Ralph Reed, or Pat Buchanan. I guess that's part of why so many people misunderstood the nature of the column. You have Pat Robertson saying that Planned Parenthood teaches bestiality. It's pretty hard to lampoon something that's already so ridiculous, which is why I just reprinted it. That stuff mostly came from the *Heretic's Handbook of Quotations*, which is awesome, and a great site on Pat and company, which was also in Net Punk. It's at www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/7027/patrobertson.html

MRR: What about the response to the column?

ES: Pretty amazing. More and more people got it as it went on. I stopped getting hate mail after the PxMx column ran. But until then, it was pretty crazy. What was funny, is that people would list all of the humorous parts, but not get the whole thing. Like after the first one, they would gloat over Skip contracting tetanus, which is pretty warped, but not realize the column was a joke. And obviously, anytime people get really mad for a dumb reason, it's funny. I wrote something about all of that for the next *Greedy Bastard* 'zine, which should be out sometime in the next few years. It's kinda like a jail sentence. The 'zine will be out in three to five years.

MRR: Fuck you! I wrote one of those letters.

ES: Whatever. What was even stranger, were people who got it, but STILL thought it was offensive.

MRR: How is that possible? You mean people who were Christians?

ES: No, but they might as well have been given the puritanical attitude. I guess a lot of people at *MRR* didn't think there should be "racist" or "homophobic" jokes in the 'zine. But making fun of racism is not racist, regardless of how you do it. I mean, this kind of humor, and really, rhetoric, dates back to Jonathan Swift, as far as I know anyway, probably a lot farther. But he wrote this piece called "A Modest Proposal" in which he suggests that the English should buy and eat Irish babies to alleviate Irish poverty and famine. That piece is way better, obviously, than any of mine, so if you liked "Christian's Corner," check out Swift. But, nobody ever says, "Eating babies! That's awful! He shouldn't have written that!" He was pointing out the barbarism of the English relationship to Ireland.

MRR: Well, how could someone with their head so far up their ass say anything?

ES: (laughs) Good point. I mean, if even you can see that...I don't know. My only guess is that they saw it as a shock thing, or a practical joke, which it obviously wasn't. And also some shithead was calling *MRR* and harassing them. I guess he was literally retarded, though. Maybe he slowed down when "Big Daddy" was released. But most of the positive responses I got were very positive, and it was really cool that people took the time to let me know if they liked it. It's easy to write a letter or e-mail when your pissed, but complimenting someone on something you like usually entails going out of your way, so I appreciated that.

MRR: I saw *Big Daddy* six times! "Turkey-lurkey!"

ES: Yeah.

MRR: But wasn't it the same joke over and over?

ES: Well, again, it wasn't really a joke. It had jokes in it, but it wasn't just a big joke. Satire is about humorous commentary. And it wasn't the same thing over and over. The columns had distinct points. There's a difference between making fun of, and pointing out the way that Christianity can lead to sexual repression, which leads to all kinds of weirdness, which was what the Basil column was about, and doing the same thing with the emptiness of Christian life, which was what the PxMx column was. The guy in that column has no significant sexual, intellectual, or artistic element in his life at all. It's completely bland, which is also pretty un-punk, if anything is. So I wanted to show how...you know, just how fucking lame Christian life is, and sort of give a "fuck you" to real Christian "punk" bands, and people trying to use the scene to "minister."

MRR: So you must hate Christians. Should we all go and burn down churches?

ES: No, and no. Some of my best and most respected friends have been devout Christians. Brian Zero had a good column about this. He listed a number of admirable religious figures. However, I do think that, on the whole, religion is very bad. You have the authoritarianism I mentioned, but on the whole, when you look at the effects of Christianity in the US, they are obviously negative. The persecution of gays, for example, and all this family values horseshit, is based primarily on Christianity. A lot of hatred and ugliness is expressed through religion that, if religion wasn't around, would find another avenue, so you can't blame everything on it. Still, in the case of something like the anti-gay movement, it's really hard to imagine that gay rights would be a big controversy without religion. You would still have people who hate gays, but they would have no real justification. Aside from that, religious beliefs are illogical. Based on what we see around us, they logically look to be just plain incorrect. I don't think it's generally good for people to have false beliefs.

MRR: Finally, have we heard the last from Skip and the gang?

ES: Probably not. My friend Tony and I are going to begin work on a "Christian" rap album really soon. I'll probably work Skip in there somehow. So far we have three songs, and we'll probably record those and see if we can find someone to put us out. So, if anyone reading has an established label, and likes getting hate mail, they should contact me.

MRR: By an established label, you mean...?

ES: Just that you've put out records before, and you know what you're doing. I don't want to be your second effort after you tried to sell dubs of your garage band through an ad in your own 'zine.

Erich can still be contacted at skipyskip@aol.com or at PO Box 5113, Santa Cruz, CA·95062

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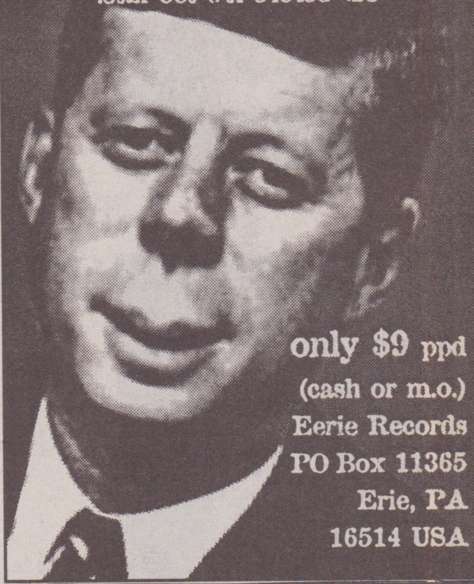

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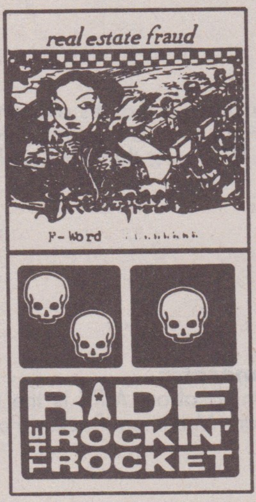

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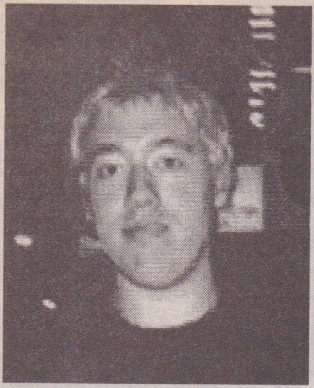
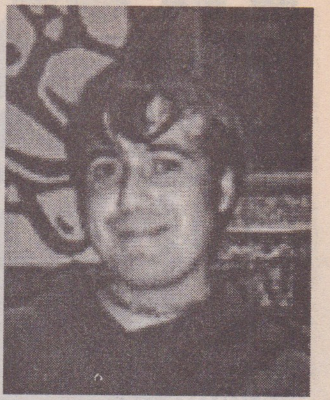
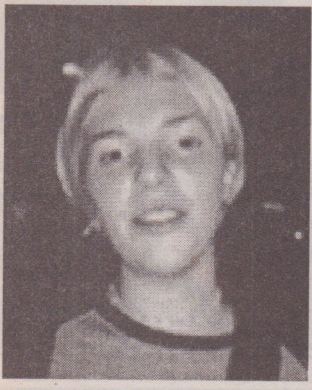
WHATS THE SCOOP?



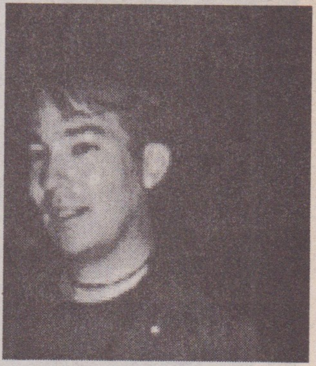
Mike, Denver, CO:
My favorite thing is the reviews. My least favorite is probably the reviews, and the other stuff.



Mike Santos, San Francisco:
My favorite thing is the ads. My least favorite is the columns.



Faith, Atlanta, GA:
My favorite thing is the great advertisments.



Chris, San Francisco:
My favorite thing was the sexy layout of my nice friend Todd. The worst thing is that it's not in the magazine every month.

Alex, Napa Valley:
The best thing about *Maximum* is that it's old school. I don't know, I'm kinda stoned right now so I'm probably not going to answer this that well. The worst thing is just the printing. That sucks.

Dustin, Minnesota:
My favorite thing about *MRR* is the ads. My least favorite thing is no more Maximum Rockin' Paul.

Caroline, Milwaukee:
My favorite thing about *MRR* is the newsprint. My least favorite thing is, you don't have the "book your own fuckin tour" page anymore, because that's how I got started in punk rock.

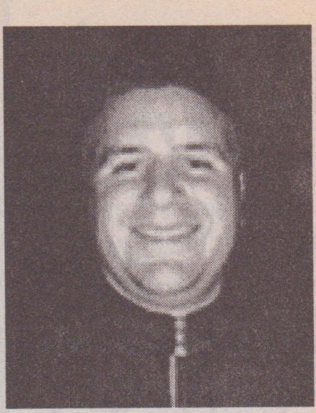
Michael, Kid Dynamite, Philadelphia:
My favorite thing about *MRR* is the article they did about us, and my least favorite thing is that they don't do more.

WHATS THE SCOOP?

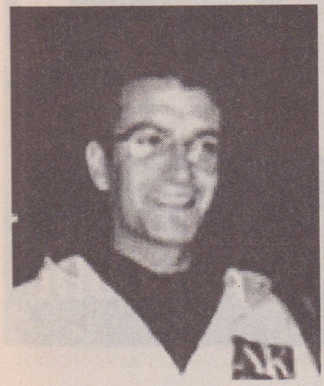
by Floyd and Tobia

Today's question: "What are the best and worst things about MRR?"

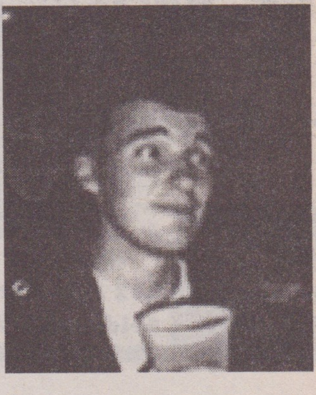
Skippy, Palookaville:
That I hardly ever see it, and that I hardly ever see it.



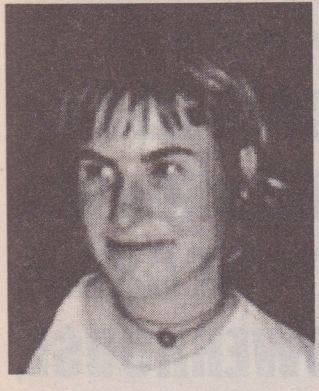
Darren Walters, Wilmington, DE:
The best thing about *MRR* is that after so many years it's still an amazing and viable instrument.



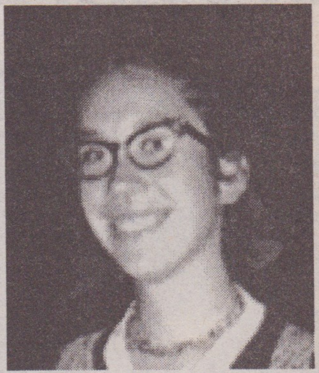
Richard, Oakland, CA:
My favorite thing about *Maximum* is the little news things from around the world, and most of the columns. The worst thing is Tim's gone.



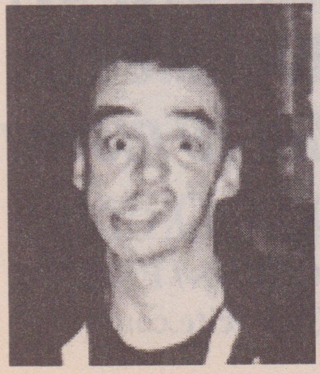
Toby, Greater Seattle area:
What I like most about *MRR* would be the full color photo coverage. What I like least about it is weirdos that talk shit about rockin' bands in the reviews.



Alex, San Francisco:
My favorite thing is it's never going away. It's standard, it's like a bad rug you can't throw away. My most hated thing is they think they have the right to define what punk is and what punk isn't.



Beth, Santa Rosa:
My favorite thing is it's big and there's lots of pictures. My least favorite thing is it usually costs too goddamn much money.



Some short haired guy, San Francisco:
My favorite thing is free records and easy women. Least favorite thing is working with Floyd.

Tim, Buffalo, NY:
My favorite thing about *MRR* is all the crazy kids that write letters in and bitch about everything. My least favorite thing is how you get all the print all over your hands.

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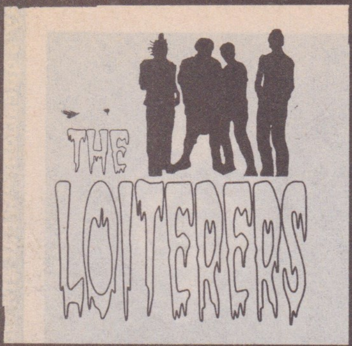

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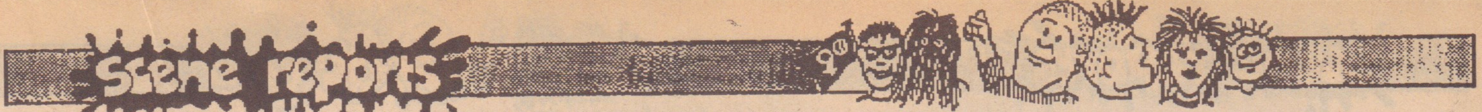
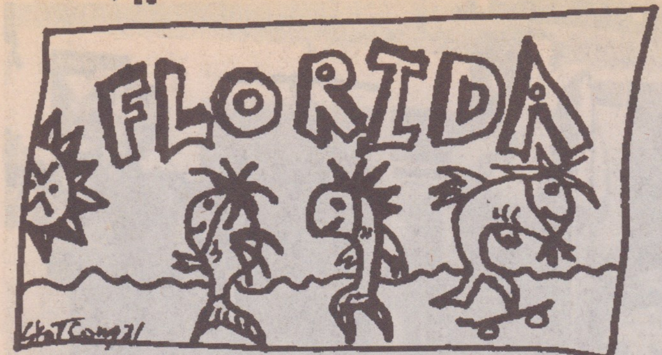


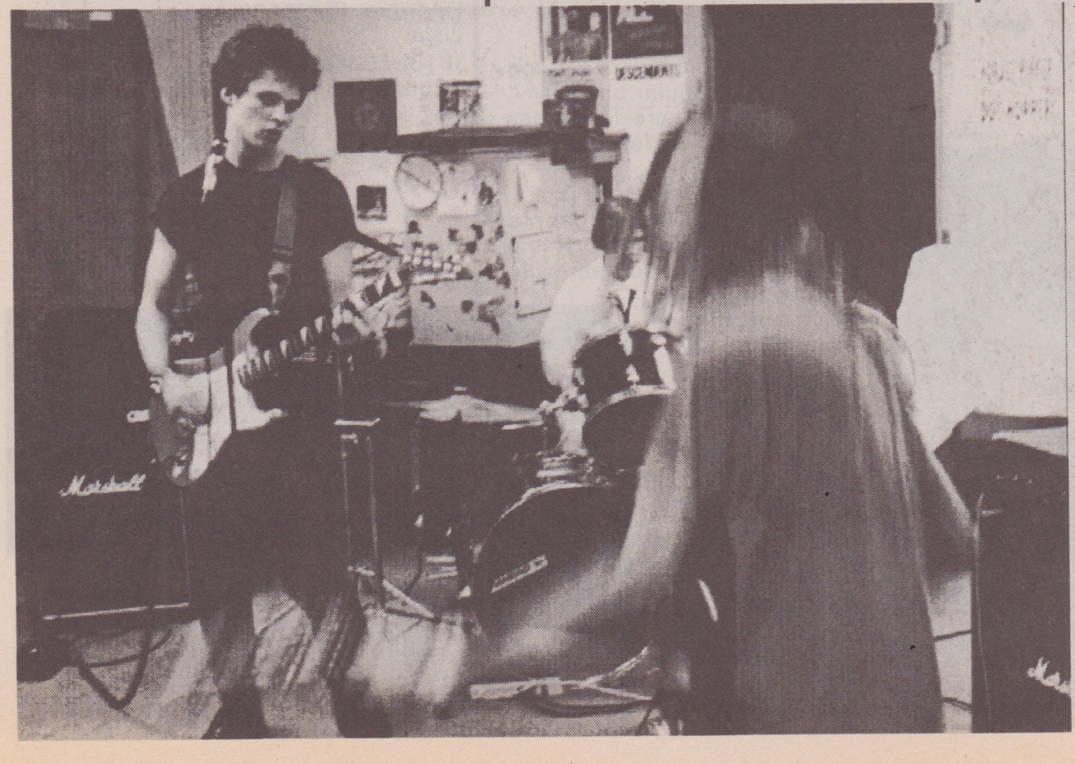


Sept 28, 1999 — If you want to hear about the Tampa-area punk/HC scene, here it is in all of its candor. (Brace yourself, it gets ugly). Many of you have probably heard about some of the more popular bands from our area so I'm not going to talk about them. They don't need the press and frankly, most of the people in those bands already have swollen egos. Perhaps their obvious omission from this scene report will be a taken as a much-needed dose of humility. Most of the people in the "popular" Tampa bands don't even hang out. They're insular. They don't support the "unestablished" bands. You never see them at shows unless they're playing and they don't do anything outside of the band to help the scene, so fuck 'em.

No, I'm not going to talk about the tribal-tattooed, quasi-straightedge media darlings that are on the lips of every hipster and at the top of every dorky zine editor's stupid top ten list. I'm going to talk about the bands you'll never hear about otherwise. Bands born to live and die in obscurity because they're not part of the "in" crowd. There's this whole "other" scene in Tampa that nobody ever hears about and that's where the real fun is. Read it now, thank me later.

THE RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS are a great Tampa band who get me smiling every time. Guitarist/vocalist Frank has the most smart-assed sense of humor this side of Norm MacDonald and bassist George can straddle his axe better than that dude from Thin Lizzy. Yeah, and they have this drummer whose style is a dead ringer for Bill Stevenson's. He kind of looks like Stevenson, too. Song titles include, "Things To Do When You're Home Alone" and "Catholic Guilt." If you dig Dayglo Abortions, Ramones and Black Flag, it's worth your time to check them out. They're regulars at The Brass Mug.

THE CURSED is a bunch of youngins from Brandon, a suburb of Tampa. Three of them are 17 and one is 19. Ian, the singer has a definite S&M fetish, which he incorporates nicely into the act. They usually close their set with, "I Wanna Be Your Slave," a loosely-knit jam that culminates with many fannies getting whipped red and raw, and, perhaps an orgasm or two. Take one part Germs, one part Stooges, one part Damned and beat it with a riding crop until you can't take it no more. That's **THE CURSED**. Serve over ice with a swivel sick or bamboo umbrella.



GAG ORDER is a pretty new band from Tampa that I have not seen yet, but I talked to the singer the day after their last show. He was sore and bruised, as the audience took his suggestion to pummel him with trash cans. Yes, I shall be in attendance at their next gig, with rotten tomatoes and eggs in hand.

THE STIFFS hail from Plant City, a total redneck town on the outskirts of Hillsborough County. **THE STIFFS** love The Misfits and it shows. They play a ton of Misfits covers and their own songs sound like out-takes from "Static Age." They usually have the biggest and rowdiest crowds. Can't wait to see them with **THE CURSED** on Halloween!

There are two bands from the Tampa-area named T.B.A., but I only know about the one with Craig and Dave, so that's who I'm talking about here. This T.B.A. has been around for only a few months

but already has a large following. Their songs sound a lot like mid-1980s U.S. hardcore. Not thrash, just straight ahead HC. If they had been around 14 years ago they could have easily been picked up by Mystic Records.

SO FAR NO GOOD, URINE LUCK, RISKY BUSINESS and **NADA SONATA** are all from Tampa. They're tight friends. The bands share many members and they play together frequently. These guys all do a lot to promote the local scene. All of their shows are publicized well and they have a pretty loyal fan base. Nick, the singer from **URINE LUCK**, has a small label, Buy My Records, and distributes other labels' stuff at shows. I think Nick is the one of the only people in the area doing this, so hats off to him for making a fucking effort.

The only other guy I can think of who does distro at shows is the mysterious M. Castro of Vicious Interference Records. M.C. does a good job of importing obscure records from far off places like Brazil, Finland, Czech Republic and Yugoslavia. He has a few local supporters, but there just aren't many people around here interested in the really underground stuff. Castro, here's your pat on the back.

Castro is putting out a split 7" with St. Petersburg's **CUMSHOTTE** and Excreted Alive from Spain. **CUMSHOTTE** started as a joke grindcore band, but lately they have taken a more serious direction.

CUMSHOTTE

RUINS has been around since around November 1998. In that time they have honed their anarcho punk sound to a fine edge. Regina, the singer, is quite sincere about what she's doing. Regina is also one of the only women in the Tampa scene who gets involved beyond the spectator level. She organized the Primate Freedom Tour show with Oi Polloi in Tampa. **RUINS** and **CUMSHOTTE** opened the show. Great job all around. A demo is out now. Fuckin' support!

The only places doing shows on a regular basis in the Tampa area are The Brass Mug and Sound Idea.

The Brass Mug is a bar in Tampa. A lot of people don't like the place, but it is a place for shows, so deal with it. The Brass Mug has a good sound system and an amazingly adept sound guy.

Sound Idea is my record shop. We have free shows every Sunday at 3:00. What else is there to do on a Sunday afternoon? Get off your ass and support your local scene. It's free, so you have no excuse.

Sound Idea is also the meeting place for Burn Brandon, a free zine covering our area's scene. Three issues have come out so far. I would like to add that Burn Brandon is the only zine that covers local music.

I don't know how some of these people would feel about having their phone numbers published, so if you want to contact anybody, give me a call and I'll get you hooked up.

That's all. You're welcome.

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A Recent Wave of Arrests Directed at Food Not Bombs, San Francisco

Oct. 20th at 6pm in United Nations Plaza, FNB volunteers were distributing free food to low-income and no-income people in the plaza when the police arrived. The police surrounded the food and prevented homeless people from getting bread and hot soup.

In San Francisco, Food Not Bombs has experienced police harassment and political repression from the City government. FNB has shared hundreds of thousands of vegetarian meals with poor and hungry people since 1988. Over the years FNB has been arrested at least 1,000 times. In the last elections, the current administration of Mayor Willie Brown promised voters that he would cease arresting FNB members. Homelessness is the central issue in the upcoming mayoral elections; with this increasing harassment, Mayor Brown is demonstrating his approach.

The arrest of the two food servers on October 20th, is a clear indication of the basic disrespect of human and civil rights in San Francisco.

An account from two eyewitnesses who were also serving food:

FNB volunteers Jeff and Sasha were handcuffed together and arrested for serving food to hungry people without a permit after Officer Banta told them to stop serving and they continued. The large amount of soup and bread still remaining was also carted off by the police. People who were there to eat questioned the police on why the servers were being arrested, and the police said "for serving food without a permit." (The permit in question is no longer issued by the city, and has been used for years as a political tool for selective enforcement.) As legal observers, they took down the officers' names in order to contact their supervisors and file complaints about the ridiculousness of arresting people for serving free food.

FNB members were able to serve food for ten minutes before police officers came to arrest the others. There were about eight cops there, none of whom seemed to know why they were there or understand the situation. The police were roundly disrespectful to the community being served as well as the food servers, but their anger was met with a calm and nonviolent response. The police confiscated and photographed the soup and bread as evidence after arresting the servers.

Update:

On November 1st, at approximately 6:00 PM, two ,pre FNB volunteers were arrested while distributing hot soup and bread to hungry people at United Nations Plaza in San Francisco,s Civic Center. Those arrested included Sister Bernie Galvin, a Catholic nun and coordinator of the group Religious Witness with Homeless People. After arresting the servers, police also impounded the food, blocking access to food for those who hadn't yet eaten.

13 Food Not Bombs volunteers hve been arrested since October 20, 1999, when the most recent wave of arrests began.

Swedish Anti-Fascists Demonstrate in the Wake of Assasinations and Bombing

On Saturday 23rd October, memorial demonstrations for the recently assassinated SAC member Bjorn Suderberg were held across Sweden. Altogether, nearly forty thousand people showed their sorrow and anger in twenty different towns in the largest anti-fascist demonstration in Sweden since WWII. Bjorn Suderberg was assassinated last October 12th after revealing that an active fascist had been elected as shop steward in a local union club.

In the early morning of the 23rd a bomb exploded in the SAC offices in the town of G‰vle. These offices were located in the building that was the birthplace of Joe Hill, a central figure within Swedish and American revolutionary syndicalist tradition, in an obvious attempt to frighten people from attending the demonstrations. Nevertheless, in G‰vle two thousand people participated.

In Stockholm, the demonstration attracted twenty thousand participants who crowded together to listen to speakers from SAC and three other union organisations. An anarcho-feminist choir sang anti-fascist songs of struggle, and a representative from the Network Against Racism also spoke. Red and black flags and libertarian-inspired banners dominated the podium.

In Gothenborg, eight thousand demonstrators listened to speeches given by, amongst others, Helmut Kirschey, German anti-nazi and former volunteer in the Spanish Revolution. In the southern Swedish town of Malmˆ about one thousand people participated and the list continues in a similar way all the way up into the far north of the country.

The challenge facing the Swedish anti-racist, syndicalist and union movements is now to pool their resources in order to continue mobilising the entire Swedish working class to meet fascism when and wherever its ugly face arises.

1,1000 Walk For 1,000 Miles in Protest of Brazil's Economic Austerity Program

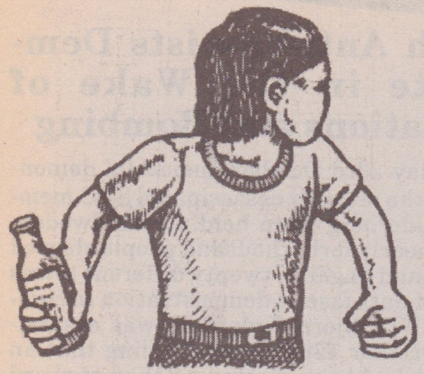
Their 1,000-mile walk nearly over, an eclectic band of 1,100 protesters reached the capital Wednesday to express their displeasure with the government, austerity policies and the International Monetary Fund. Peasants, unionists and Indians camped on the outskirts of Brasilia and prepared for the final leg Thursday, when they plan to protest at the Brazilian Central Bank. Some 7,000 supporters came by bus to join the demonstration.

The "People's March for Brazil" left Rio de Janeiro on July 26, heading northwest for nearly 1,000 miles to the capital. Among the groups backing the march are the Landless Rural Workers Movement, various labor unions, leftist political parties and Brazil's Roman Catholic Church.

The protesters chose the IMF as the target of their discontent with economic policy that has brought recession and unemployment. The IMF recently led a $41.5 billion bailout loan for Brazil, and the government in turn pledged to sharply reduce its budget deficit.

President Fernando Henrique Cardoso, who took office in 1995, says Brazil was a victim of the financial crises in Asia and Russia. But his government failed to push through promised fiscal reforms, and officials were stunned when global markets went into a tailspin.

Since January, Brazil's real has lost one-third of its value. To prevent a return of high inflation, the government raised interest rates and pushed the country into recession. Today, more than 1 million people are jobless in Sao Paulo, South America's biggest city and industrial center.



Protester gets seven years for throwing rock at cop.

By Eric Mortenson

Amid the fury of the June 18 riot in downtown Eugene, Robert Lee Thaxton threw a softball-sized rock that hit a police officer in the upper right chest and nearly broke his clavicle.

On Wednesday, a judge dropped the hammer on Thaxton. The self-described anarchist was sentenced to seven years and four months in prison, a surprisingly stiff term that police and prosecutors said should be a clear signal that violent social protest won't be tolerated.

"That's about as strong a message as you can send, I would say," said Steven Skelton, chief deputy in the Lane County district attorney's office. "In our view, that's an appropriate message to send.

"Citizens have no more right to commit crimes during demonstrations than they do any other time," Skelton said. "This case is not about the expression of rights, it is about assaultive criminal behavior."

Meanwhile, the attorney who defended Thaxton during his trial, Charles Porter, predicted that Thaxton's conviction will be overturned on appeal. He said the district attorney's office did not disprove Thaxton's claim that he was acting in self-defense when he threw the rock.

But Sgt. Larry Blackwell, the officer who was hit by the rock, said the sentence imposed by Judge Mary Ann Bearden ought to send a message not only to Thaxton, but to other rioters who threw rocks, hurt officers and damaged property but didn't get caught.

"The main thing I wanted was some justice," Blackwell said. "I think I got justice. That was the whole thing; people think we were out for revenge, but I just wanted some justice."

Thaxton, 39 and a native of Texas, was convicted Sept. 3 of second-degree assault and rioting. The assault charge is a Measure 11 crime, carrying a mandatory minimum sentence of 70 months - five years and 10 months in prison.

The surprise came in the sentence tacked on for the rioting charge. Given Thaxton's record - car theft, drug possession and a minor theft charge - the presumptive sentence under state guidelines was probation.

However, Bearden chose to depart from the guidelines and sentence Thaxton to 18 months in prison on that charge. What's more, she chose to make the terms consecutive rather than fold in the rioting sentence with the assault term.

The total sentence adds up to 88 months, or seven years and four months.

Thaxton could have fared worse. Blackwell said he might have shot Thaxton if he'd had time to react to the rock attack.

"To him and the rioters, violence was a trivial part of this thing to them," Blackwell said. "It bothers me, it's pretty distressing; officers are put in situations where we could have used deadly force. Being put in that position is not a very pleasant one."

The June 18 riot sprang from an anarchists' protest downtown against global economic powers and other perceived oppressors. When the event heated up, rioters broke windows, pounded on cars, blocked traffic and threw rocks and bottles. Twenty people were arrested, eight officers were hurt, and one motorist who felt threatened hit an anarchist on the head with a wrench.

Blackwell, supervisor of the department's Rapid Deployment Unit, or RDU, had been chasing another man just before Thaxton threw the rock. The man darted into a crowd, and Blackwell was hit on the helmet by a thrown bottle. He paused, then approached Thaxton.

"Here, the evidence was uncontroverted," said Porter, the defense attorney. "It says in the (police) report: The sergeant moved first, then Rob threw the stone. It shows who the aggressor was."

Thaxton testified during his trial that he was afraid Blackwell would hit him, and that he tried to throw the rock over Blackwell's head as a diversion so he could escape. He also said he was afraid to leave the scene because he thought he would be singled out and beaten.

He admitted carrying the rock but said he had intended to smash the window of an unoccupied police car in retaliation for what he thought was police mistreatment of protesters.

The rock hit Blackwell in the chest with such force that it bent his RDU insignia into a V shape. The rock hit under his clavicle and skittered up over his shoulder. Although Blackwell was wearing a protective vest, he was badly bruised. He said a doctor told him that his clavicle would have been shattered if the rock hadn't hit his unit pin.

"The thing that bothered me the most was, when he testified he had a smile on his face," Blackwell said. "He said he was at the riot for four hours, he described it as festive, and he was afraid to leave.

"It's an insult to me as well as other police officers who were injured, and any of the citizens who were attacked that day. In reality, he was the person out there trying to hurt somebody."

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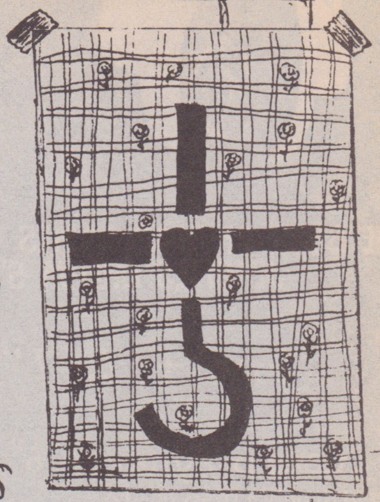

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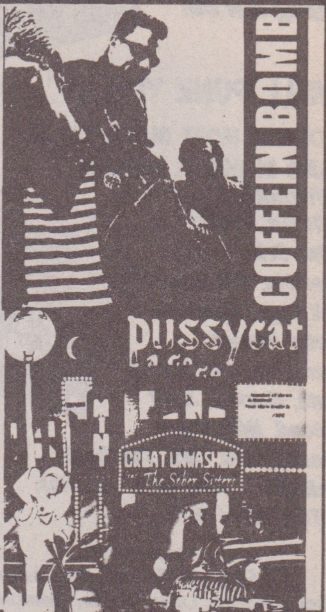

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The Curse

The Curse are a three-piece band out of Portland, Oregon. They play fast and yell loud, and with two female vocalists their sound is reminiscent of Broken Siren and, to a lesser extent, the Salteens. I think they fucking rock, are cool as heck and are the nicest people you'd ever wanna meet. I caught their set in a living room at 20th and Capp in SF, and interviewed them the next morning at the Maximum house. The band is Molly - guitar, Terrie - bass, and Erin - drums. Molly and Terrie do the yelling. Meg roadied but did not get photographed or interviewed. Questions and pictures by Jeff M.

MRR: How long has the Curse been playing together?

Terrie: We think it's been about a year and a half.

MRR: This is your second tour?

Molly: Third.

Erin: We had a one weekend tour, our weekend in Humboldt County tour, and we did a six day Washington and Vancouver, BC tour, and then California. This is our longest tour, two weeks.

MRR: Did you have a hard time paying for the tour? Like, is the band well-known outside of Portland?

All: No, no, I don't think so.

Erin: It really hasn't been hard at all. At that party last night, we still got...

Molly: Forty bucks.

Erin: Tons of gas money.

Molly: People have been pretty generous.

Terrie: It costs about $30 to fill the tank, so we tend to be able to pay back the gas, and that's all we really care about.

MRR: It's been almost all house shows, would you say?

Molly: It's been a lot of house shows...

Terrie: Yeah, but not almost all.

Erin: About half, probably.

MRR: But you're largely into playing smaller towns, isn't that true?

Terrie: I don't know, ask the booker (points at Erin).

MRR: I thought that was the whole point of the Washington tour.

Erin: Kind of, it was. It's so hard to play in Seattle, 'cause they just have a horrible history of all ages spaces. There was another crackdown, not that recently, but recently when we were trying to book the last one. But there's kids in the small towns and they're really enthusiastic. They will take a better chance on you. They're like, "Oh you're from Portland? Great! Sure, come to Richland!" So, there's a lot more enthusiasm. When I did try to call Seattle all the time, people just don't return your phone calls. They don't know who we are, they don't really care.

Molly: Yeah, I definitely like playing smaller towns too.

MRR: Just 'cause the kids are more enthusiastic, because there's fewer shows?

Molly: I don't think they get a lot of music. We've gone places where people have said, "I've never seen an all-female band before in my life." And that's kinda cool, to be like, "here we are."

Erin: I think too, playing the bigger towns is just like playing in Portland, but a show that our friends couldn't go to. It's just got the same feeling. But playing in a small town, you know you're not home.

Molly: And a lot of times big town people have seen so much, they just stare at you. No one even shakes their butt at all.

Terrie: If you're talking about your songs, it's more likely that they haven't heard it all before. You don't feel like you're saying something that they just heard from the band last night.

Erin: Or the band right before you.

Molly: It's definitely good to talk about your songs in small towns. In big towns, I'm like, OK, we're playing with all these other punk bands that probably talk about all the same stuff.

MRR: You were saying last night you felt spoiled by playing in Portland.

Molly: Because when you do talk about your songs, a lot of times people, because they live the city and have more access to things, their minds are more open. You can talk about a feminist issue, or maybe a political issue, any kind of issue and a lot of times you're gonna get a lot of shit from a lot of people in small towns that you wouldn't in Portland. So in that sense, it's like being spoiled. And people don't flip you shit. You can say any random thing and people are like, "oh yeah, uh huh." But you go to small towns and people are like..

Terrie: "Fuck you!"

Molly: "Fuck you," get called names, maybe sometimes they'll throw something at you. So it's kind of nerve-wracking in that sense, but it's also very good.

Terrie: It's challenging.

Molly: It's one of the reasons I like to play music, 'cause I come from that "having a message" thing.

MRR: Last night, one of the only songs you mentioned anything about was the song about rape.

Molly: Yeah, it's kind of weird, when you go to a party and everybody's wasted. It's like, do I really want to try and sit here and say anything really political when people are like (makes funny drunken noise). So I gauge the crowd.

MRR: Well specifically, that song, you were saying it's about revenge...

Molly: That one it just feels good to say that.

Terrie: There was a show in Portland where we were like, "hey, we could tell everybody about that protest, about Mumia's execution date today, but they ain't gonna fuckin' listen. Oh well, do it anyway." You said something about it, then we played our songs really fast.

Molly: That's 'cause everybody was really wasted at that show, too.

Terrie: They were more concerned about tearing down the insulation of the club we were playing in.

Molly: It's that thing of, are people really gonna give a shit? Sometimes you get the vibe that they're not.

MRR: Well let's get back to revenge. What is that song about?

Molly: It's about being raped, and shoving a knife up someone's ass. And being like, yeah you raped me? I'm gonna rape you back. It's not the most logical... I mean it's good to educate or have a message, but it's also good to express yourself and all your feelings, and all your emotions. I think it's very healthy to express negative emotion, because it helps you work through your emotion, instead of it being something you harbor and carry around, and walk around being an angry person your whole life. That's just something I really don't wanna do. So it's good to express those things and let yourself be angry. I don't think people let themsleves be angry, especially a lot of women are taught not to be angry. I personally think it's a really good thing to get that out. And to allow yourself to grow through that.

Erin: I think that's a pretty good example of trying to not be stereotypical. Like, if we had a stereotypical female band rape song, I think it would be more loaded with statistitcs... So it's like, here we are, but we're not really very stereotypical.

MRR: So what are the other songs that you're really stoked on that you were playing? What are the ones that you like to sing 'cause they're a lot of fun—'cause you can shout it out with a lot of conviction?

Terrie: I like "Slave to the Clock." I like to sing that song. It's about time, and how there's not enough of it. It's fun to yell it. And I really the rhythm in that song, playing with Erin, my pauses are her stick-countings. It's just full for me.

Molly: I like playing almost all our songs, as far as belting out convictions and stuff.

MRR: What about short sets? Do you

think it's important for the Curse? Should every band start playing shorter sets?
Molly: I don't think every band should play a short set. I like playing short sets because I feel like it has more of an impact. We usually try not to play more than ten songs. Plus physically we get too exhausted.
Erin: Even if I could play more than ten songs, then I'd start getting bored. And if you're getting bored, obviously the people who are watching you are getting bored. I think we have it really well measured out with the time, where we put our heart into those ten songs. And after ten songs, I can't play anymore without totally falling apart. If you can make your heart last longer than ten songs, then that's great. But I don't have the stamina to do that.
Molly: I think it also makes it more interesting. Sometimes you go to shows and people play on and on and on and on...
MRR: Especially if there's a ton of bands, too, it's twice as bad.
Terrie: That's exhausting.
Molly: It is. And after their tenth song I'm like, if you're gonna play ten more, I'm outta here. I'm just gonna go outside and talk to people. We've seen quite a few bands like that, I'm sure you have too.
MRR: Yeah, that's why I was pushing the short sets. That's what I'd rather see almost all the time.
Terrie: That's what we like to see too, so it would be kind of hypocritical if we're like, "we're gonna play two more," when if we were in the crowd we'd be like, fuck you! Going to the bar next door...
MRR: How are things going in Portland? For the all ages scene, but also just for living in Portland? I noticed that all over the country, it seems like rents are going up, and people are having a harder time living in almost any city.
Terrie: I think rent is still pretty affordable in Portland. We live in a huge house for $895, that's between four people. We can fit five with a bedroom each. And that's good rent, but I can't imagine settling for a place that was more than that. I don't think I'd have to.
Erin: The house that Terrie and I live in is the place I've lived in the longest since I was in high school. It's kind of amazing to me that I've been in a house that long.
MRR: How long's that?
Erin: It's been a year and a half. Because you can, and because I really like our household and I really like our house, so then you do stay in a place and your rent does stabilize. It seems like when we were all moving around a lot more, that you were a lot more a victim to...
Terrie: Our stability has probably helped this band. Molly owns her own house and so we have a very stable place where we can just keep our equipment out. And we live six blocks away so we can just walk to practice. If it was any harder, I don't know if it would have affected our band.
Erin: I think it probably would've. Now that we're all personally stabilized, I feel like the all ages clubs are totally not stable at all. That's what's getting affected with the rent and the city codes and all that stuff. That's where the channeling of the wrath of the economics seems to be going.
MRR: Because the landlord can get more money for a more upscale boutique or whatever?
Erin: That's what happened with the Mall. The landlord just sort of waited...
Molly: The landlord wanted to sell the space...
MRR: The Mall was just a space people were having shows in?
Molly: Yeah, these two women were running this place, these two women are awesome. They had a really bad leak and the fire code people came in and said: this and this and this have to get fixed. And their landlord wouldn't do it 'cause he wanted to sell the building, and basically they got forced out. They didn't have the money to fix it. It was a huge leak. He wanted to sell it because that neighborhood is up-and-coming. That's one example. There was another really good place that was going for a while called the Chinese Tea House. The fire marshal came in there, but they were able to get everything taken care of. But then the people running the restaurant were like, we just don't want to do this anymore.
Erin: They were hoping they would fail the city inspections so they wouldn't have to deal with it. But once the punks came through they were like, you're outta here anyway.
Molly: That's the impression I got. Luckily, those two guys are going to try and open another all ages space. The cool thing about Portland is that there are a lot of people there that care about having all ages spaces. There was the Mississippi house that had shows there, that was just this house that had this little storefront space next to it, and they were having shows in there.
MRR: That's the same place called the Schoolhouse?
Molly: Yeah, the old Schoolhouse. They were having shows, and I bet if other all ages clubs don't pop up they'll start having shows there again.
MRR: They didn't get shut down, they just stopped?
Molly: They stopped because there were other places that were doing so well. People live there, and Neil from Tribal War wanted to use that space as kind of an office. They already talked about reopening that. So it's cool that there are a lot of people in Portland who care about that, and make it happen. It always seems like someone pulls through, which is pretty amazing. We go to other places and it doesn't seem like that happens.
MRR: I was impressed by how many spaces there were when I was up there.
Molly: I think having the X-Ray Cafe, from a long time ago...growing up in Portland and having that there, I think that spirit caught on to a lot of people in the city that really valued that space, and having an all ages space, and I think that kind of spread out. That's a great thing to spread, that spirit of wanting a place for kids to play, and wanting to be able to do that. It's amazing.

MRR: So what about when you're playing in smaller towns, you were saying you were the first all-female band that's gone through there. Have there been situations where people have given you a hassle or a hard time?
Molly: Oh yeah.
MRR: How do you find is the best way to deal with it, or what have you done to deal with it?
Molly: When I can not freak out, I think confronting it is one way of dealing with it, but I definitely think you have to go with your gut. Sometimes that may not be a good idea for safety. Also sometimes I think not giving people that energy back, and just saying what you're saying, and not even paying attention to that. But not shutting up.
Terrie: I tend to just ignore it. Whatever, fuck it. Turn around, look at Erin and Molly. "Oh, it's practice, that's cool." It's hard to be bombarded with people who just don't seem to be able to deal with women playing instruments, who feel like they just have to comment constantly. But I get more annoyed by the syrupy comments. Like, "Oh, we love chicks. Chicks are cool, chicks rock." Hearing that constantly, between every fucking song, "yeah, girls rock" by some dude. That gets on my nerves more than the guys yelling stuff. Because I feel like that's their problem, they're insecure. It's patronizing to hear somebody constantly compliment you, and you don't feel like they mean it. They've seen the Spice Girls and they think they're hot, and they're like "this is the closest I'm gonna get." (laughter) Fuckin' ay! Not.
Molly: It's hard, it's a hard thing to deal with. Obviously, we're three totally different people and we deal with things differently. It's hard when you're in a group of people, and you're used to dealing with things one way and some other people are used to dealing with it a different way, to know how to react sometimes. It depends. If there's 80 guys in front of you and you're like [choking noise], I'm scared. But I also have wanted to dive into it. For me if I step back from that, does that really do any good, to be just as aggressive as them? So I came to the conclusion that for myself, I have to keep my head, be cool, and figure it out at the moment. It's also different when you have a lot of your friends there, when you feel like you have a support system. If you did call somebody, like "hey, you're being a jerk," having your friends there it's like, there's ten of us instead of three of us. If this

gets ugly, I'm gonna have a lot of back up. I definitely have met people who confront everything, and I think that's awesome, that's great. But for me it's also very emotional, and I tend to take things very personally.
Erin: I think you guys definitely get the brunt of it. It takes me so long to set up, and then so long to tear down, and then you guys are in front, so you hear, like that one time you heard all that stuff that I didn't hear. So I don't feel like I've gone through that much of it, except that "girls kick ass." Fuck off! Woah, it's so hard for me to be a girl, I really work at it really hard, thanks so much. That's the kind of thing I would say, if I was feeling on my toes. Most of the time you're like, "where's my water bottle?"
Molly: I usually throw them the devil sign and go "that's right baby!" That's the whole thing, that people deal with that differently.
MRR: So suppose you're on tour, and you're in a smaller town, or even a bigger town, and it's time for the people in the house to make you dinner. What's some good cheap stuff that anybody could just go to Safeway and buy and put together?
Terrie: Spaghetti.
Molly: I would go for some tofu scramble and rice, that's pretty cheap.
MRR: Have you been eating well on tour, has that been a problem?
Molly: One lucky thing about us is, we have Erin [notoriously successful scammer of good food - ed.], and we all like the same kind of food. We all try to eat really well and stay healthy, we all drink tons of water. We'd all rather go to the co-op than Safeway.
Terrie: We stocked up before we left town. We've got food for days, we're Y2K ready.
Molly: We have a huge bag of vitamins, stuff like that. We're very healthy traveling people.
Erin: Comically healthy.
Terrie: We ran into some friends from Portland two nights ago at a show, and we had her, one of the girls in our van for awhile, and I felt like I was trying to shower her with healthy stuff. She's on tour with some people, their idea of a meal is Doritos and Pepsi. I think we take good care of ourselves.
MRR: So what are you doing in Portland besides being in a band? What other projects do you have going on that you wanna talk about?
Terrie: Molly and I are making stamps. We're gonna start a hand-made card kind of business called Skullduggery.
Molly: What I'm working on, that is definitely in the thing, but to be able to work for myself, ourselves. Because self-sufficiency...
Terrie: Self-sufficiency.
Molly: ...is a major goal. And to not have a boss and make our own hours and to like what I'm doing is very important.
MRR: You were working at Paradox, right? [A rad mostly-veggie diner at 35th and Belmont - ed.]
Molly: I am still working there, it's a great place to work. I'm just burnt out on cooking. I like to cook, but when I go home I don't wanna cook, I've been cooking all day. And it's very physically trying sometimes, cuz it's so fast all the time. The place just gets packed. And after five hours of not being on speed but feeling like I'm on speed, I feel like falling on my face. I also have thought about working outside, doing landscaping, stuff like that. I do care about being politically involved, though I have been taking a break from that lately. It's good to take a breath, and breathe, and I feel like I got burnt out, and I need to regroup. It's something I've been doing for years, trying to be involved in things, and this year I've stopped for a while. I'm figuring out how I can be productive in that way and not get burnt out. It's good to take some emotional sanity space.
MRR: How about you, Erin?
Erin: Talking about the political stuff... I work at the community radio station. I do a lot of news engineering and editing...
MRR: News engineering?
Erin: There's the people that read the newscast, and then I'm in the booth and I'm running the board, playing the tapes, turning the mikes on and off, phone call patching and stuff. They always have the big protest rallies in Portland on Fridays. They're always on Fridays and they're always at four. That means that they're always on my newscast. I haven't been to a protest in Portland in over a year. The ones that I would probably actually go to, instead I'll be in the little booth. And the reporter guy will be out there and he interviews people and stuff. So it's kind of a weird vision on activism. Because I'm not physically present at any of it, but it sounds really neat. Although I don't really know what's going on, maybe it's just because this one guy's a great reporter. I love radio, I'm kind of a freak about it.
MRR: What kind of radio station is it?
Erin: It's a community station, so it's not tied to any colleges or anything. It's independent. It's very loosely tied to Pacifica, in that we run their newscasts, and a couple other Pacifica programs. We're on 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and I counted one time and there's about 14 hours of not-local programming...
MRR: In a week?
Erin: Yeah. It's a really reflective of Portland station.
MRR: And the money is all just from in-house fundraising?
Erin: Yeah. Annoying, annoying fund drives. It's horrible, we just did one. But anyway, that's my big thing that I love to do, I love the radio. And I also work at Reading Frenzy, which is the independent, alternative newsstand in downtown Portland.
MRR: That's like a regular ol' for-profit business?
Erin: It's a regular ol' for-profit business with a lotta heart. It's kind of the same thing as KBOO. They're coming at it from a real freedom of speech attitude, instead of a leftist style attitude, where you get just so involved in in-fighting. It's like, you put it out, we'll take it. So there's some fucked up shit in the store, that I'm not really down with, but you just do a thing where it's like, well I'm really glad this is here... I'm not gonna steer kids towards it. You see kids pick up fucked up skinhead books and it's the first time they've ever seen the skinheads speak for themselves, and then they totally laugh at how stupid they are. It's really nice. I don't really know how you do that without letting them talk and sound like idiots. Even though I'd rather not see it. We are all making quilts right now, that's something we all do.... [laughter and talk of quilts and gardening]
MRR: Is there anything else you wanted to talk about?
Molly: It's important wherever you're from to have a good support scene. We've been really lucky. We're friends with this band, Harum Scarum, and they've been really awesome to us.
Terrie: We also come from a scene where it's not an oddity to be a female rocker. It's not weird. I feel really lucky for that.
The Curse: PO Box 1113 / Portland, OR 97207. Demo tape is $3 ppd.

Needless to say, Toxic Narcotic is not your average flyby punk band. TN has logged six tours across the U.S. that draw a following from New York to San Francisco, from Canada to Tijuana. The band has self-released six 7"s, two CDs, and a recent full length 12" (that is also on CD), all on their own label, Rodent Popsicle Records. While some songs such as "Believin,'" my favorite song by Toxic Narcotic (that came out on their first 7", "Population" in 1992) are now classic, the band's music continues to evolve. New members have brought new sounds, like a mean-ass bagpipe on "Paddy's Leather Britches," recently released on "Another Boston Punk Comp." This summer, I met with Will Sullivan-guitar, Bill Damen-vocals, Ben Upton-bass, and Sam Jodray-drums, in their jam space in Allston, a small room plastered with show flyers and crammed with gear. Erik O'Brian is now playing drums. Amy Sullivan, Will's wife, also joined the discussion as one of TN's oldest friends. Interview by Erika Jay.

TOXIC NARCOTIC

MRR: When did TN start?
Bill: Toxic Narcotic started with Will (guitar), Kevin Barnello (drums), and me, Bill (bass and vocals), in 1989.
MRR: If TN had a motto, it would be the infamous "People Suck." Where did this come from?
Bill: It sounds like a cheesy bumper sticker, but if you're not pissed, you might not be really aware. It's not that hard to be pissed.
Will: The more you try not to be pissed, the more you realize that people just suck.
Bill: I don't lose any sleep over it usually, I just hate most of the human race. Day to day, everywhere I go there is shit that pisses me off. I see all the injustices around me, and it comes out in my music. That's where I like to vent. I like to play heavy music. I feel happy occasionally, once in a while.
Will: I feel happy when I play music.
MRR: How would you describe your music?
Bill: I guess the simplest way to describe it is to call ourselves an angry band rather than calling us any kind of music. Just angry music, rather than punk. It's just that punks happen to be pissed and that's why they happen to like us. It's just pissed, angry, aggressive music and like Will said, if I wasn't doing this than I would probably be in a lot of trouble: jail, etc.
Will: It's not just punks that like us, though. This MIT guy came up to us after a Rat show one day, and said that seeing us made him want to run around and hit things indiscriminately.
Bill: I notice we play a lot of shows, at least in our own town, where there are people of different interests. People who like either hardcore, punk or metal come to our shows. I'd rather not be generic and have only one sound and one kind of fan base. That would be boring. That's what we've always been into.
MRR: How was your last tour?
Bill: We were just on our West Coast tour in October [1998]. Mostly with Fleas and Lice and Callused and a few other gigs in between.
Will: We also played Tijuana.
Ben: Tijuana was great. The Mexican punks are so fuckin' cool.
Bill: That was probably like the fifth time we've been on the West Coast. It is the first tour we even came close to not totally losing tons of money. But whatever, it was fun.
MRR: TN has definitely logged the miles across the lonely stretches of the U.S.
Bill: Yep, daps to all the road warrior bands that have driven around the country for years and years in a row and still nobody knows who they are.
Will: I think we are one of the oldest, hardest gigging bands out of Boston.
Bill: That's stayed together all that time at least. A lot of bands that broke up from the earlier years have come back to profit on punk's fame. We've been at it non-stop, putting out our own records, touring, for ten years now. Trying to keep going.
MRR: Any advice for bands that haven't gone on tour yet?
Will: Turn up your volume. Adventure.
Bill: Get a reliable van, even if you have to sleep in it in between tours.
Ben: Get a sleeping bag.
MRR: Any crazy tour stories you'll always remember?
Will: L.A. cops. We played this benefit in L.A. the first time we played there, in a garage.
Bill: They just tried to slip us on the bill, we weren't booked on it.
Will: There were hundreds and hundreds of people crammed into this garage. Like a gas station fix-it garage. Then nine paddy wagons showed up full of cops, right before we were supposed to get on stage. The cops tried to rush the stage—I was on stage and could see the cops coming—but the people started slamming in such a way that the cops couldn't get to the stage. So half of the cops left

the garage and just waited outside. They were pulling out the clubs and shit like that. Then all a sudden Fox TV showed up.
MRR: Oh shit!
Bill: They were doing a special on homeless people in the LA area or something like that, following the squatter movement and homeless people. They showed up with movie cameras and immediately the cops got a lot nicer. It dispersed pretty chill I guess, but we didn't get to play, that sucked.
Bill: I'd like to say probably the best stories I don't remember, but the people reading this do, and I'd just like to say I'm sorry. [laughter] I'd like to apologize for those doors and bottles and tons of other things, and definitely thank anyone who let us sleep at their house and fed us. And thanks to everyone we've forgotten because we were shit-faced.
Will: Your house was messy before we got there.

Ben: In the Marines.
MRR: How did you Marines?
Ben: Well, you have to apart and out them in in Okinawa, Japan, I started playing. I had whole life, and always and I furthered on, I've been playing them where I go, and I've them. Sometimes the like when I hit a festi- start playing them. All start throwing dollar
MRR: Didn't you play
Ben: When I was over

have bagpipes with you in the

travel light. You can take them your pack. When I was stationed met a guy named Barry, who always loved the pipes my wanted to play. He got me into it that was about five years ago. ever since, I take them every- traveled all over the world with road can really be kind to you, val and whip out my pipes and the people start coming, people bills. Seattle was a good city.
hardcore in Japan?
in Okinawa, I met a lot of people from New York, from California, from down South and from all over the place who had always been into hardcore. I got it together with some people in Okinawa, and we didn't have any time to practice, but we got together, we borrowed guitars, and would go down to the Japanese rock n' roll club. So they let us in, there would be like 20 people with us, and we would play. And by like the third song they would say, "You have to leave! Get the fuck out of here!" and they'd unplug us, because we were playing punk and hardcore and everyone was slamming. It was a good drunken time. There are scenes and people everywhere.

MRR: As TN has gotten more well-known across the country, it seems that punks either love you guys or hate you guys. For example, I've heard of a 'zine called *Why I Hate TN*.
Will: They can go fuck themselves. Those people have personal problems.
Bill: There was an article in a little 'zine called *Why I Hate TN* that was basically derived from a lie that blew up into a rumor. I don't want to get into details about this because rumors and lies fly, and I don't really care anymore. I think that in a small DIY underground music scene, people gossip because they have nothing better to do. Most of heard about us isn't true, and believe a lot of the shit that is
Will: So shut the fuck up and
MRR: How has the band with new members?
Bill: Our first long term addi- daps to him, he's living out in band called Shit List, and he ing. When Bob [bass] was ally only had time to learn the and play shows, and go on [bass] joined the band, he's ment to the band, along with the vein of TN, adding bag- new side to the music.
Sam: I was introduced to Ben a photograph that was on was a picture of him in Ma- PEOPLE SUCK patch on his
Ben: Yeah, we were in the I got in a lot of trouble for that. week and a half.
Bill: Just so you know, Ben can tional Irish instrument pretty say so. He can play the bag- mandolin, he can play the ac-
MRR: So Ben, where did you

the shit you've probably you probably wouldn't true anyway.
get a life!
changed over the years

tion was Joe Rizzy [bass], Seattle now and is in a influenced our song writ- playing with us, he re- songs we already had, tour. And when Ben added a totally new ele- writing songs more in pipes and bringing a

for the first time through Bill's wall in his room, it rines, and he had the helmet.
middle of the jungle and We were out for about a

play almost every tradi- damn well. At least I can pipes, he can play the cordion, sing in jigs.
learn to play bagpipes?

MRR: How did you start playing with TN?
Ben: These guys are old friends of mine. I remember when I was hanging around it was usually like Bunratty's, the Channel, the Rat. Those were the places we would go to all of the shows.
Bill: He used to go to all of the shows when everyone else hated us.
Ben: I'd be in the pit with Jamil and all these guys. Jamil would put in his mouthpiece. [laughter] Those were good days.
MRR: That was also back when TN played a lot of basement shows in Allston, that would pack what seemed like almost 200 kids into the basement of the TN house.
Bill: We used to have a lot of house parties and bands played in the basement. There were house parties in Allston where you could come and see a few bands and drink from a few kegs. We did that for a few years. You know, ragers. Beer flying everywhere.
Will: Any night of the week, a show for a traveling band.
Amy: That was the only place for shows for a long time because the Rat wasn't doing shows, and the Channel and Bunratty's was closed, and the Middle East wasn't really having punk shows, and our house was the only place that was having punk shows from big bands from the underground scene.
Will: We had bands from Germany come play our house; we had bands from the West Coast just traveling around come play our house. Instead of just skipping Boston which

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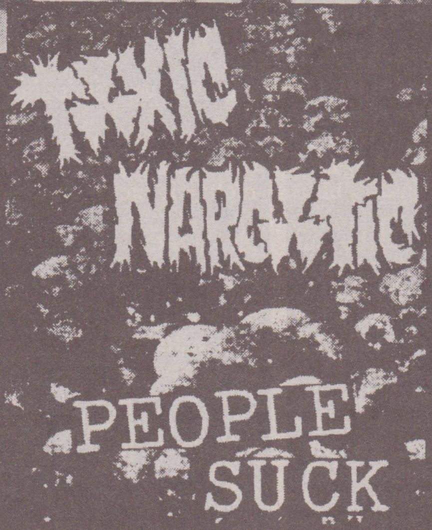
a lot of people would do, they would come to town and get in touch with Bill, and have the shows in our basement.
Bill: Some bands we knew, other bands didn't know us at all, and just called us up and said, "We're in Harvard Square, can we play your house tonight?" And some of those bands we've made really good friends with over the years. Since we were running our own label, people just got in touch with us. By the mid-'90s, the punk scene definitely blew up, and since a lot of it became a little more profitable, the clubs started doing it again, letting all-ages happen.
Ben: When the punk scene blew up, I was blowing shit up.
Bill: It goes in cycles. Now a lot of clubs won't do all-ages again.
MRR: And when the punk houses collapsed, there was nowhere to practice either. Before, the idea of needing to pay rent for a place to practice was unthinkable.
Bill: Now rehearsal buildings have lines of bands waiting, like lines of fifty bands waiting to get a rehearsal space in Boston. There are also not as many people doing the house shows anymore, definitely not in a party atmosphere. I have nothing against it, but most places are no smoking, no drinking, and that's cool, but unfortunately if the bands are not well-known, sometimes the only reason we got 100 people out on a Tuesday night is because there was going to be a keg of beer there. And, well, if they discovered a good new band too, then hey, if it worked it worked. That's what we did for years.

MRR: I first saw Naked Aggression with you guys and the August Spies in about '92, drinking beer at a basement show.
Bill: Speaking of which, I've been running a label with the help of my band and whoever else will help for the last few years, putting out bands like the August Spies, and putting on shows.
MRR: Why did you decide to start your own label when you first recorded TN?
Bill: No one else would put us out. Word of advice, if no one else will put you out because people think you suck, put yourself out. Tell them to go fuck themselves. That's what we did, and that's what we've been doing. Why did I put out the Spies? They're my buddies, and they're good. That's about all I can say, and it just kept going.
MRR: What are the trade-offs of having your own label rather than just signing on to someone else's label?
Bill: You get to do whatever you want, but usually you can't afford to do much. You get artistic integrity. For some reason, I don't feel good being ripped off. It doesn't sit well, it makes me mad, the kind of anger I don't need and I've got enough of already. If someone is making money it should be the band. I hate fucking promoters who are raking, and labels who rake tons of money and send their bands 20 free copies of a record they sold thousands of.
Will: It keeps it honest.
Bill: It definitely made other people start labels and realize they could do it just with their band, and now it is safe to say at least half of the local Boston bands run their own label, put themselves out and co-work with other people to put out things, like the TN and Unseen split, with Rodent Popsicle and Mark's label ADD. It's an outlet, and something fun to do. I'm starting in the process of building a home recording studio, so therefore we can record ourselves for nothing. That makes it easier for bands. Just come into my basement and we'll record it.
MRR: Why did you go from a three-piece to a four-piece?
Bill: I was playing bass and singing, and I can do either one of those OK, but I'm not very good at doing both. I would rather someone else play bass and I can sing. I can get across more, I just wanted to try different things.
Will: As far as a band's concerned, people are more likely to watch the stage when some one is hitting themselves on the head with a hammer.
Bill: Yeah, there were a few years there...
Will: It kind of has a draw your eyes effect.



Bill: There is definitely a history of drunken self-abuse. [laughs]
Will: If there is one thing you can say about even our smallest shows, it is that they get rowdy. If people try to play cards in front of our shows, then we will just knock them down. It's happened.
Bill: I like reaction.

MRR: So why did you hit yourself in the head with a hammer?
Bill: I don't know. I don't really do it anymore.
Sam: When the band wasn't as good, he had to beat himself up more. When the band got better, he didn't have to beat himself up.
MRR: How did Sam hook up with the band? You were in an '80s glam rock band, the Flash Addicts, and then in the death thrash metal band Anemones, before TN.
Sam: When I was younger and it was considered hip to have long hair and dress flamboyant and be in a glam band, even though it was outrageous, it was accepted and we could go out and do it and have a good time. But then by the time the mid-'90s kicked in, no one would accept it, and people would point the finger at me and say I'm a poser and can't play. So I said fuck you! And my friend from Flash Addict put together Anemones and we were one of the brutalest bands in this fuckin' town. It was honest and it was pissed. It just came out naturally. I think 1996 was the end of Anemones and I left and went to back to school.
Bill: And then he moved away, and when he came back was about the same time we needed a drummer. Before

think that we are anti-political. I just like casionally on a couple of find is ignorant, even if I you have to look into your-anyone else, so look at don't judge other people yourself. I don't agree that bands only, and chaos nothing important to sing I'm a musician. I believe world, but I'm not here to change anyone's point of one song about drinking you! Buy the record, read right there. Times in your ways. That's how music what I have to say.
MRR: Ten years is a long gether. How does it feel decade?
Will: Well, I think [laughs].

litical, but I think we are ex-to play devil's advocate oc-songs, to point out what I agree with a lot of it. I think self before you condemn mistakes that you make, and until you can really look at there have to be political drunken bands that have about. I'm not a politician, things are fucked up in this be a preacher or try to view. Occasionally, if I write and not giving a fuck—fuck the lyrics, I think the shit's life make you feel certain comes out, and it affects

time to be in a band to-to have been together for a

we've built a good base

amy sullivan photo

Sam was in the band, he was our roadie for our first two U.S. tours. So it stayed in the family. It's not like he was a stranger to the music.
Sam: If you really want to break it down, we all knew each other in high school.
MRR: TN seems to be about more than just music. Obviously you wouldn't have stayed together for so long if you weren't good friends.
Bill: Yeah, it's about buddies and all the people through the years.
MRR: And Amy has been beginning too. The first a girl with a blue the pit.
Will: Amy used to be our
Ben: Yep, Amy's always
Bill: Amy is our protection. we're going to hire Bitch
MRR: Amy, you went on
Amy: I was their roadie for
Bill: She put up with our two months. She gets daps doesn't drink or smoke
Amy: Everyone thinks that one of them is married to etarian, feminist [Amy] drink or do any kind of tally evil as seen in the PC
Will: They can go fuck
Amy: I think so, too.
Bill: For the record, we're Toxic is in the name.
Will: We're not Toxic eiter].
MRR: Would you describe
Bill: I think that because of

who have supported us

with TN almost since the time I saw you guys, I saw mohawk fucking shit up in

pit starter.
been there.
If we ever get paid anything, Crew as our wrecking force.
tour with them?
year two.
shit every day on tour for for that. Especially since she and we all do.
Toxic is these evil men. And this completely irate, veg-who doesn't smoke pot or drugs, so they can't be to-eyes.
themselves.

not junkies, even though

ther, you can eat us [laugh-

your lyrics as political?
a couple of songs, people

Bill: I don't know. I can't remember half of it. I'd like to say thank God for photographs cause I don't remember a lot of things.
Sam: I don't think you notice it happening.
Bill: We were all teenagers back then. Didn't know shit. It's safe to say that the first time you book a tour it's an adventure more than just something you do. You've never been to these places, you could get killed, you could get busted, you don't know what they hell is going on, all you know is the punk scene in your town, your part of the country. Looking back at it, it's more like growing up than just a tour. I went where? I did that? It's almost hard to think about it all right now. We played everywhere, living rooms, in the backs of trailers, kitchens, bowling alleys, movie theaters, record stores...
Ben: A pirate ship.
MRR: So, the impossible quick summary, why are you in this band?
Will: It's just what I do. I can't imagine doing much else. I play music. That's just about it. It just naturally comes out that way.
Ben: What I like the most is to surprise the shit out of people—with music.
Sam: I've just been playing drums my whole life. I have history in drums when I was in diapers, and I have the photos to prove it to any motherfucker that questions it!
Bill: Know what keeps me doing this? All the people that have dissed me, that have pissed me off, that said I could do nothing. "Oh, you're just a fucked up druggie in high school." Fuck you! The disrespect, the years of not getting any respect due, the years of bullshit pisses me off to not want to stop. At this point, it would be like giving in to the imagined enemy, which is the whole world—I can't let in—must keep playing angry music.

Toxic Narcotic can be reached through their label:
Rodent Popsicle Records/ PO Box 335/ Newton Center, MA 02459.

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ACTIVE IS A LONG RUNNING AND IMPORTANT 'AGIT-PROP' DISTRIBUTION BASED IN LONDON, ENGLAND. A BASTION OF POLITICAL PUNK MUSIC AND ANARCHIST LITERATURE AND AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE OF THE DIY ETHOS IN PRACTICE, I TALKED TO JON AND MARTA AT THEIR PLACE – SUMMER '99. — sneda....

AT MRR, THEY WERE SAYING.. THEY'VE SEEN THE ACTIVE (LOGO) ON THE BACK OF A LOT OF RECORDS THAT THEY LIKE BUT DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT SO THEY SUGGESTED I TALK TO YOU'S – GET SOME SHIT (Laughter) – IT'S THE FIRST TIME YOU KNOW, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME! SO – START OFF WITH A HISTORY..

J - 1066 and all that - actually 1986 and all that. In 1986 I was at university in Swansea, doing a little stall selling books and stuff which i used to get from the London anarchist bookshops – mainly Housemans at the time, not that it's an anarchist bookshop anymore but they used to have a basement full of stuff, used to hitch hike from Swansea , get stuff , take it back down and do stalls, this was in the common room of the university.

THIS WAS UNDER THE NAME 'ACTIVE?'

J – No, this was under the name 'Black Sheep' which was the name of a paper a few of us put out . 'Black Sheep' being a name anarchists tend to love to use and re-use, I think at that time there were 3...

NOT UNLIKE EBOLA

J- not unlike Ebola - yes, the good thing about anarchists - always dead original!

SO DID IT START OUT AS A COLLECTIVE?

J - Well in theory, but actually in practce I put the money up to buy the books. I had a girlfriend in London and 2 out of every 4 weekends we were doing the stalls selling stuff like that and that grew into also doing a bootleg tape label and setting up the hunt saboteur group in Swansea, so I kinda concentrated towards that and doing benefit gigs... eventually finished uni and decided Iwant to carry on the stall, carry on the distro cos(i'd already taken the stall round on tours around the country and the CONFLICT Feeding the 5000 thing at Brixton Academy.,brought it round to London..

THIS WAS IN....

J - around '88/89, - at this point it was just known as .. Jon's / whatever, ended up living with Suzy who did 'Perjury' distribution, Italian records s and stuff , eventually merged it and when we started Lea House we put a bookshop together with t-shirts etc **I REMEMBER GOING THERE**.. and the distro expanded into that, spent 6 months arguing over what name it should become and ended up coming up with 'Active' - which seemed to be fairly appropriate - seeing as we were fairly active at the time. There were a crew of people who were into going to gigs so I could afford to hire a van / minibus, put a lot of stuff in the back and travel to any gig in the South east, so we'd take stalls to Brighton, Stevenage, I pswich - did 2 stalls in one day! **I WAS IN THE BACK OF THAT VAN...** the thing is that just doesn't happen anymore, i guess - the golden age of doing stalls, made it to 1990..... Lea house got evicted, the distro moved into wherever I was living and had become so big that it was a real pain to move around, Suzy kinda er.. gave up and fucked off - a bit of a blow at the time so it became kinda my thing. With Active early on I was getting stuff on credit and giving stuff out on credit - ie: a big flow of trust. I didn't really want to risk squatting, the value of the stuff was so huge, one of the very scary things was that if you lost it all how the fuck would you pay everyone back, private renting is a nightmare - being evicted every 6 months - eventually I scam a council flat, Active got its own room and grew from that

DISTRIBUTORS DISTRIBUTOR FROM A HIGHRISE COUNCIL FLAT

J- yeah

TELL ME ABOUT WHEN AND HOW YOU TWO MET..

M - 2 years ago, in Poland - EBOLA tour..

I THINK I WAS THERE ?

M - You were there - how could you forget?

PRIOR TO THAT JON WAS DOING ALL THE SHIT ON HIS OWN - RIGHT?

J - No, I had help from either people I was living with / girlfriends / partners at the time, so I was never actually running it on my own but in terms of people coming and going and helping in different ways, and I'm the person responsible for say, finance and getting stuff in and out , ow I'm desperately trying to make it so that Marta's responsible for the music side of things..

SO – IN '97 YOU MET. .

M - then I came over here 6 months later, to spend some time here, that was a year after we met and I moved in and it was kinda natural to start doing things with Active, like something that I did before for a few years in Poland, different in many ways, that was more of a label...

WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE DOING IN POLAND ?

M - I was helping do 'Malarie'- label / distribution. I was more about doing label stuff, folding record / tape covers.

IN POLAND ITS MORE ABOUT TAKING STUFF ROUND GIGS THAN MAILORDER..

M - Yeah, and also you'd travel to other places: Berlin, Czech,.. I'm kinda missing that here , when I think how much money to spend getting the train, I can't afford it.

J - Travel cost in the UK compared to Poland is just so different!

FROM WHAT I REMEMBER IN POLAND, PEOPLE COULD TRAVEL BY TRAIN TO GIGS

M - Also the basis of Malarie was different, it was supporting me and Martin so we could live off that, in theory the travelling was free cos we'd make money from the gigs we'd travel to, it wasn't anything like Active, y'know - get a job and then spend the money travelling to gigs, so you didn't have this pressure / concern.

SO YOU MISS THAT PART OF IT

M - I wish I could move around more.

J - W e do sometimes travel to gigs /events - or festivals and stuff but it's gotta be really major to be financially worthwhile for Active, or its gotta be something we want to do anyway

THE WAY THINGS ARE IN THIS COUNTRY ITS BECOME LESS AND LESS POSSIBLE I REMEMBER ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO THERE WERE THE MAYDAY FESTS AND DIJON's *'FESTIVAL LIBERTAIRE'*

J - Or bands who are really into our kind of stall being there going with them, asking if we want to go, still happens a little bit

BUT MUCH THINNER ON THE GROUND THESE DAYS

J - The advantage is that we're in London, the centre of all things! , so unlike Poznan or wherever there tends to be other kinds of things, like in couple weeks there's a vegan festival thing,..

TO REACH TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE OUTSIDE OF THE...

J – Yeah and there's the Anarchist Bookfair, outdoor summer.. free festivals, less so than previously but still some.

M - I feel that here's more of a base like you're based here, operate from here as opposed to when I was in Poland

A DISTRIBUTORS DISTRIBUTOR SELF DESCRIBED

J - People come to us more than we go to them I guess, whether they come to us by mail or whether they come to get stuff/ take it away, that's what we're about and that's why physically taking a stall to places is a fuckin trial.. the majority of the stuff is always gonna stay here.

YOU HAVE SHITLOAD OF GOOD STUFF AND EVERYTHING'S SO CHEAP - WHY DON'T YOU CHARGE MORE?

M - I'm not going to say anything ..

IT SEEMS CRAZY TO...

J - I think Marta wants to charge more,

IT'S THE LINE BETWEEN SHOOTING YOURSELF IN THE FOOT, AND...

J - Maybe it's because I'm so fuckin' behind the times or whatever but, its just the whole business about business really, y'know. Active is about a certain.. propagating an idea: anarchism yeah? and that idea has no meaning really if it's just something you read about, and I think its just kinda like something you can think about, if you don't actually put it into practice in some way... and to me, like when you sell books or t shirts or put a different idea around which is, meant to be revolutionary y'know which is meant to be against the concept of capital and consumerism and all this sort of thing, but if you put it round in such a commodified capitalist way ie - you sell books expensive, you sell t- shirts for a load of fucking money and all that kind of bullshit , you're just like saying like, this is an idea but in actual fact we can't fucking do it, and of course you can say we can do it some time, we can do it when the revolution happens blah blah blah, and in actual fact I just think you're continuing the fuckin status quo and you're just showing that as what's the most important , and to me its really important to try and break down those ideas, to try and deal and work the distro as close as you can to the ideas which you wanna suggest, ie: being.. Ghandi talked about it and Bakunin fucking did it, y'know - and that's what's important to Active so.. Active is huge when it comes to the financial thing, it's fuckin scary the amount of money we owe to people, and it's even scarier the amount of money we're owed, but I don't want it to be about that, I don't want to have to think about that all the time and I want to be able to behave and act towards people as non money minded as possible y'know.. **YEAH** and that's why I said right at the beginning about the whole thing being a flow of trust in terms of credit and stuff, we're very lucky that a lot of people treat it like that...

IN THE DIY CHAIN THERE ARE WEAK LINKS WHERE PEOPLE LIKE, JUST MOVE ON OR FLAKE OUT..

J – That's not an excuse for us to charge more money

BUT IF THAT IN TURN ENDS UP BURNING YOU OUT, FINANCIALLY OR..IN TERMS OF TRUSTING PEOPLE THAT'D BE A GREAT SHAME

J - I agree totally, it may well happen, I mean – there are several distros who have fucked us badly financially and it'd only take a few more and we'd be struggling..

I THINK IT SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TALKING BOUT A LOT MORE, GENERALLY..

J – But thats not an argument to change the style of the distribution to be one which is financially Motivated, ie: profit motivated, I dont wanna suceed in doing something I dont wanna do - Iwork, to support my daily lifestyle, if I wanna go

and be extravagent, buy expensive bicycles, go to the cinema, that's something I do from work -it's not something I do from the distribution, I dont want the distribution to be corrupted by that kind of profit motivated self centred interest, I dont want to be thinking about the distro in that way - i'm not saying you cant do it that way.. I dont wanna...

DONT YOU EVER THINK – 'AH - FUCK IT'!

J - Yeah loads – especially when some fuckin wanker sends us a cheque and it bounces and they are totally ripping us off ,and loads of backstabbing bullshit as well which you hear about, people are always trying to knock you down. I mean, obviously the fact that we kinda stay a non profit thing , the people who aren't (non-profit) tend to feel that somehow we're digging at them , that why – the classic, the reason I think why CHUMBAWAMBA or members of them are critical of the old, out of date, head in the sand DIY movement which we're still part of, I've seen the e-mails they've sent and its like they go on about it being.. - I read a letter from Alice Nutter going on about how...

THE GOAL POSTS HAVE CHANGED

J - and how it's a complete waste of time, and I think thats a defence mechanism because they're well aware of what the game they're playing is like - bullshit, and ours might be limited and..

THE WAY I'D PUT IT IS YOURE DOING THINGS YOUR WAY AND THEY'RE DOING THINGS THEIR WAY.

J - They're doing things in essentially the way everyone fuckin' else does it, and the way that capitalism wants them to do it

WOULD YOU AGREE TO DIFFER ON IT?

J - Well we do, I'm not saying some of the things they do aren't good, but its equally not something I would endorse or go along with, y'know...

M - Coming back to the differences in doing distro / label in Poland and over here - most of the time we were getting out there travelling or whatever, there was I think a lot of people in the Polish scene were more together, like most of the friends I ever had were people I'd meet when was travelling, going to gigs - after a few years what developed was a crew - a bunch of people, they would meet at events /gigs whatever and be like a bunch of friends, but couldn't do much and didnt have time because we lived a few 100 km apart, I think that was kinda cool, (pause)

HOW WAS IT MOVING TO THE UK - AS A WOMAN..

M- haha

I GUESS PEOPLE ASK IN ACTIVE FOR JON MOSTLY COS HE'S LOUDER, LARGER yeah **AND DOING IT LONGEST AND AND SO ON**

M – Because everyone knows him, oh yeah, its kinda difficult and its sometimes not so nice , sometimes people, well meaning people when we go somewhere meet someone and I get introduced, and he says this is Marta she's a part of Active now and someone goes 'really?' - the feeling I get, the person is like.. girlfriends don't do this kind of thing - someone is surprised because I'm not meant to do this kind of thing y'know..

THE ATTITUDE IS PREVALENT..

M - Yeah, like - I cant really blame those people for this attitude because it's there in the back of their mind all the time because, well, it is true that most women involved in distros/labels are girlfriends of guys doing that and most of them are helping them with simple stuff, they don't have to get too much involved w/ it (laughter) - carrying the bags / boxes (laughter)

DESPITE ALL ITS FAULTS AND WEAKNESSES, THIS CATALOGUE AND ALL OUR WORK AT ACTIVE IS DEDICATED IN LOVING MEMORY TO EMMA CRAY. SHE WAS KILLED WHILST CYCLING IN LONDON. THIS WORLD IS DYING FROM THE POLLUTION AND EXPLOITATION THAT MAN CREATES. AS A CYCLIST AND A FREE THINKER EMMA WAS REFUSING TO JOIN THE DEATH MACHINE IN A SMALL BUT SIGNIFICANT WAY. WORDS CAN NOT DESCRIBE THE SENSE OF LOSS WE FEEL. WE FIGHT ON, WE CYCLE ON, AS SHE WOULD WANT US TOO, VIVE LA REVOLUTION, LONG LIVE EMMA!

OH GOD!

J - It's always been like that - I'm not saying that's right , Active history in terms of when Suzy and I joined up , and she was doin a little distro on her own first and, once we were working together the number of times we were standing at a stall together and people would come up and just talk to me and y'know, the other thing was that people would assume that she was my girlfriend as well and eventually it got to the point where Suzy got really fed up, because she felt like she could'nt make advances towards other people 'cos they were dead scared that if they were seen to be talking with her... and eventually I actually made her a t-shirt which said - 'I'm not Jon's girlfriend' (laughter) which she used to wear with great pride because.. it's true, she actually found out from people she got close to that they didn't used to talk / be too friendly with her because they were worried about getting in trouble, which is funny seeing as I wouldnt give a fuck about it., it's also quite amusing that they assumed that any female sitting on the stall with me was: 1. - Not responsible for things or.. y'know, and 2. - Was only there because they were a kinda 'girlfriend'.

YEAH YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT THAT.

M- I think also in Active's case, just because Jon is so old and been doing this for so long, y'know and..

J – 'So old'- you didnt have to point that out! (laughter) there are nicer ways of saying that!

SO VERY OLD...

M - I think anyone, whether its a woman or a man, I think it wouldn't matter, it would never be treated equally - if you know what I mean, it'll always be, like he's the main thing, and people talk to him..... I don't think its only because I'm a woman but because I'm much younger and because I'm here and...

J - Pretty much Marta does the mailorder on her own now and I think a lot of people realise that because – 1: er.. people can read the replies which she write cos they couldn' t read mine.. (Jon's handwriting is *abysmal!*)

I CAN DEFINITELY UNDERSTAND THAT

J - and people can read the invoicves and..

NOW YOU HAVE ELECTRONIC MAIL!

J - The point is a lot of the letters are coming back addressed to Marta and that yknow..

THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE COME IN AND HELP OUT ON OCCASION??

J - Not so much, there's the dedicated Paco and Nani crew, Lee from 'Haven' distro is driving us to the vegan festival and things like that..

MARTA, YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN TAPE LABEL STARTED (THAT'S JUST DOWN TO YOU) - 'SPUD SERVICES' WHERE / WHY DID YOU COME UP WITH THAT NAME?

M – Ah, its kind of silly , like most of names..

J –(whispering) 'Active' ._

M - I *hate* this name!

J – Oh great, *now* we find out!

THAT'LL BE THE BIT IN BIG LETTERS!

M - You see it everywhere you go - on the street, every billboard, y'know - every commercial - it says 'Active' on it

YOU SHOULD HAVE COPYRIGHTED IT

J - Haha, that's only true the last couple of years though isnt it, I mean 'Active' has become like a phrase which get used all the time in advertising – that's quite amusing, but it wasn't like that when we started – promise!

'SPUD SERVICES' ON THE OTHER HAND MAY NOT GET USED BY NIKE OR SOMEONE

J – Haha, Nike 'Spud'!

NEW 'SPUD' TRAINERS!

M – It's not likely to become a hip word though is it?

YOU *NEVER KNOW!* haha

SO TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT (SPUD SERVICES)

M - Well yeah, the name comes from my nose which is spud like shaped..

MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUR NOSE

J - You could just draw a potato and stick it on her face.

HAHA –"A POTATO YESTERDAY"

M - The first thing that I did was the WAT TYLER tape and I don't intend to just keep it as a tape label or whatever, its called 'services' because I'd like to do all kinds of stuff - I'd like to organise...

ITS NOT SPECIFIC - I MEAN YOU'VE PUT OUT A TAPE SO I WAS THINKING IT WAS..A TAPE LABEL - PLENTY OF TAPE LABELS OVER IN POLAND..

M - Some people do it over here..

SO ITS JUST A NAME FOR WHATEVER YOU PLAN TO DO - INDEPENDENT OF ACTIVE..

M – Yeah, tours planned, possibly a RESTARTS CD.. , also I've always wanted to do print - and clothes, but not like t-shirts, different kinds of clothes..

FLORAL DESIGNS

M - Floral?

LAURA ASHLEY

M - Who's that?

J - I think you've got a cultural cross here.. - he's taking the piss, give him a a wack.

TROUSERS..

M - Yeah maybe trousers, maybe knickers or y'know socks!

J – 'Spud Services Lingerie' - there you go - it's all very new to me!

M - Shorts..

A WHOLE LINE OF CLOTHING!

M - but because of being here for only a few months now and because I don' t know really the people/ places where to get stuff from or ..

"It'll never work", taking a look at how messed up and corrupted this world is it's not hard to feel like there's no point trying to change anything. Believing in a better life when all the odds are stacked against you, gotta be a loony! The thing is I 've never thought I'd see the day when the bosses and bureaucrats get their deserved demise, but Anarchy isn't about winning goals, its a path, a way of life, a belief in the common sense of mutual aid. Active is about trying to spread the idea that there are genuine alternatives and its not necessary to capitalise, and exploit others in the struggle to achieve those ideas. I despise those that turn the rebellious instincts of youth into their own profit with rip-off priced t-shirts, and such sub-cultural essentials. I am saddened by the legions of the young and not so young that emblazon their clothes with brand names, like cattle, wear symbols that have lost their meaning and be they punks, ravers or whatever have so little time to think for themselves. I am inspired though continuously by the efforts of so many, either in the minutae of their daily lives, a cyclist striving to get through the traffic, or on a global scale, the latest bulletin from the Zapatista's. Active lives for a future revolution, but we live it now. Its not hard, I think of people I admire and respect, how they treat me and then I try to be like them. I'll never be as good as Emma was but I try and I'll always be an Anarchist! I know it works, I've been there! Jon @ctive

ACTIVE ALSO DOES BADGES (PINS) CHEAP - I'M JUST GIVING YOU A PLUG

J -Thats true - Marta does ..

M – That's another issue I'm not really happy talking about - because apart from the stuff that I bring here from Poland (tapes /t-shirts/ patches) making badges is my only income - and it would be quite a lot and I would be fine surviving only off that if we had more badges coming in and more orders..

VERY REASONABLE RATES!

M -Really cheap - 10p a badge if you order 100 or more - as far as we know its the cheapest badges..

AROUND? - IN THE WORLD ?

M - In the world

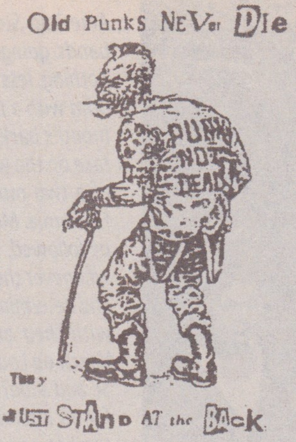
REALLY?

M- Well, you can get cheaper badges from this company, er.. – what are they called ?

J - Don't mention that! (Laughter) –that's only if you do about 10,000.

YOU'VE QUITE A WIDE CATALOGUE OF BADGES (PINS)

J - Got about 300 designs and there will be a lot more once I get a fucking scanner going and computer.. but Marta's very tired of hearing me say that so i'll...



YOU'RE BATTLING WITH TECHNOLOGY?

J - Yeah .

YOU MANAGED TO GET YOURSELVES ON-LINE FINALLY

J - We've sussed email!

FOR 10 BARS OF CHOCOLATE!

J – It wasn't just that, I mean Carol set up the account but we had several other people coming round spending loads of time tying to get the fucking thing sorted out.

M - It took me one year to get Polish fonts for a computer over here...

J - We done it – it's sorted

M - You just wish it was so easy, its just gone on and on getting stuff - got the computer, got the monitor got everything - it should work!

YOU CAN MAKE IT EASIER BY PAYING A LOT OF MONEY TO PEOPLE

M - Well..

AND GETTING SOMEBODY OUT / HELPLINE..

J - Yeah, but that's something Active isn't about doing

WELL YEAH, THATS IT - ITS GOING YOUR OWN WAY

J - The most we ever spent on active, hardware is the fucking modem - and that was a recent thing and it was just because of so much pressure from.. you! (laughs) and other people to..

(TESTING MIC) 'SIDE TWO'..

(laughter)

ALONGSIDE DISTRIBUTING STUFF, ACTIVE'S STARTED TAKING A ROLE IN PRODUCING A FEW PRODUCTS / ITEMS - WHEN DID THAT COME ABOUT?

J - Oh yeah - for our sins..., having always not wanting to get involved with being a label or anything, kinda like seems to be creeping up on us, I've always liked to, in the past - help produce leaflets / booklets, stuff like that. We got money together to help produce the Durutti book, which was published in France and in 6 different languages, this was in '96 - for Durutti's 50th anniversary, I 've always wanted to publish booklets and get stuff around cheap, we did the S.C.U.M Manifesto - effectively for free, something I wanted to give out free at the showings of the film 'Andy Warhol'.

DID YOU GET YOUR ASS KICKED?

J - No, we had lots of interesting reactions – its always quite amusing to see how people react to it (S.C.U.M Manifesto)

THE MOTIVATION FOR PUTTING THINGS OUT IS THAT YOU FEEL THEY SHOULD EXIST – THE RIGHT WAY OF DOING IT ?

J – Yeah – I mean the S.C.U.M Manifesto for instance was available quite cheaply in this country published by phoenix press, a few years ago they re-pressed it and the price doubled , then fuckin AK got their hands on it and added a bit more to it ,and went to four times the price and I thought 'fuck it' – originally the S.C.U.M Manifesto was literally handed out, photocopied, given away free, or for whatever donation, that's what it's about - its not about moneymaking..

DO YOU THINK YESTERDAY'S ZINES BECOME TODAY'S COFFEE TABLE.. haha **AS PEOPLE ARE ROLLING INTO THEIR 30's. I DON'T WANT TO BE CRITICAL OF AK, THEY'VE DONE SOME GREAT STUFF..**

J - There's this book of Gee's artwork (CRASS) and I've got a nasty feeling that's gonna be very expensive – but then again that's where we come in because we will get stuff from AK at a discount and we'll sell it without price putting up.

I MEAN, SHOPS HAVE GOTTA PAY RENT, BUT IF PEOPLE WANT IT FOR LESS THEY CAN SEARCH OUT ACTIVE.

SO - THE FIRST RELEASE RECORD-WISE WAS DIRT..

J - We co-released the DIRT 'Black and White' Double LP / CD with Gary from the band and Skuld (Germany) er.. SUBMISSION HOLD's 'Progress' CD with yourself, co-inciding with their tour and everything, and for the last 2 years I've had a ZOUNDS 7" in production, the band have failed to deliver with the artwork so..

IT MAY BE AROUND BY THE TIME THIS GETS PRINTED ?

J - It may be around by the time I fuckin' pop me clogs! Haha - up and coming projects include possible release of a TROMATISM LP and..

M – CRASS..

J - Oh yeah, we re-released the CRASS thing (live CD) that was originally out on Allied, wanted to keep it available, the best live recording, a gig I was at – and we wanted to do it as a benefit for McLibel (as will be the ZOUNDS single) - £2.50 wholesale and still a benefit, which I think is the most effective way of us saying – look: CD's are a rip off if they're anything more than a fiver.

YOU DID SHIRTS TOO?

J - Yeah, through Jen from 'Sunrise' t-shirts.

YOUR OWN DESIGNS ?

J - Yeah, and a bit of plagiarising , did a benefit for 'Contraflow' (a free paper, news / reviews stuff – around London), that was the 'Old punks never die' shirt.

I SAW SOMEONE WHO LOOKED LIKE THE GUY ON THERE NOT SO LONG AGO!

J - For a long time we did a benefit for 'Oh To Kin' magazine, a native resistance t-shirt, and a Zapata benefit shirt, spent some time researching who best to give it to, to get to the Zapatistas, some Spanish friends here who go to Mexico quite a lot are busy translating Zapatista texts / news – and we're gonna publish it with the money raised , it'll either be a free thing or it'll be very cheap.

PART OF THE VERY ETHOS OF ACTIVE

J - Yeah, and we're pleased that's finally going to happen, I've been selling that t-shirt now for 3 or 4 years – got 300 quid or something..

I HAD A DISCUSSION W/ ACTIVE MINDS ABOUT BENEFITS AND HOW THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BENEFIT ANYTHING THAT WOULD BUY GUNS IN ANY WAY OR PROMOTE ANY KIND OF VIOLENCE J- Really? **INCLUDING THE E.Z.L.N. IN THAT THING, THEY SAID YOU DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE THE MONEY'S GOING TO.. I WAS KINDA LIKE : 'WELL, FUCK IT'**

J - (mimics my Northern accent) 'Well , fuck it!'. At the end of '94 When the Zapatistas first uprising I was lying in bed listening to the world service in the middle of the night and thinking 'fucking hell – another year', 'why do I bother' - all that kind of stuff, and on the radio there was this news of a band of.. I think they called them 'Insurgents' and I think they said the word 'Revolutionaries', there was something which just caught my attention, and they'd taken over some villages in Chiapas and I just suddenly thought 'fucking hell' y'know wow, this is a time when nothings much happening revolutionary in western Europe, everything's just going downhill, everything's just getting more and more shit – there's no doubt about it y'know, and yet there's a spark of fucking life coming from.. y'know - the poorest regions, which makes sense in a way, then there was this stuff in the newspapers (or maybe radio) and it was like: 'they've taken their inspiration from Zapata, such a great emblem of revolution, I mean even if you watch the Hollywood film 'Viva Zapata' – it's undeniably stirring and inspiring, what he was about, and yeah - , I'm not into guns, I hate the idea of guns and shooting people but y'know, in the context of what Zapata was doing, the context of what the Zapatistas now are trying to do, y'know, I've got no right to say 'This is wrong' or not right, and if I was over there that's probably what I'd be doing

YEAH

J - As it is, my role at the moment is to put funds together and publish their cause over here and tell people about how they can go over there and be international observers to help protect them, to stop the Mexican army slaughtering the people, but yeah -I've got no fuckin qualms about helping the Zapatistas,

if you read some of the declarations they've have done, some of those statements are just so fuckin wonderful, there was a classic one about how all the links between all the different struggles around the world ,and saying –"We are all Zapatistas", whether a homosexual being oppressed in Czech, or a Romany gypsy in Rumania... punk in Bradford or whatever - haha , there's nothing better that I've ever read.The point is it's actually coming from people who are doing it, putting their lives on the line for it, and I'm not trying to glorify that gun type, er self sacrifice martyrdom thing. That's great inspiration for me..

THIS IS GONNA TAKE A WHILE TO TYPE UP

J – I'm sorry I'll keep it concise from now on, yes and no answers from now on!

M - Talking about label and releasing stuff, we should mention that we sometimes put money into helping others release records that we don't have too much to do with – like DOG ON A ROPE, and er.. the 1in12 Club CD, not doing the artwork, just tending to put the logo on the back , saying people can get it from us – which helps..

HELPING PEOPLE OUT THAT ARE WORTHWHILE

J - so yeah, quite bit of that ..

.......WE TALKED FOR A WHILE LONGER, PONDERING THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE AND SO ON BUT I THINK THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT ACTIVE IS ABOUT - I HOPE!

ACTIVE: BM ACTIVE, LONDON, WC1N 3XX, UK.

jon@active.free-online.co.uk

sae/irc for the catalogue

they'll be pleased to hear from ya!

AMERICAN STEEL

American Steel is easily one of the best punk bands going right now. Their live shows are nothing less than inspirational, their records brim with a raw energy and excitement. A few months back, it looked like they were ready to take on the world, only to find out on the verge of a two-month tour that guitarist Ryan had Leukemia. Months of debilitating Chemotherepy followed, and the band fit in recording days whenever they could. Now, through hard work and determination, they are back to full strength with their excellent new full length Rouge's March *on Lookout, a comeback show at Gilman St. and a tour right around the corner. I sat down for an interview with the whole band in September, and this is what they had to say. By Jimi Cheetah. (Extra questions by Arwen).*

MRR: Your name is an awfully all-American, working class name. Is that how you see the band?

John: I don't know about that "working" part!

Ryan: Awful, yes.

Ruairi: The name's awful because we were lazy and just picked it out. It was a steel mill across the street from where we practice, and we were kind of a joke band then, so we picked it. I don't know about the rest of the guys. Certainly, class politics is it for me, but I don't think there's any one body politic.

Ryan: But certainly, the name's not so "rah-rah!".

John: I kind of dread Europe, if we ever go there. People interpreting it in the wrong way.

Ryan: And it's especially unfortunate with me having no hair right now—it makes us look like some crazy nationalist skinhead band.

MRR: So is this the original line up?

All: No.

MRR: Was this the original serious line up?

Ruairi: Mmmm...This is definitely the original ass-kicking line up.

John: It's the original serious touring line up.

Ryan: Oh, definitely. We had a drummer before Scott, Jamie, who was there for us going from being a drunken joke to really playing, and then Jamie wasn't willing to do all the touring...

MRR: To being a *professional* drunken joke.

John: It's only professional if you get paid!

Ryan: ...And so Jamie left, and we got Scott.

MRR: And you've been in the band for one and a half, two years. What do you think so far?

Scott: I like that everybody has a drive to play a lot of shows and write music and actually have regular band practices. It's fun being in a band where the people *like* playing music.

MRR: It seems like a lot of punk rockers are moving out to Richmond lately from Oakland. Do you think everybody's sick of Oakland?

John: Richmond is the next Oakland.

Ruairi: Kind of like Berkeley was, maybe ten, fifteen years ago.

Ryan: Yeah. Berkeley's almost impossible to live in now, unless you have a hookup, and then Oakland was great for a while, but that's getting worse too, unless you go out into East Oakland. Richmond's the next one to be gentrified by the punk rockers! Punk rockers are the real gentrifiers...it takes punk rockers to move into the neighborhoods first, and then everybody else comes in!

Ruairi: Of course, we probably shouldn't print this. Now everybody's going to move out there.

Scott: Shhh! That's a secret! Don't tell anybody!

Ruairi: Gentrification is not based on skin color. That's the popular way of basing gentrification.

MRR: What is your opinion of work?

Scott: I think working is great to keep people like me on schedules. If I have more than two days off in a row where I don't have a band practice or have to do my laundry or something, I go nuts.I'm one of those people that seems like they are always on tons of speed, even though I don't do any drugs. I start rearranging my house, dyeing my hair, painting the walls, spending money I don't have, and stuff like that. so I think work is a good thing if you are doing something you like and can be proud of.

"PEOPLE WHO SCOFF AT THE IDEA OF A PUNK COMMUNITY ARE THE SAME PEOPLE WHO CHOOSE TO DO NOTHING, AND THEY GET NOTHING IN RETURN."

John: As long as we're a touring band, which for the foreseeable future is practically year-round, I get a pretty mercenary view of work; i.e., will I be able to take time off? If I quit will I eventually be able to get hired back, how many months worth of rent will I be able to pay with these extra hours, and so on.

Ryan: I don't like to be idle. I need to have projects and ill advised plans and travels or I go nuts. If by work you mean the work I love like engineering records for other bands, working to keep our band going, or working on the warehouse I live in, I love these things. I love being exhausted after a long day and feeling like something worthwhile was accomplished. But as for work as subsistence, it's very depressing. I've been trying to start working again now that I'm feeling better, and I can't help but think sometimes that it wasn't worth getting through comma if I'm just going to waste my life away working at a meaningless job. So I'm trying to focus on ways to get by doing the things that I love and avoiding the 9-to-5 life as much as possible.

MRR: How many songs are on the new record?

John: Thirteen.

MRR: Lucky thirteen. Are you superstitious at all? It seems like in touring bands, the longer you play, the more weird rituals you get into.

Scott: I always put my right sock on first.

John: And I take sips at the drinking fountain in even numbers.

Ryan: That's not superstitious. That's compulsive!

Scott: I think we're so paranoid about the van, it's hard to be worried about anything else.

Ryan: Basically, the rule of thumb is not to talk about the van. And if somebody mentions it, you'd better knock on wood.

Ruairi: I get really scared of getting sick on tour. I got strep throat on the last tour. I guess I'm kind of a clean freak. I'm always washing my hands, and not sharing things with people.

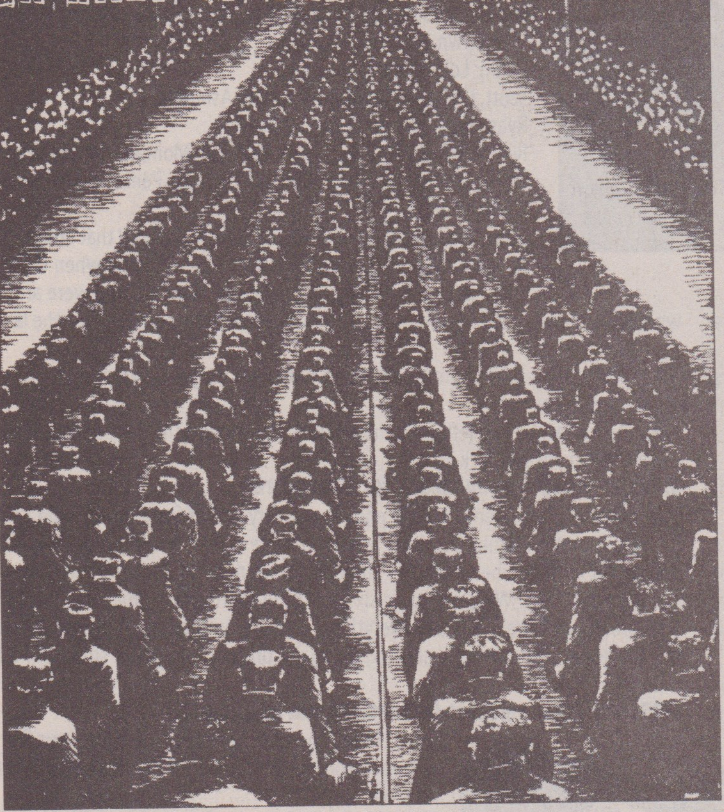
Scott: Yeah, it's kind of hard when Ruairi gets strep throat and can't sing, and Ryan blows out his voice trying to cover for him. It gets down to John and I. That's a pretty bad situation.

MRR: So who writes all the songs? Is it a conglomerate?

Ruairi: You can pretty much tell if you listen to the album. I sing all the ones I write, and Ryan sings the ones he writes. It's probably four to one, or something like that.

Ryan: Ruairi being the "four".

MRR: Some of AS' lyrics are personal sentiments, sometimes bordering



on desperate. Others seem to be a call to action, focusing on work and class lines. Are these written with the same intent, or are they totally separate moods?

Ryan: This is really probably more of a question for Ruairi, I only wrote the lyrics to three songs on this record. And all three were written after I got sick, so they tend to be extremely personal and filled with despair, and some hope too.

MRR: Speaking of sound, I hear a lot of comparisons of you guys with Hot Water Music and Leatherface. Does that make sense to you?

Ruairi: I think that makes sense. Well, Leatherface specifically, since they've been around longer, but I think I first heard of Hot Water Music maybe a year ago. I think they're probably pulling from the same source as us.

Ryan: We're all Leatherface fans, I think.

Ruairi: And I think we've all been influenced by the Police, and Motorhead, which Leatherface is obviously influenced by.

MRR: Any other influences?

John: There are a few things we all agree on, and then there's a million things that each of us likes that the others hate.

Ruairi: I think as far as the songs I write, I think I'm influenced a lot by Irish folk music and Motown. That sounds strange, but I think if you listen to the structures, you can pick it out. Supremes, Otis Redding, Sam Cooke...

MRR: Ryan, do you want to talk about what's going on with your health?

Ryan: I don't know. I have leukemia. That's why we can't tour. But, we're touring again come November.Yeah. I'm doing really well. I'm just sick as hell of it.

MRR: I'm sure that since your diagnosis you've had a complex relationship with the health care system. What is your opinion of this system?

Ryan: I am extremely fortunate in that I was still able to get coverage through my mom's work. If I had been one year older I wouldn't have been able to. It's terrifying, I'd say at least 70% of my friends have no health insurance at all and I think about what would happen to those people if they got really sick. It's more and more rare for people to have jobs that give them coverage, and for people like us, who tour and work odd jobs on an on again/off again basis, the only option is to get an individual policy. Which is quite expensive, and in my case, I will never be able to get an

"IT SEEMS OBVIOUS THAT NATIONAL HEALTH CARE IS NECESSARY WHEN OVER HALF OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY DON'T HAVE COVERAGE."

individual policy again due to my "preexisting condition". It seems obvious that some sort of national health care is necessary when over half of the people living in this country don't have coverage, but I honestly don't see that happening any time in the near future. Fortunate as I am to have had insurance, it's still been a pain in the ass. Certain doctor's bills and prescriptions haven't been paid for, because they aren't part of the formulary or medical group that we belong to, and the result is that they have had to be paid out of pocket, or we have had to have stressful fights with insurance people, which is the last thing you want to do when you are really sick. That we can have such a wealth of medical knowledge and such amazing treatments for illnesses, and yet be so horrible at making sure that people have access to these resources is totally beyond me.

MRR: So, if people are wondering why you didn't come to their town yet, you will?

Ryan: We had to cancel six months of touring.

John: That was probably one of the most difficult things I've ever had to do. In one day, canceling the whole tour...

Ryan: Canceling a tour is a heck of a lot easier than booking it, though.

John: You've got a point. And of course, nobody's ever home when you're trying to book the damn thing, and that day I was really depressed, didn't want to talk to anybody, and *everybody* was home. I had to talk to like thirty people and tell them what was going on.

MRR: Do you feel that as members of a punk band, you are part of a viable community?

Ryan: I think so, and I think that is because we choose to be a part of a community. There are amazing people all around and by choosing to involve ourselves with them, whether through volunteering at the local club, or putting on shows at my house, or letting out of town folks stay with us when they pass through, we help create community. People who scoff at the idea of a punk community are the same people who choose to do nothing and therefore get nothing in return. That said, sometimes it is very depressing to look around at some of the people I am associating with by calling myself punk.

Scott: Yes and no. Yes, in the sense that we all are into the same basic genre of music and have most of the same political and ideological beliefs. But no, in the sense that the punk scene is broken into so many sub-genres out here. The hardcore kids hate these guys and the emo kids hate those guys and the straightedge kids hate these guys. In many parts of the country, all the kids go to all of the shows. they don't seem to see the boundaries like the kids do in the East Bay. I also feel a real sense of community on tour. people are always willing to put us up, feed and shower us, and show us their town after only knowing us for a few hours. That to me is community.

John: From a booking perspective, which is one perspective I may have an especially good view on right now, I would say yes. Of course there are always the flakes who make promises they don't keep. But the sheer number of people who have gone out on a limb to do shows for us, sometimes even before they've heard us, gives me a lot of faith. So I'd say this community is definitely very viable within

us, gives me a lot of faith. So I'd say this community is definitely very viable within its own ranks. And it really has very little to do with the overall trends of popular media: as we've said before, the more the mainstream sucks, the more viable the underground becomes.

MRR: Are you guys an internet-friendly band? A lot of punk rockers I talk to are anti-internet.

Ruairi: But those are the same people who were unwilling to put out a CD ten years ago. Now, yeah. They'll get with the times.

Ryan: And actually, e-mail has been a beautiful thing for dealing with promoters and people like that. It saves you a ton of money on phone calls. And keeping in touch with people you meet.

MRR: Are you guys pretty happy about Lookout?

Scott: Yeah, it's going pretty well so far. It all happened in about a week and a half.

MRR: It seemed like it was pretty quick to me.

Ruairi: It was pretty quick, for sure. Lookout's been really supportive, with Ryan's health and all. They've said, "Hey, you want to scratch the contract, or adjust it, or do whatever..." I don't understand a lot of complaints about them.

Scott: They are very up-front about everything, they don't do anything without asking us. They're very honest.

Ryan: Both Lookout and Kevin Army were really cool about letting us fudge deadlines, and work in really strange ways, and cancel studio time we had booked, and all kinds of crazy shit to work around my hospital schedule. That in and of itself was really wonderful of them.

MRR: Were you surprised by it? Was this what you expected out of a band?

Ruairi: I don't know. I think once Scott joined the band, we started getting serious. Everyone was kind of like, "alright, let's just go balls out and do it." I don't feel that we've gotten anything we haven't earned. If we didn't feel we deserved it, we probably wouldn't have taken it. I really mean that. If you write decent music and work your ass off, there's no reason why you shouldn't expect something to happen.

Ryan: You know, we're certainly not looking for some huge paycheck, because it's not there, it doesn't exist. There isn't the market for that kind of thing. But just to have somebody there who's supportive. You're out there on the third month of a tour or something, and it's nice to know that there are people, if you get in a fucked up situation, that are willing to help you out. It doesn't seem that weird to me. But a lot of things that would have seemed weird to me six years ago are pretty commonplace now.

Ruairi: I think I'll probably think of Lookout the way I always have.

Ryan: The small, funky local label.

MRR: Is Lookout where you want to be, or do you want to go past that?

Ruairi: This is fine.

John: We're happy.

MRR: Where are your favorite places to play?

Scott: Gilman, without a doubt.

Ruairi: Gilman is cool, when you're playing there, it's just got this neat vibe. I don't think we've ever played a sloppy show there. I always felt good playing at Gilman. I never felt nervous there. Fireside Bowl in Chicago is a lot like that. It reminded me of Gilman.

MRR: Except they won't let you bowl.

Ryan: Yeah, which is weird. Tempe Bowl, they'll let you bowl.

John: I bowled my best game ever at Tempe Bowl.

Scott: Santa Cruz is a fun place to play.

Ryan: It's also a very hard place to play, because all the shows get shut down.

Ruairi: Lots of small towns.

Scott: Oh, yeah. Chattanooga, and Asheville...

Ryan: We had a great time in Denton...

Ruairi: Asheville's a fun place. Kalispell, Montana. Places like that are a blast. We played a shed in Meadville, Pennsylvania. It was a sweat factory!

Scott: We played a pseudo-trailer-park in Kalispell that time, where all the family lived in various trailers around, and when the cops came to shut us down, all the family came out and were arguing with the cop, and made him show in the penal code where it was against the law to play music.

John: I think somehow Thomas Jefferson's name got dropped. It was a bizarre argument.

Ryan: And after the cop left, they circled their cars around the park so that the cop couldn't drive his car back in.

MRR: So, what are your plans for the future?

Ryan: Basically, my chemotherapy ends at the very end of September, and I should be feeling better by mid-October. And then there will be a mini-tour thing of the Southwest in November. From my standpoint, we need to do it, we really need to get back out there. We gave up on six months of touring this time, and everybody had already quit their jobs and everything, and it would be really nice to get back out there and feel like we're starting up again, putting this whole shitty thing behind us.

MRR: Any other releases besides the one on Lookout?

Ryan: There's the Cheetah's EP. And there's our first LP on New Disorder Records out of San Francisco. It's still available.

MRR: What are your goals as a band, and as people, "rebels", etc?

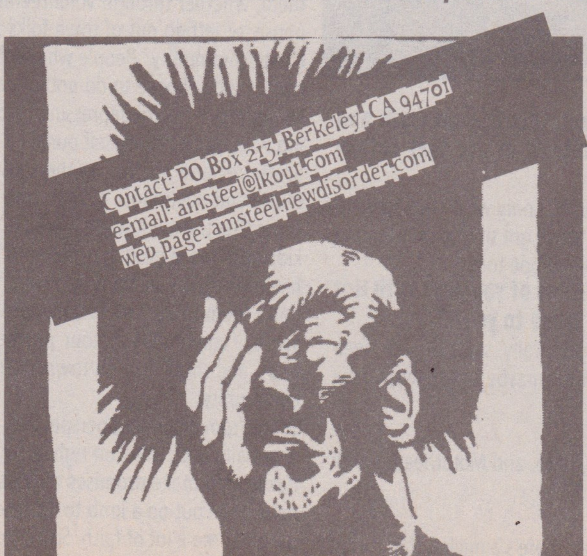
John: My goal with this band is simple: for as many different people from as many different walks of life as possible to hear our records or see us play or both; to tour incessantly, and to continue to meet amazing people around the country.

Ryan: I want to tour endlessly, I want to make more records and I want to do it all without stepping on other people or parting with our ideological roots. I also want to live to be at least forty. That would be nice.

Scott: Basically, for whatever we do we want to make sure Ryan is healthy. So we'll probably be doing short-and-sweet tours, instead of going out for fifty days at a time.

MRR: Any closing comments?

Ruairi: Yeah: we'll be back.



With the release of their hotly anticipated (don t you just love it when the kids are getting hot?!) debut CD "Caveat Emptor" ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET are no longer a secret (and they were never Chinese or ancient, well... too ancient). This trio of accomplished punk musicians are well on their way to reshaping the face of extreme hardcore with their brilliant mix of power violence and experimental eclecticism. You know I was dying to get an interview...Interview with Lydia Dodge (vocals) of ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET Interview by Jeb

ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET

MRR: So I guess the first question is how did this band go from being called DOCTOR BOMBAY to being ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET? And what is the reference of the name A.C.S.? I've heard speculation that it was from an old commercial... Sorry I'm pop culturally illiterate.

Lydia: We decided against Doctor Bombay because we researched the name and found out that there was some Euro-crap electronic guy already calling himself that, and we didn't think it wise. Ancient Chinese Secret came about when I was doing laundry and remembering the old (was it Tide??) commercial where the lady picks up her sparkling clean laundry and finds out that her Chinese laundry guy's *Ancient Chinese Secret* was actually Tide. Get it??!

MRR: Other than a few screams on Spazz records, is this the most intense hardcore band you've been involved with?

Lydia: Well, I sang on a few Stikky tracks and on MDC's ***Metal Devil Cokes*** album, but I was always more of a *trained* vocalist than anything else, which means I'm not a screamer --- it makes it an unusual situation because of my love for punk (yet there's no love lost between me and Power Violence, as Chris can tell you). I was hanging out with MDC about 12 years ago and they were doing a cover of *Politician*, and Dave MDC threw me the mike and I took it from there. Dave and I went on to do a couple of ad hoc projects and no other recording, but I did accompany MDC on their last trip to Europe and sang there with Dave on some later MDC material. I was blown away by MDC nerds in Croatia who asked me for my autograph because they read my name in the liner notes --I truly knew then how Slim Whitman felt when he was billing himself as something like ***the biggest thing in Luxembourg!***

MRR: You don't really like extreme hardcore, right? So what were the key elements you wanted to bring to A.C.S. to separate it from other extreme hardcore bands?

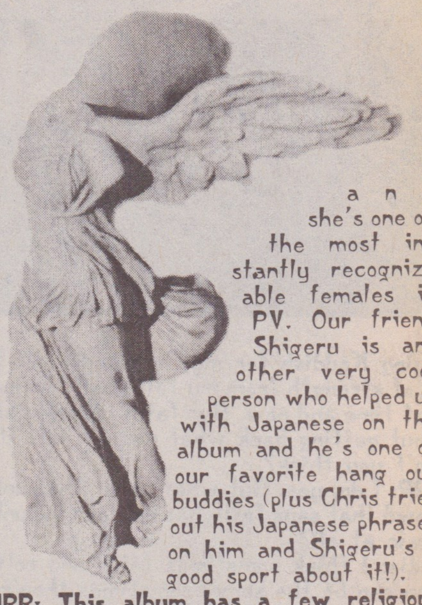
Lydia: Frankly, I'm not very well versed in the world of Power Violence (aka PV), so I didn't set out to separate it from the other bands in any way. I just wanted to do something different with Chris and Matt Martin, and PV happens to really be their bag. It's the first original project I've embarked on, and in a lot of ways it was exhilarating. There was no set prototype for the vocal style to fit the music.

MRR: You and Chris have been in other bands together but this is the first one that has released a CD, right? So does that mean this project is more *serious* for you?

Lydia: This is the first release Chris and I have done together that's not been a track on a comp or that I've just guested on. The idea was for Chris and Matt to do the music and I would write and sing all the lyrics (although Chris ended up on lead vocals on one of the songs). It was intense for me because it was my first stab at lyric writing and Chris cloistered me away on a couple of camping trips where I puked out all the lyrics in a couple sessions. Matt is very hard to get a hold of, so the future is hard to predict. I'd like to do more eventually, however.

MRR: Chiyo of Noothgrush is a friend of yours and helped with the Japanese on this album right? What attracts you to the language?

Lydia: As far as language, I'm not the Japanese speaker in the family, so that's a question for you-know-who. I will definitely say that I am a devoted Japan-lover and admire the culture, including much (not all) of its contradictions. Chiyo rocks, both as an artist and as a person,



and she's one of the most instantly recognizable females in PV. Our friend Shigeru is another very cool person who helped us with Japanese on the album and he's one of our favorite hang out buddies (plus Chris tries out his Japanese phrases on him and Shigeru's a good sport about it!).

MRR: This album has a few religious references. Whether it be your saying Kaddish in Quiet for the Choirmaster for your dad or the reference to the allegory of the rich man and the eye of the needle or the artwork. Is spirituality an important component of music for you (or Chris or Matt)?

Lydia: I can't speak for Chris or Matt, but this album had a lot to do (lyrically) with the time around my Dad's death. I have found lyric writing to be very spiritual, and I try to do it daily. The lyrics you have were written about 4 months after my Dad died, and much of it concerned what I was going to do with the chip off my Dad's crown that landed in my lap after he died and if I would again take up the torch of helping my Mom (who is disabled). The statue on the back cover was my Mom's gift to my Dad on their 50th Anniversary a few months before my Dad died, and the eye of the needle to me just meant the impossibility of meeting my Mom's expectations. I was raised in a very strong, tight, Polish Catholic family, and I converted to Judaism before I was married (of my own design; Chris is not Jewish). It's way complicated, but my Dad eventually came to tolerate my being Jewish, and my Mom, whom I moved from Chicago to live near Chris and me, understands it more now, too. My Dad was the organist and choir director at our parish in Chicago; hence Quiet for the Choirmaster . My Mom and I feel my Dad is still kind of around--there was a lot of intensity before he died; I accompanied my Mom and Dad, both strapped to gurnies, on a 3 hour ambulance ride when my Dad was very sick, and admitted them both to a nursing home. I missed just one day in 11 months

saying Kaddish for my Dad, and I got a lot of strength from my faith both during that time and now. But faith is really all about getting back what you put into it, don't you think?

MRR: I do, yes. But what about the punk crowd that says faith has no place in punk music at all?

Lydia: I think sometimes faith and religion can be the same, sometimes they're different, but it's all about context. Basically, I'm an artist applying myself to Chris' kind of art, and if my art looks like it's influenced by Judaism or whatever, it represents where I am when I'm writing something--it's like a snapshot of that time. I got into punk rock in 1978 (yes, I was young then) and the Dickies weren't dealing with the same subject matter as the Sex Pistols did--the Dickies were doing a Simon and Garfunkel cover. Is that subject matter very punk? But yet the Dickies were an old school punk band. Punk, I always thought, was about being who you really are and expressing yourself in a thoughtful way (or a clever and funny way, like the Dickies). The punk crowd who wants to edit content in punk rock might as well be sitting in some big leather chair at Sony, scoffing at what's not appropriate between puffs on a big cigar.

MRR: Are there any plans for A.C.S. to play live or record more?

Lydia: I wish I had a crystal ball. Matt hasn't even heard the album yet.

MRR: Wow! Really? Why not?

Lydia: We love Matt, but Matt's the Brigadoon of Power Violence. He's a bike messenger and we have paged him forever and have not been able to reach him. Now his pager number's not working. I love him, I miss him, I wish he'd get off his goddamn bike long enough for us to get together to listen to his amazing work, but it's yet to happen. Matt, we love you!!

MRR: How long was this album in the making? One of its strengths is the complexity and diversity of the music and it seems like it would have taken a long time to put it all together?

Lydia: Thanks! It was done in stops and starts, and I think it was done over about a year or 18 months' time. Chris will tell you it's because I'm temperamental and won't approve anything, and I will tell you that he's right.

MRR: Was there any debate amongst the band as to whether or not Slap A Ham was the best label to release the CD on? I think it is a perfect match but I bet for some people it is going to seem like a release that doesn't fit in with their preconceived idea of what a band on Slap A Ham should sound like. Is that what is behind the title *Caveat Emptor*?

Lydia: I personally didn't even think about it. Chris and I have a symbiotic relationship (gosh, being married and all) and this was his project as much as mine or Matt's. Chris and I and Matt were together in another band for about four years, and Matt is the mellowest person ever. Chris is still the label guy, though, and no amount of convincing either way will hold sway over him (we needed no discussion about this one, however). I know nothing about PV, as you know, but I do know that Chris will only release what he wants to release, no more and no less. *Caveat Emptor* is definitely tongue-in-cheek as a title. I'm interested that a lot of older punks are getting into it, which to me means that some folks I really relate to *get it*, which is completely fine by me.

MRR: The first time we ever met it was several years ago in a bar in San Francisco and you were telling me that one of your goals in life was to get Chris to eat olives (don't ask me why I remember this) so I'm wondering if you ever achieved that goal?

Lydia: Was that when I met you and Pam and had a couple glasses of wine and went into my but some of my best friends are Mormons rant? Am I an asshole or what??! Anyway, Chris will eat vegetables, and substances recognized as vegetable matter, only when I prepare them carefully and fold them between layers of meat or meat-ish foods (like chik patties). I think olives may still be an unknown quantity to him, and I think he likes it that way. (HI PAM!!)

MRR: Yeah that was when we met on Fisherman's Wharf because it was dark and I knew that was at least one place I wouldn't get lost on my way to. I don't remember you being as asshole. I was feeling bad because you guys had to drive clear across town because I was afraid I would get lost. I think Chris and I were giving you and Pam a hard time about being older than us and seducing us innocent lads. You do realize that Chris and I are wide eyed innocent boys with little experience in the harsh, cold world?

Lydia: Well, now that I think about it, I believe I had only one drink--although I thought it peculiar that you & Pam ordered only Sprite or some other alcohol-and-caffeine-free thing--then I was like, Hmmmm...they're from Utah, we're in a bar, they've ordered Sprite--aha! And San Francisco is no more than 7 miles in any direction, so your bad feelings were for naught... I guess Pam and I and others like us probably love you young men because you are so issue-free! Viva la jeune! That's yay--so vibrant! the young! Yup, sometimes these May-December romances actually work out.

MRR: My favorite lyrics on the album are on *Outburst*. The symbolism of volcanic eruptions and virgin sacrifices is exceptionally profound when used as modern social commentary.

Lydia: I'm glad--that's my favorite song on the album and Chris' least favorite--what does he know?! That's my only non-Dad-dying/non-family-situation song lyric on the album and I wrote the lyrics to fit the music. If you read something else into it that's cool, and I like to think that's what art is all about--what you get from it. Sometimes art and music can just be fertile ground for an open mind.

MRR: Any last thoughts?

Lydia: Just a huge **THANK YOU** to you, Jeb, and a shout out to all my homies who are into Crass Menagerie zine!!!!

HELVIS

MRR: The majority of people reading this won't have heard of Helvis- introduce yourselves and describe your sound.

Steve: The current Helvis line up is: Steve Watson- train wreck bass, Chris Marygold- subsonic death n roll guitars, Kevin Frost- skeleton wanking in a biscuit tin drums, and Daz Rivett- skull woken by shining lights at 3am vocals. Our sound is downtoned booze electric chaos, or venom with silly lyrics, as some ten pence japanese zine said- but what do they know? Venom kill- so do Manowar.

MRR: You all have pretty impressive and somewhat extensive musical backgrounds- but tell us what Helvis has to offer that no other band does.

Chris: Kev is a punk prostitute on drums and is currently in the Varukers and Nervous Tension, and has been in Cerebral Fix, Sick of the Bus, Hard to Swallow, and Metal Messiah! Steve Watson has done Iron Monkey, Consumed, Colostomy, and Drown with Kev also (not the European industrial metal Puff Pastry Hangmen). I was in Bombscare and The Sailormen and Daz was in Boston hardcore crew Urko.

Steve: Helvis has to offer an old piss-stained mattress with slight fire damage hardcore- shallow be thy grave. I hang around in Paris, waiting to whack your Bunoboe...

MRR: Ok, I can't ignore it- you've got to tell us about that chaotic gig in Nottingham that saw you prematurely split up a few minutes into your set.

Steve: Stuart Toolin got really drunk- got sacked. Dorian Walters got really drunk- got sacked. Steve Watson got really drunk and got away with it.

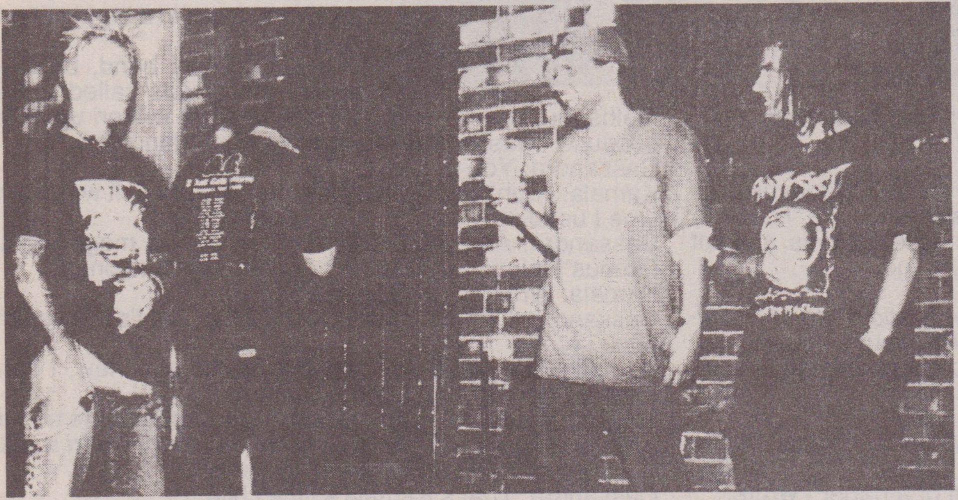
Chris: Me and Kev got drunk but could still perform! We downed Tools and walked off in disgust after 6 minutes of chaos. Videos of this 6 minutes of shame are changing hands for upwards of L50-00 in Nottingham.

Steve: And then we got paid- is this punk rock? It's a swindle as some asshole once said.

MRR: Since that gig you've restuffed the line up and I believe slightly changed your sound- as a band what do you hope to achieve? Any future releases?

Steve: Daz's vocals make a big difference. It's still detuned- can't play at concert pitch as it feels like smacking cheesewire, and Daz don't drink booze.

Chris: Fortunately the lyrics are different this time around- last time we didn't have any lyrics when we recorded and they were written late afternoon after the music was recorded and white cider and toolin behavior later. We have now recorded 5 new songs awaiting release as EP #2.



MRR: Personally I believe your debut EP to be a classic piece of extremely brutal, intense detuned hardcore, but speaking to you recently you say you don't actually like it. Why?

Steve: It's ok, like all bands say, it sounded better when it was recorded. But people like the sound of it so that's good.

Chris: I like the three we still play, "Church of Satan" in particular, but the other two can be saved for a Sailormen reunion.

MRR: If King Presley was still alive, and by some miracle asked you to record one of his songs with him, what song would you choose, and what do you think he would think of the final mix?

Steve: "Crying in the Chapel." I wouldn't change it in anyway because it rules. So I think he would like it. Then we would go to his hotel room with his ghost friends (Oliver Reed, Rod Hull, and Fred West) and drink white cider and shoot some television. Before that Elvis would whisper to me that I was the worlds greatest bass player- even better than Joey Demaio from Manowar- him with the glass eye. People talk shit about Elvis and they shouldn't. Without him there would be no rock.

MRR: It's fair to say that you're all experienced musicians, but music never paid the bills or bought you your own gracelands. Why do you do it and are you mad?

Steve: It breaks up the monotony of work/drink, and no I'm not mad, but I strangled a robin once.

MRR: Should cannabis be legalized? Should smoking be banned in public places?

Steve: Yes, pot should be legalized, if it came to pot smoking or boozing, I would choose pot 100% every time. Alcohol fucks people up- arseholes in shirts in town who can't handle booze. I drink like fuck but I haven't started or been in a fight since I was ten years old.

MRR: Name 5 punk/hardcore releases that should never have been released, and 5 you currently enjoy.

Steve: To be honest, I don't rate punk rock that much (by punk I mean Sex Pistols, G.B.H., ANL) probably cause as a youngster I used to get kicked to fuck by punks for having Venom records. They were macho glue sniffing tartan bumflap wearing twats. Punk rock is as heavy metal. Rancid is as amusing as Manowar.

Chris: My top 5 listenings at the minute would be Meanwhile, Hard to Swallow, Paw, Massive Attack, and Entombed. One release that should have come out, but hasn't yet, is 666 Dead- Watch this Space!

MRR: The millennium is approaching fast- how are you gonna celebrate, or need I ask- any predictions?

Chris: 99/2000 will be new year with Helvis as we have a gig at the Old Angel in Nottingham which will be amusing- how amusing will depend on what time we go on, and how much white lightning Mr. Watson will have consumed.

Steve: We were gonna go to Vegas but I fear the classic yank nutter with big bomb syndrome. Serial killers do it for the infamy- so what better name than the Millennium Bomber? I tell ya- New Years Eve is gonna kick off big style all over the world- I am Watsondamus!

MRR: Anything else to add?

Chris: Cheers for the interest in Helvis- if Genocide S.S. (Sweden) are reading this, please get in touch. Buy the new album by the The Fall (the Marshall Suite). That's all.

Questions: Ian Weird- Weird Records
Answers: Chris "Mary" Gold and Steve "Bear Grappler" Watson

Hers Never Existed

Hers Never Existed is a three-piece band based in Oakland, California. The ingredients are: Cassandra—guitar and vocals, Sally—bass and vocals, and Kamala—drums and vocals. Interview by Josh Carmen.

MRR: What does "Hers Never Existed" mean?
Cassandra: Do we all want to give our own interpretations?
Kamala: I guess. It means whatever you want it to mean. That's our standard line.

Sally: I agree.
Cassandra: I think it's obvious what it means. "Hers", what is that, a pronoun?
Kamala: It's a possessive adjective.
Cassandra: There you go, a possessive adjective.
Kamala: Never is a negation, and Existed is the participle of the verb "to exist".
MRR: Isn't that your cigarette?
Cassandra: Uh huh, but it could be hers, though. Her cigarette never existed, as an example (laughter). Everyone asks us if it's from His Hero Is Gone.
Sally: I would say no.
Kamala: And I'd say yes.
Cassandra: And I'd say it's not from them, but maybe was created as a response to things such as names like "His Hero is Gone." Because a lot of the time, things refer to His, and not Hers. So Hers Never Existed. There you go.
Kamala: Very well put, Cassandra.
MRR: And related to that, what does *A Static State of Developmental Disability*, the title of your new album, mean?
Kamala: (to Cassandra) You came to practice and said, "Look what I wrote on BART!"
Sally: And I said, "Oh, I like that!"
Kamala: And then we said, "Let's make it the title of our record."
Cassandra: It was going to be the title of a paper I wrote.
Sally: I think it was describing all our moods at the time, too.
Cassandra: There we go. Actually, the title was inspired by the strike of the Honduran Banana Workers in 1954.
MRR: What have been the major influences on your music?
Kamala: music some-

How mundane the punk scene is. I want to try to do thing different. Oftentimes I find I'm bored at shows, because most bands sound so similar nowadays. Maybe it's because I'm an old fart, or it could be that's the case with bands now. The sounds are too similar for my tastes.
Cassandra: Of course, we haven't reached that ideal yet.
Kamala: No, but we're working towards it, right?
MRR: I was thinking more in terms of musical influences.
Kamala: But to me, that factor is an influence.
Cassandra: I don't know if necessarily anything influenced me for this band. I suppose my musical influence comes from wanting to be a songwriter. I wanted to play guitar, not to learn notes, but so I could write songs.
Kamala: I wanted to play drums because there were no female drummers.
Sally: I listen to all types of music, but I don't know if any of it has an effect on my bass playing. This is the first band I've played with, so I'm learning with the band.
Cassandra: So I get to be the influence.
Sally: And Kamala.
MRR: What are your previous experiences in other bands?
Sally: I've played with people off and on.
Cassandra: You were in Buzz Meeks.
Sally: Briefly. I got booted.
Kamala: (sigh) I've got a long list.
Cassandra: But don't even bother with any of her bands, because Screeching Weasel wrote a song about her. That's the only important thing.
Kamala: It's the only thing that people know me for.
Cassandra: I was in a band called the Igloo Sect.
Kamala: Well, my band, before my first real band, was called Cadaver Fields, but we never played out. We got written up in *MRR* because I was writing the scene report. (laughter).
Cassandra: You're mean.
Kamala: I don't promote my bands very often. It was the only time I used my position of power to do that!
Cassandra: And of course I was in the all magnificent, all famous Malcriada. It doesn't need to be mentioned.
Kamala: What about Queen Mab?
Cassandra: Oh, of course. Queen Mab. That's the important one.
Kamala: And since I'm transcribing the interview, I can list mine if I want to (but I don't want to).
MRR: In your song "The Scene", you remark, "Is this a lull or is this the end?" Is the scene dead or is it in a lull?
Sally: Ask Kamala. She wrote the song.
Cassandra: That's Kamala's little child.
Kamala: It's an open question. Again, I don't know if it's my perspective or if it's what is really going on. But, I definitely feel there's a lack of energy, both on my part and what's going on in the punk scene. There's a tremendous lack of originality and freakishness. There's very normal people involved with it now—even if they look funny, that's all that's funny about them. There used to be less people involved in the scene but they were more extreme in terms of creativity, violence, and everything. Again, I'm old compared to most people in the punk scene. So I don't know if my perspective is that of an old person's, or if my perspective is what's really going on. I definitely think it's the end of the punk scene as it was originally done. It seems that every five years the punk scene goes through some sort of transformation. I has to, otherwise it would die. But I guess it's dead to me. It doesn't have as much meaning anymore and that's a shame because it used to mean everything to me.
Sally: So you're saying the song is more personal for you as opposed to it being the reality.
Kamala: I'd say it's both. There is definitely less alternative activities going on in the punk scene today than there has been in the past. That's fairly tangible. The whole explosion of punk bands getting famous got people into the punk scene who would not, under normal circumstances, be into looking like a freak.
Cassandra: But doesn't that go with the idea of not preaching to the converted all the time? What if a cheerleader comes to Gilman with her boyfriend who just got his first Rancid record? To me, that's a positive thing, because rather than her having

a negative influence on me or my surroundings there's a chance that the surroundings will have a positive influence on her. Maybe she's even there because of something deep down inside of her that's not satisfied with her life.
Kamala: In some ways I agree with that, but I believe that with the grand influx of so many people who are not freakish.... See, as a punk rocker, I was never interested in converting someone. Punk was a place where I could go and be with people who were like me. One of the things that differentiates the hippy movement from the punk movement is that the hippy movement wanted to encompass and wanted to influence everyone. What I like about the punk scene is the philosophy— "OK the world is fucked, I'm not going to try to change the world. I'm just going to do things the way I want to do them as opposed to trying to convince others of trying to do things the way I want them done." I wanted to have a place I could go where people were already in the same position; The people who were kind of freaky, who never fit in to what was going on. That's the reason why I got into punk and that's the way I view the punk scene.

Cassandra: I didn't really mean to convert. I'm talking about the kid in high school, maybe she is a freak somewhere deep inside, but she had been conditioned to play this game. It happens all the time, when you hear about the suicide of a twenty-eight year old who had this secret life. I agree with you. Sometimes you go to Gilman and it's horrible. Maybe it just needs time. Maybe instead of the end, it is just a lull and people are in the process of learning.
Kamala: Well, it's been a very long lull. I'm hoping it regenerates, but this is the longest low point I've ever experienced in the punk scene. Usually, a low point lasts two years then swings up again. This one is going on five years. There is a lack of sincerity in the punk scene.
MRR: If you had to put a label on your style of music, what would you call it?
Kamala: Punk.
Sally: Aren't we a Mexican Death Metal band?
Cassandra: I call it Emo, just because everyone hates that term so much. I like to use it.
MRR: What is true love?
Sally: Where did this question come from, Josh?
Cassandra: We study true love all the time in my Romanticism class.
Kamala: True love is when a boy brings a girl flowers and candy.
Sally: True love is how Cassandra shares her Halloween candy with us.
Cassandra: I think true love exists, but it's rare in this society, especially.
Kamala: The love that exists between my father and me is probably the only true love that will exist in my lifetime. I don't see true love existing between myself and, say, a lover. That's why I don't envision myself ever getting married.
Cassandra: Our society is so sexually based that I don't think true love is possible between lovers.
Sally: Most societies are based on sex.
Cassandra: Yes, but in our society, it's such a big deal. Other societies deal with sex in different ways than ours.
Sally: I suppose you have pure love with your mother.
Cassandra: No, I don't think so. I think I love her a lot, but I don't know about true love. I guess it's the closest I've been to true love. (To Kamala) So why is your father the closest you'll ever come to true love?
Kamala: We know each other so well. Some people you love but you hold their negative characteristics against them and so you don't love them as much. But with my father, I know his faults and I know about the messed up things he's done but I don't hold it against him. I'd still do anything for him and he would do the same for me. Same with my mother. I can't say that about anyone else.
Cassandra: That's true love, when you would do anything for someone, or die for them. Would you die for your father?
Kamala: And my mother, too. But that raises an interesting question, because I don't know what end that serves. If someone loves you as much as you love them, then dying for them is not a reality. I would do anything within my power to ensure that my parents were happy. I don't know if I could give that same guarantee to someone else.
Cassandra: (To Sally) Do you have true love with Brian?
Sally: Yeah, I have true love with him, and with you guys. I would do anything within my ability if you needed something.
MRR: This is turning into a Socratic discussion.
Kamala: Actually, it's Plato who had that idea of perfection and its existence.
MRR: Kamala, what has teaching at Berkeley High School done for you?
Kamala: It's been fine. I'm a bit of a fascist and that's surprising to me. I used to care about the students liking me but I'm now more concerned about making sure they have the skills for living in these times and that they are able to make informed decisions. Life is going to be so different for them when they get out of school as opposed to when I got out of school. Teaching is hard and emotional but I'm surviving it.
MRR: Are you planning to have children?
Kamala: No.
Sally: No, I might adopt.
Kamala: Yeah, maybe when I'm fifty, I'll adopt.
Cassandra: I don't know. I don't plan or not plan (laughter). I've contemplated it, and my boyfriend has children so I feel as though I already have children. I love them and I also babysit, but it'd be different. They're not my children, but I'm involved with their lives. I definitely like children and I wouldn't mind having one someday. I would definitely adopt if there were any need for that, or I would have a space where I could take care of children. It would depend on who the father is.
Kamala: Pregnancy is awful! After watching a video in eighth grade of a woman giving birth, I decided I would never do that!
MRR: Do you have any plans for New Year's Eve?
Kamala: I'm going up to my father's house and he has this funny idea about going out and painting an abandoned tractor in Napa in the early morning. He wants to paint it really pretty colors (sarcasm). Again, just for true love, I'm painting a tractor.
Cassandra: I don't think New Year's Eve is a big deal. According to other people, this one is nothing special. I hope to not be here in this big city. Maybe I'll be with my mother in Eastern Oregon or with Aris' mother in Mexico. Somewhere not here. Maybe asleep in my room.
Sally: Yeah, that sounds nice.
Cassandra: I'd like to be fucking a two-headed pony!

Hers Never Existed has a 7" out on Big Mama Records and a full-length LP out on El Sabado Records. The CD version, released by New Disorder Records, contains both the 7" and the LP. All releases are available through Bottlenekk Mail Order. You can write to us at PO Box 1161, Berkeley, CA 94701.

"I don't want mudslinging."

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL. IT BRINGS OUT A STRONG REACTION IN EVERY PUNK I KNOW. IT'S BEEN CALLED THE PUNK BIBLE MORE THAN ONCE. IT'S BEEN THREATENED TO BE USED AS SOMETHING TO WIPE ASS WITH PROBABLY JUST AS MANY TIMES. THERE ISN'T AN ISSUE OF FLIPSIDE WHERE IT ISN'T MENTIONED AT LEAST SIX TIMES.

nobody takes *MRR* seriously anymore,"

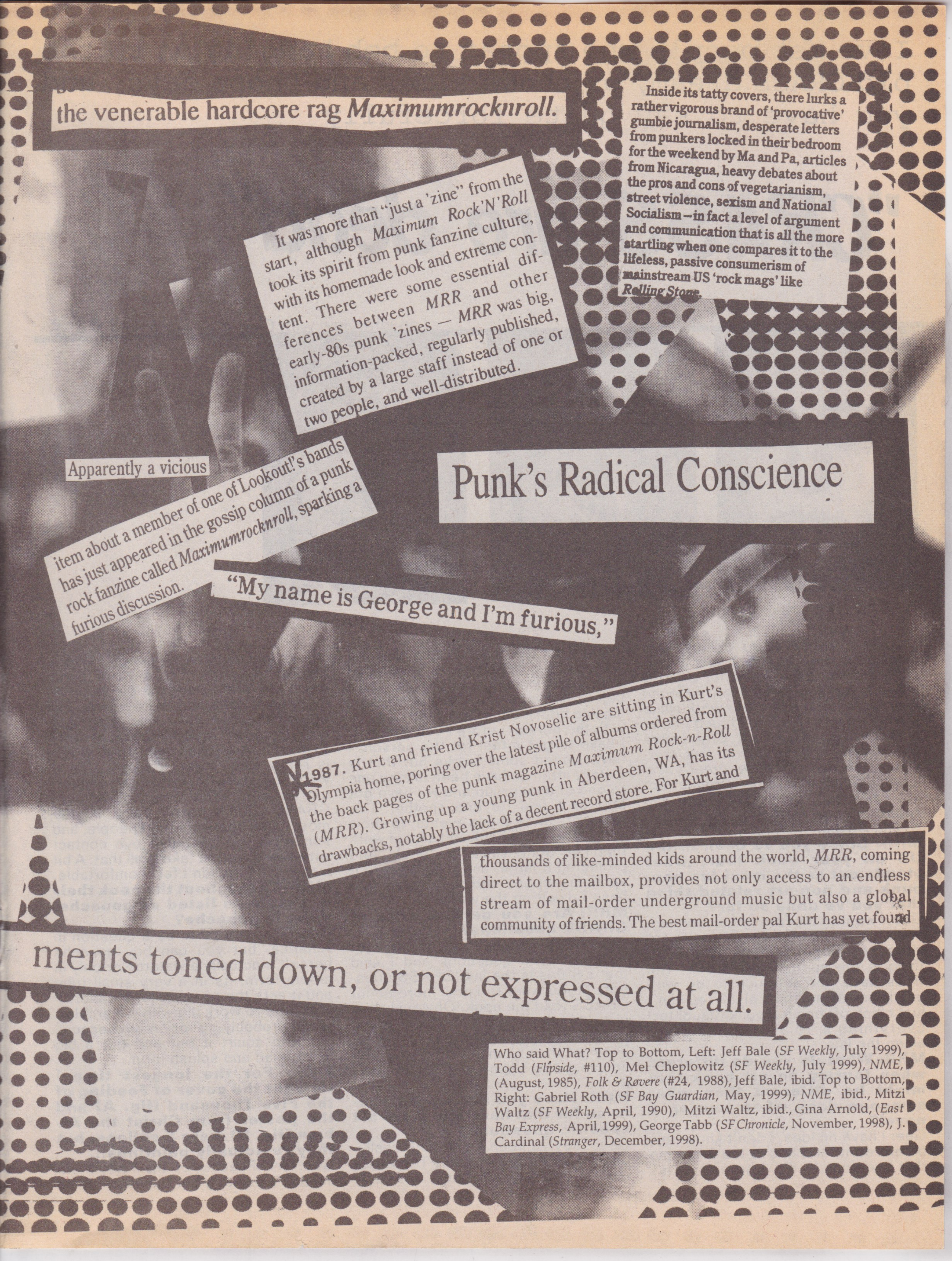
-Hva kan MRR ha betydd for Californias pønkscene? Bladet har jo eksistert nesten like lenge som man har kjent til pønk i California?

-Jeg veit ikke, men vi har nok betydd mest for the Bay Area, området rundt San Fransisco, ettersom Sør-California er som en annen verden.

Riktignok er det MRR sjøl som har produsert t-skjorta med teksten "I hate Maximum Rock `n´roll", men bladet er ikke bare elska.

MRR shifts over 10,000 copies a month, over 2,000 of which are overseas sales. It features 'scene reports' from Brazil, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Italy, Japan, New York . . . It is, perhaps, the first fanzine that could truly claim to be international both in content *and* readership.

like the anti-*MRR* senti-



the venerable hardcore rag *Maximumrocknroll.*

Inside its tatty covers, there lurks a rather vigorous brand of 'provocative' gumbie journalism, desperate letters from punkers locked in their bedroom for the weekend by Ma and Pa, articles from Nicaragua, heavy debates about the pros and cons of vegetarianism, street violence, sexism and National Socialism — in fact a level of argument and communication that is all the more startling when one compares it to the lifeless, passive consumerism of mainstream US 'rock mags' like *Rolling Stone.*

It was more than "just a 'zine" from the start, although *Maximum Rock'N'Roll* took its spirit from punk fanzine culture, with its homemade look and extreme content. There were some essential differences between *MRR* and other early-80s punk 'zines — *MRR* was big, information-packed, regularly published, created by a large staff instead of one or two people, and well-distributed.

Apparently a vicious item about a member of one of Lookout!'s bands has just appeared in the gossip column of a punk rock fanzine called *Maximumrocknroll*, sparking a furious discussion.

Punk's Radical Conscience

"My name is George and I'm furious,"

1987. Kurt and friend Krist Novoselic are sitting in Kurt's Olympia home, poring over the latest pile of albums ordered from the back pages of the punk magazine *Maximum Rock-n-Roll* (*MRR*). Growing up a young punk in Aberdeen, WA, has its drawbacks, notably the lack of a decent record store. For Kurt and thousands of like-minded kids around the world, *MRR*, coming direct to the mailbox, provides not only access to an endless stream of mail-order underground music but also a global community of friends. The best mail-order pal Kurt has yet found

ments toned down, or not expressed at all.

Who said What? Top to Bottom, Left: Jeff Bale (*SF Weekly*, July 1999), Todd (*Flipside*, #110), Mel Cheplowitz (*SF Weekly*, July 1999), *NME*, (August, 1985), *Folk & Røvere* (#24, 1988), Jeff Bale, ibid. Top to Bottom, Right: Gabriel Roth (*SF Bay Guardian*, May, 1999), *NME*, ibid., Mitzi Waltz (*SF Weekly*, April, 1990), Mitzi Waltz, ibid., Gina Arnold, (*East Bay Express*, April, 1999), George Tabb (*SF Chronicle*, November, 1998), J. Cardinal (*Stranger*, December, 1998).

I've met people who appear to beh hanging on to the old CRASS dream, of those times and those days, and you have to say quite forcefully

"CRASS are dead"

an interview with Gee Vaucher from CRASS

Gee Vaucher is a fabulous communicator. Her up front and direct skills are most evident in her CRASS artwork. Her subtle talents have found expression in much of her work since the breakup of CRASS. I found that at a recent appearance at City Lights Book Store, and throughout this interview, Gee demonstrated great vocal communicative ability. Translation: she has a lot to say and she draw and speaks it quite well. Interview by Tom H. and Arwen.

MRR: Since you've been in the US on your book tour, what stands out as the most fun non-punk and non-art related thing that you've done so far?

Gee: I went to the forest this morning. The Muir woods. But then I don't consider anything non-punk, the punk thing is the spirit in one's self. The trees have got as much to do with politicians as anything else. You can't just clock off being a punk. (laughter) Everything's related somewhere along the line.

MRR: What do you do different when touring an art book that might be different then what someone does when touring a novel?

Gee: I have no idea. I don't know how others do it, and this is the first time that I've done it. So, I haven't a clue about what the difference is. When it was first suggested it was suggested as a book signing, but that is just a pointless exercise to me. I don't mind signing books but it would take a while with the person before I could sign it. I have to get a feel for the person. I have signed some books but that is usually after we have been talking one to one or as a group and we have got sort of a feel for one another. I've tended to, in all these events, to show images from the book and a lot of work that I've done since the book. And projected it large, and then opened it up to questions and very often that hasn't dwelt on the work.

MRR: Are you getting a lot of CRASS questions?

Gee: There was one event where it got beyond seven questions and I said that's it this is the last CRASS question, if you want to know more about CRASS read the book. Obviously it is going to come from a lot of the young people. So it's no good just saying no. They get their chance within say, seven questions. (laughter). But that was it.

MRR: Have you had appearances so far that have had more art specific questions?

Gee: They've been a good mix really, they've all been different. There has been a different emphasis and fairly mixed, and so have the people. Which has been great. There have been some straight looking people, and the archetypal punk and there's been big age differences which has been very nice, because I really didn't know what to expect. And it has been small which is really nice. I was dreading that it would be some sort of stupid clamoring to see something to do with CRASS. But it hasn't been. At the most it has been about 60 people, and somehow you can keep eye contact with everyone and take in all that. A bit larger and I wouldn't feel comfortable.

MRR: Throughout the book their is a medium listed as gouache. What is gouache?

Gee: That seems to be a question in America, but you can buy gouache here. It's actually a watercolor only in cream form, its in a very small tube and it acts the same as watercolor. If you were to work big with watercolor, you'd probably go for cream because you can squirt it out and get a big brush load and splash it on.

MRR: For the longest time I thought the cover of Feeding of the Five Thousand (fig. A) and the poster from Christ the Album (fig. B) were a collage, but they're actually paintings...

Gee: The Feeding of the Five Thousand is a painting but the second one

Fig. A

this?
Gee: It was actually about, if I remember rightly, it was badly written, but it was quite a nice story. It was about a pack of cards and the ace gets lost and it gets taken to America and the joker flies off to try and find it. And it has an adventure because it gets stuck in peoples pockets and it comes against an angry mob in New York City. Anyway, the illustrations weren't used, the guy didn't like them. But he did use all of the chapter pictures which was my first introduction to a big publishing company that would just rip you off and not give you any money. (laughter)

MRR: When you were constructing the book, how carefully did you approach it, did you have a method to it?
Gee: Well, obviously I've focused on the CRASS work, that's the bulk of the book. But I really felt it had to be put in context with my own work, before and after. I just thought it would be more interesting for people to see where something's coming from and where it's going. The book now feels a little old, because I've done so much work since '97. But from talking to people they think that it gives a better insight to understanding CRASS stuff. As far as designing it, obviously I gave great thought to it, but I really couldn't technically do it the way I'd always done CRASS covers which was on a flat board. Technology has moved forward since the CRASS days. I was told it had to go onto disk which created a problem because I don't have much idea about computers. There were a lot of volunteers that stepped forward and that was great...and they did a fantastic job.

MRR: I have a few CRASS questions if you can

"you're wearing all the these patches, you've got all the records, you probably know more about CRASS then I do."

Fig. B

is a collage...
(some discussion as to what I'm talking about, and I show her the Christ the Album poster)
Gee: Oh, that's a painting, and it's probably the biggest one and the one I don't like much.

MRR: Any particular reason?
Gee: I think it is too fussy and trying to say too much. There are bits from it that really work well. But as a whole it is my least favorite.

MRR: Are the bits that you like the ones that are excerpted in the book? (fig. C)
Gee: Yeah, probably (laughter)

MRR: The book also feature some of your work before CRASS. There are some children's book illustrations. One of the ones that I was curious about was this. Is this a hot dog leading a coke bottle army? (fig. D)
Gee: Yes.

MRR: What kind of story went to

bear with me...

Gee: What does the symbol mean? No, please! (laughter) No, go on try me.

MRR: What was your role with CRASS?

Gee: I dealt with images and construction of the record covers along with other members of the band, because I'm an illustrator not a graphic designer. Certain members of the band have a much more graphic eye than me. I concern myself with the content of the illustration work. I made videos. Because the band was a multi-media group, especially on stage. So there would be a lot of moving images. There would be Mick's work, who made the super 8 films, which would be shown on the big screen above the band. On top of the stacks there would be two huge tv's that would show the same image from videos that I made. And they would be videos that went with songs and they would be continuously running. There were a lot of things going on. I made some tapes, sound tapes, that sometimes would run around the back of the band and into the hall. Lots of things really, wrote some songs. Everybody was doing a bit of everything, and that was the joy of it. Somebody would come up with something and that would be suggested and either used or not used, the criteria being if no one felt strongly against something it would be used, and if any member of the band felt strongly against it then it would not be used. Simple.

MRR: Did you bring your art to the other members of CRASS or did they bring ideas and concepts to you and ask for illustrations.

Gee: It didn't really work like that, it was much more organic.

MRR: Does the farm that you live at get a lot of unexpected or uninvited anarcho-punk pilgrims?

Gee: Nobody's ever not invited, everybody who comes through gets a cup of tea and invited in. We don't get as many people, wild bunches of punks coming over the hills that we used to, but occasionally we do. It's nice, because you get to hear ideas and see what people are up to.

MRR: No strange tales of people walking off with a fence post from the CRASS farm?

Gee: No, never ever had anything lost or stolen. They've borrowed things and never brought them back. (laughter) But that's a different matter. The sods. (laughter)

MRR: On this tour or elsewhere, have you sensed any sort of disappointment from people here that you aren't standing waving a black flag and throwing bombs?

Gee: I had no idea what I was coming into [on this tour], and whether people have felt that, "she doesn't look very punk, what has happened here, she's sold out." It doesn't concern me, because that isn't what it's about. I've met people who appear to be hanging on to the old CRASS dream, of those times and those days, and you have to say quite forcefully "CRASS are dead." You can look back on what we've done, and sadly things have gotten worse since then, but if you're inspired by CRASS use it as a platform for your own inspiration, but don't try to mimic and stay put. You won't get anywhere with that.

MRR: When I've spoken with some people who have seen you at some of your appearances, they've expressed a desire that I really lay into you. I think that some people have been concerned that you weren't the capital A anarchist that they might have expected.

(Gee giggles)

Gee: I think anarchy takes many forms. It has a traditional form and it has an academic form of all the people that you can read, that AK publish, from way back to now. But that has to be open to a wide translation as well. It can not be channeled only along those lines. I think CRASS did reinterpret anarchy, but I would say that the anarchy label was pinned on us, it wasn't something that we chose. We decided to play with that and expand upon that.

(after some conversation on what others are doing with the punk spirit)

There are things that I do in my private life now, that I consider undermine society. It's small, it's very delicate, I prefer to work that way at the moment. I find the issues of our bodies and our health are a very important subject, because if we don't stay healthy, what's the point of any of it? It is a very important thing and it should be running parallel with the most high ideas of anarchy, because I think they are all linked in some way. I've got a lot of things that I want to do and express. I'm getting older, I am forced to reconsider my health, my body, cause I want to get out there and agitate more and more. But I've chosen to do it in a different way. It's not the big world view for me at the moment. For different reasons it was forced into a very intimate dealing with life...parents dying, or fighting for your

Fig. C

home, its become a very one to one situation. But that doesn't say I'm not an anarchist. I still have enormous feelings for how to confront the crap out there. I'm just doing it in a different way. It hasn't got a great big "A" and a circle written on it. I don't consider that necessary. I actually don't like labels, I hate labels of any kind. I'm not a feminist, I'm not an artist, I'm not this that and the other. I do what I do. We categorize each other and sometimes we categorize each other to such an extent that no group can work together. You've got these disparate groups who say well this is more important, that's more important, you're wrong, I'm right. How do you get that fundamental energy, good energy, that we all really care about, to come together without these confrontations? We're all speaking from the heart here, I hope. We've all got a different take on it, but if we don't stick together and work it out, it's just going to break away again. And that always happens. How do you stop that happening, so we actually build, rather then we all go off in our little groups. Anarchists against Marxists against Socialists against Communists and all the rest of it. It's so boring, it doesn't bother me that I haven't got my "A" on, it doesn't bother me at all. It's a problem they've got. I actually did say that I never read a classical anarchist book, I don't think anyone in CRASS has. Does that make us morons? You can pick up the ideas, you can see the ideas, they fall in line and you expand the way you can. I still think it's important to sort yourself out in all that lot. If people have been upset by what I've been saying, I'm not going to apologize. I just hope they can see there is some worth in what I am trying to do, or what we are trying to do as CRASS now.

MRR: When my girlfriend and I talked about the disappointment that others have had with your appearances, we thought that they had an idea of CRASS as a band that brought anarchist thought to the people whereas we saw CRASS as a band with small "A" anarchist principles and beliefs but weren't handing out pamphlets or recruiting people to the fold.

Gee: Yeah, I think they saw it as hardline anarchist who belonged to the collective, and were out in the street handing out handouts. No, that's never been our way. We've never belonged to anybody. And it will never be our way. I haven't signed my name on the dotted line, but I consider myself an agitator.

MRR: What have you been creating now?

Gee: I am always fascinated, in all my work with the interaction of people. I've recently been working on ideas that deal with the sexuality of children and how our parent's really deny that in young kids, which is an issue that I feel quite strongly about. And it is also a very difficult subject...

MRR: What brought you to that subject?

Gee: I suppose just observing really, friends children, little five year old girls playing, and I was thinking wow, it's already there all the mechanics and yet our parents refuse to accept it.

MRR: (Arwen) Or in some sort of distorted flirtatious way, in a way that mimics adult sexuality...

Gee: That isn't healthy, "it's dirty, you shouldn't be doing that, you shouldn't be touching that." And then you think how does that work on us when we get older. That work has been running in tandem with some pictures I've been doing with animals, and the sort of way we interpret the behavior of animals and we always interpret it in a very human way, and we endorse, especially dogs who can sit up and beg. And that fascinates me about how we are with each other as humans.

MRR: (Arwen) How important do you think irony was in getting the message across in CRASS?

Gee: (laughing) I think it's very important and if you look at the history of political cartoons and posters, the irony and the black humor is straight in your face. The irony was always in CRASS but so was humor, but that was sadly missed. I think a lot of people really considered us as really poe faced and humorless, straight on the edge. That was really funny because the humor was always there, and the passion. We always felt that it was a way to get through to people,that if you can start laughing at yourself, start laughing at the painfulness of life, it's a better way of getting through it, rather then taking on this weight, this blackness, this angst, and dragging yourself through the problem. Very often if you can lighten up and laugh your way through it then it is easier. And it hasn't got any less value and you get to the same point and you haven't crucified yourself on the way....One young kid at one of [the appearances] came up and said "I hear you've all gone right wing." And I said "Oh, yeah, of course we have, we signed up for the Nazi party last week." He said "It's true then?!" I said "Look, do me a favor, you're wearing all these patches, you've got all the records, you probably know more about CRASS then I do. What do you think?" He was like "Well, anything can happen." (laughter) And I said, "That's true, but what do you think?" Then he said, "Is it true that Steve Ignorant goes around kicking pregnant women in the stomach?" I said "Where do you hang out? Take me there." (laughter) But he had great interest, even if it was wide off the mark, brought an energy into the group that provoked so much laughter and so the question wasn't stupid, curious but not stupid.

Fig. D

Gee's book Crass Art and Other Pre Post-Modernist Monsters *is available for $29 ppd (in the US) from AK Press, PO Box 40682, San Francisco, California 94140.*

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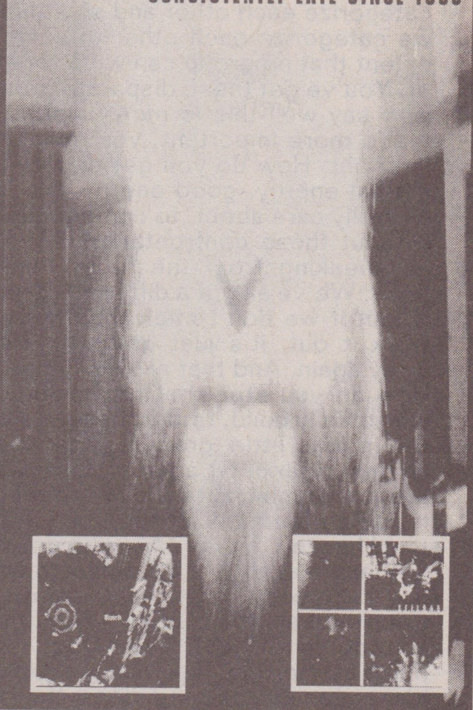

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happy november birthdays to: santos, metal mark, splifford, aaron harris, glenn,kelly monty, anne rymer, loretta roybal, and anyone else i can't think of at the moment.

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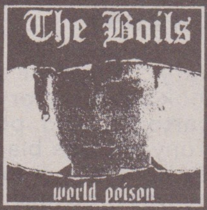

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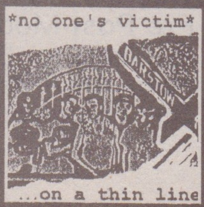

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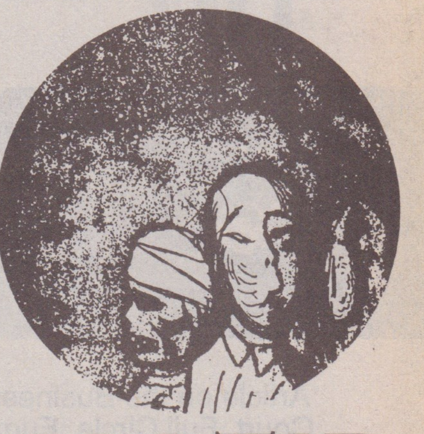

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MRR #101-200 BIBLIOGRAPHY

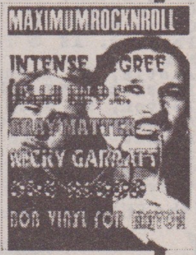
A hundred issues and eight years later, Maximum Rocknroll is still punching. Here, for your amusement, ridicule, entertainment, historical curiosity, is a bibliography of sorts of the past 100 issues. The first 100 were covered in issue #100. Going through each of these was like time traveling, seeing the highs and lows of punk over the past 8 years. These listings of the contents don't say enough. As telling of the times are the ads, the columns, the records reviewed, the layouts, the classifieds, the running conflicts, people coming and going. The magazine as a whole. MRR has changed a lot over those hundred issues, and is still changing, while keeping true to the ideals on which it was founded. Brace yourself for another 100 issues.

Compiled by: Arwen Curry, Chris Dunlap, Hal MacLean, Mark Murrmann, Mimi Nguyen, Paul Barger.

#101 / Oct. '91 - 128 pgs
Lunachicks, the Dread, Paganeaster, Avengers, Lost, Cowboy Killers. Article on Cuba, Epicenter Zone/Blacklist article. Scumpit: Really Red. Graphics: "The Pit" by Shawn Scallen.

101

#102 / Nov. '91 - 128 pgs
Intense Degree, Gray Matter, Nicky Garrett, One Blood, Cruel Elephant (club). Jello Biafra on Political Correctness, Bob Beyerle's mayoral campaign. Graphics by John Yates.



102

#103 / Dec. '91 - 144 pgs
Long Gone John (Sympathy), Apostates, Filmmaker Jon Moritsugu, Strongbox, Jeff Dahl, Didjits, Phelg Camp, Pegboy, Jesus Lizard, Urgent Fury, TVTV$. All You Can Eat tour diary. Scumpit: Germany. ? First New Band section with Eversor, Punishment Park, Tripwire and Brainless. First GirlsWomenChicks section. Sam McPheeters' first column.

103

#104 / Jan. '92 - 144 pgs
Article on the Business of Punk Rock. Freak Beans, Hammerbox, Bedlam Court, Full Circle, Fugazi, 23 More Minutes, Political Asylum, Twisted Red Cross, Dun-Delion. Graphics by Brian Walsby. New,improved "Chicks Are People Too" section.

104

#105 / Feb. '92 - 144 pgs
Nation of Ulysses, Bikini Kill, Screeching Weasel, Burning Bush, Davy Jones Locker, Spinners, Surf Weasel, Schleprock, Dr. Kaborkian Suicide Machine, Dickies. MRR questionnaire #2. Scumpit: Big Black. Graphics by Keyth Beck.

105

#106 / Mar. '92 - 144 pgs
Wat Tyler, Philippine Violators, Cynics, Molodoï, Dragon Libred, Deviators, Verbal Assault, Rice. H.E.A.R., Home health care article, Attica 20 years later. Scumpit: Florida, pt. 2. Graphics by Freddie Baer.

106

#107 / April '92 - 144 pgs
Safe sex issue. Naked Aggression, Golpe Justo, Dawson, Richies, Cross (first South American band interviewed), Nirvana, Fastbacks, Mono Men. Graphics by Brain Davis. First "Drunk Punk of the Month."

107

#108 / May '92 - 144 pgs
Fifteen, Dead Moon, Buzzov•en, Unsane, Hijos De Nadie, Spitboy, MCR Records, Fuck Geez. "The Constitution of the US: A Covenant With Death and an Agreement with Hell!" by Eric Wilson. Tattooing & Piercing. Scumpit: Canada. Graphics (& disdain) by Tim.

108

#109 / June '92 - 144 pgs
Absolutely queer issue. Pansy Division, Bruce LaBruce, Vaginal Creme Davis, Donna Dresch, Tribe 8. "Punk Identity/Queer Identity." "Coming Out-A How-to guide.", Queer Skinheads. Racist America Explodes. "Political Fantasy Manipulation." Scumpit: Texas.

109

#110 - pt. 1 / July '92 - 144 pgs
Punks Over 30: Steve Ignorant, Tom Pig, Tommy Strange, Al Flipside, Peter Plate, Big Frank, Bob Mould, Boff Presley, Brain Edge, Dale Stewart, Bruce Pavitt, Calvin Johnson, Dave Dictator, David Hayes, Dick Lucas, Murray Bowles, Dirk Dirksen, Doc Dart, Dolf Hermannstädter Jr, George Tabb, GG Allin, Glen Friedman, Greg Ginn, Ian Mackaye, Jeff Pezzati, Jello Biafra, Jim Testa, Juan Camacho, Jocelyn Fedrau, Joey Ramone, Joey Keighley, Jon Von Zelowitz, Al Barile, Leesa Poole, Mike Gunderloy, Steve Spinali, Metal Mike, Mr. Brett, Machiro Endo, Radley Hirsch, Pushead, Rob Wright, Ruth Schwartz, Ted Gottfried, Stephan Ielpi, Ted Falconi, Thurston Moore, Mark Andersen, Vic Bondi. Upright Citizens. Punx in Prison. "Nirvanification: The Death of the Rock Underground?" Results of MRR questionnaire #2. Scumpit: GG Allin. Graphics by Gan Golan.

110 pt.1

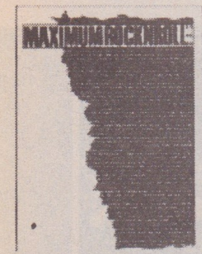
#110 - pt. 2 / July '92 - 144 pgs
A update on Bay Area punk rock with: J-Church, Wynona Riders, Rancid, Gr'ups, Aborted, Special Forces, Bumblescrump, Strawman, Johnny Peebucks, Eggplant, Gag Order, Paxston Quiggly, Lung Butter, Good Grief, George Hated, the List Man, Grötus, Jack Acid, Grimple, Jüke, Aaron Cometbus. "There Is No Natural Human Sexuality," by Ruth Hubbard. Scumpit: Japan.

110 pt.2

#111 / Aug '92 - 144 pgs
Real Cool Killers, Flux Of Pink Indians, Pollution Circus, Erica Beck-Boy Records, Superchunk, Cosmic Psychos, Shelley's Children, Simple Machine Records, Huasipungo. "Sexuality and Fascism." Scene Reports: WI, Lithuania, New Zealand. Scum Pit: Japan

111

#112 / Sept. '92 - 144 pgs
Amen, Nations On Fire, Pain Teens, Bimbo Shrineheads, Frogs, Rat-tail Grenadier, T.D.F., Steve Albini. History of NYC Punk Clubs. Fobia—Punk & Politics in Spain.Scene Reports: KY, RI, FL, Finland, NY, MI CT. MRR stops running 1/2 page ads.



#113 / Oct. '92 - 144 pgs
The Queers, Dare to Defy, Oswald Five-O, The Stalin, Slaughter and the Dogs, Contempe, Svart Sno, Pete the Roadie. Two Tales of the Americas: Cuba & El Salvador. "Professional" Punks. Belgium, Mexico, GA, So Cal, No Cal, Portugal, TX NB Scumpit: Ontario. MRR tightens the reigns on its musical coverage and stops reviewing metal/hard rock and folky shit.

#114 / Nov. '92 - 144 pgs
Election issue. Leatherface, Total Chaos, Jonestown, No Idea Records/ Fanzine, 8 Bark, SNFU, Moral Crux, PKRK, Flaming Demonics, Trying on the Overcoat, Malignus Youth, Unborn-SF, Transmisia, Vic Bondi, Hubert Selby Jr. Scene Reports: Austria, FL, Singapore, Poland, Australia France, PA. Meet the record reviewers!

#115 / Dec. '92 - 114 pgs
The Gits, Underdog Collective, the Undead, Smut, Mind's Eye, Thighmaster, Public Descent, Wallmen, Gas Huffer, Bugout Society, Bollweevils. Avoiding the Draft. "Scenes from the Drug War" article. Scene Reports: IL, AZ OH, Canada, SC, Peru, MA, NYC, ME.

#116 / Jan. '93 - 144 pgs
Diesel Queens, Bush League, Ken Sanderson, Nuclear Masturbation, Schlong, Karen Black, AOS3, Killing Time, Charta 77, Sleeping Body, Coprofilia, Social Outcast, Are We Dead Yet. "Getting the Point-Needle Exchange Outreach" article. Scene Reports: OR, DC, MD, CO Iran, TX. Bolivia George Tabb writes a guest column.

#117 / Feb. '93 - 176 pgs
New Bomb Turks, Los Crudos, Naked Angels, Antiseen, Bivouac, Hell No, La Souris Deglinguee, Taste of Fear, Sour Mash, Datapunk Records, Oiler. MDC tour in Russia. "Punks, Junkies, Alcoholics, Gangs, and the Mob in Russia." Scene Reports: FL, IL, WI, Canada, NYC, NCal. Policy restricting records and ads made in #114 no longer in effect. MRR free in SF/Berkeley!

#118 / March '93 - 172 pgs
Dan & Dave Punk, the Long Beach Scene, Last Man Standing, Tsunami, Geniuses of Crack, Par-64, Man is the Bastard, Didjits, Lou Giordano-Boston Producer, Vicious Midgets, Slave State, Slobs, Twist. Scene Reports: Singapore, NV, AR, Argentina, N Cal, CO, SoCal, Latvia. Scumpit: Japan.

#119 / April '93 - 176 pgs
Shyster Shyster and Flywheel, The Insaints, Blaggers ITA, Spoke, Hasil Adkins, Spit Muffins, Econochrist, Snair, Sham Pain (Puerto Rico), Spiderbait, Volpi Vodoplyassova (Ukraine), 16. "A Conspiracy of Blindness" article on the criminalization of marijuana. Scene Reports: NYC, USSR, IL, MD, Canada, NC, SC, NCal. MRR annual budget report.

119

#120 / May '93 - 176 pgs.
Luk Haas, Avail, Cockpit, Sugar Shack, Jawbreaker, Groovie Ghoulies, Supercharger, Lumpin Proletariat, Fobia Estatal (Puerto Rico), Negu Gorriak (Basque, Spain), *Trust* zine (German), British Anti fascism, Pook P.I. (cable access punk show). Scene Reports: Finland, WA, Canada, NJ, Yugoslavia, SoCal. Scumpit: The Stalin (Japan). Guest column: Lefty Hooligan.

120

#121 / June 1993 - 176 pgs.
Inflatables, Crust, Machismo, Facepuller, Positive Greed, Lockjaw, Tilt, No Joke, Rancid Hell Spawn, Christy Coleord and Mary Jane Weatherbee of Lookout UK. "Emo Boy's Guide to Thrift Store Shopping." Scene Reports: WA, MN, France, WI, Bulgaria, KY, Czechoslovakia. Guest column: Lefty Hooligan.

121

 # 122 / July '93 - 176 pgs.
Schwartzeneggar, Pilgrims, Grey Spikes, Smear, House of Faith, Velocity Girl, Pleum, Subterranean Records, Desert Culturel (France), Sparkmarker, Rhythm Collision. Scene Reports: N Cal, So Cal, Singapore, TX, FL, NH. MRR no longer free in SF/Berkeley.

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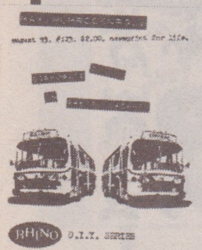


 # 123 / August '93 - 176 pgs.
Bombs for Whitey, The Hidden, Quincy Punx, Plainfield, Green Popsicle, Wordbug, False Sacrament, (ego), Mersault, Lungfish, "Everything You Ever Wanted To Possible Know About An Engagement Agreement" (booking how-to). IL, TN, Canada, Albania, IN, NC, SC, FL, SoCal. Shitworker of the Month: Ayn Imperato. MRR News returns.

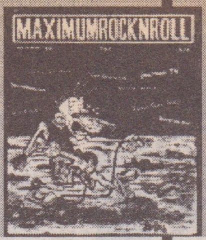
123

#124 / Sept. '93 - 176 pgs.
GG Allin, The Unknown, Ruts, Crocodile Stink, Jackknife, Shotmaker, Garlic Boys, Bollweevils, Aisha Khan (graffiti artist who builds people out of meat). MRR provides a multiple-choice complaint letter - just fill in the blanks.Scene Reports: Canada, Finland. Shitworker of the Month: Bruce Roehrs.

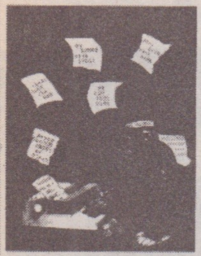
124

 # 125 / Oct. '93 - 176 pgs.
Quest of the Moon Breed, Chaos UK, Not So Happy, Blindfold, Standco: A Noise Coalition, Baka Mono, Crazy Fucked Up Daily Life, BAP (Basque, Spain), Disco Biscuit, Malachi Krunch, Peter Bagge (*Hateball* comic). Scene Reports: Israel, PR, Holland, WA, OH.

125



 # 126 / Nov. '93 - 176 pgs.
The Gears, Sad Pygmy, Teengenerate, *Indianarchy* zine, Moving Targets, R.B.F. International Records (Japan), Voodoo Glow Skulls, Sinister Six, George Tabb ("Destroy Television" weekly NYC punk show). Literary Punk Interviews: Ayn Imperato / Andromeda Press, David McCord, Bucky Sinister. Scene Reports: Wales, Norway, France, OR, Canada. Shitworker of the Month: Steve Spinali. Scum Pit: Japan. Lefty Hooligan's column begins in the MRR News section.

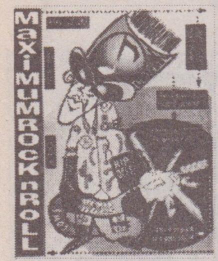


 # 127 / Dec. '93 - 176 pgs.
Aim Your Dick, Hellbender, The Dots, Lydia Lunch, Backlash, Struggle, Apocalypse Hoboken, Claude Bessy and Phil Winstanley / *Slash* magazine, Stovebolt, Crunt, Boss Hog, "Violence Against Women" article. Scene Reports: Czechoslovakia, NJ, WA, Armenia. Shitworker of the Month: Joe Donohoe.

 # 128 / Jan. '94 - 176 pgs.
Les Thugs, Horsey, Face Value, Policy of Three, Small, Strain, All You Can Eat, No Humans Involved, punk rock SF sheriff Michael Hennessey, Sarah Dyer / *Action Girl* & *Mad Planet* . "Maelstrom: The Futility of the War on Drugs." Scene Reports: UK, PA, SoCal, Holland. Shitworker of the Month: Natasha Riggins.

 # 129 / Feb. '94 - 176 pgs.
Punks at Work Issue ("Punk Day Jobs and Other Examples of Slavery and Insanity"): "Unusual Jobs: Spare Changer & Porno Theater Janitor," "Shove This Job Up Your Ass! Understanding Work and Capitalism," "Punks Who Love Work / Punks Who Hate Work," interviews with 13 punks about their day jobs (including Jim & Debbie Goad, Mike Saunders, Queen Itchie, Joe Queer), "Cool Punk Jobs" (including Mordam, Good Vibrations, Lookout, Cinderblock, AT, and more). Scene Reports: CO, Peru, KY, TN, NY Zine of the Month: *I'm So Fucking Beautiful.* Shitworker of the Month: Smelly Mustafa.

 # 130 / March '94 - 176 pgs.
The Wretched Ones, Spiral Objective Mailorder Distribution (Australia), GOB, Zipgun, Borax, Harriet the Spy, The Gun Club, Tar, The Meteors, New Bomb Turks, ABC No Rio, Sandow Birk (political painter). Scene Reports: Middle East, Internet, Germany Zine of the Month: *Hardware.* Adrienne Droogas starts a column. Classifies divided into music and non-music related categories.



 # 131 / April '94 - 176 pgs.
The Gits, Disgrace (France), Cows, Devil Dogs, Cornershop, Holy Rape, PPz30 (Belgium), Tom Johnny Thunders, Cara de Nada, Icom / *Cybertek: the Cyberpunk Technical Journal*, The Rip-Offs, Rev. Nørb. "Mad Vlad: The Rise of Fascism in Russia." Scene Reports: Spain, MA, IN France, So Cal Policy changes—the creation of the Coordinator position is announced and Tim Yohannon discusses columns policy, specifically Jeff Bale's political turn toward the Right, and explains why Jeff Bale's last column will appear in the next issue.

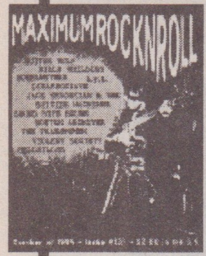
 # 132 / May '94 - 176 pgs.
The Freeze, Spore, UXA, Whatever..., Brainstorm, Tongue Man (British queercore band), Parasites, Stand Up. Zine of the Month: *Positron.* "Your Recording Sucks!" (record engineering),Scene Reports: No Cal, Italy, IL, Ia, NB side-by-side debate between Jeff Bale and Tim Yohannon called "America Unglued: Two Views" (Jeff Bale's last column). Annual MRR financial report.

 # 133 / June '94 - 176 pgs.
"Some of Your Friends Are Already This Fucked. Everything You've Wanted To Know About Major Labels": "How the Game Works," "Corporate Rock, Punk?", "What's A Mata, Dor?" Rights Reserved, Capital Punishment, The Hates, Humungus, Haggis, Blueprint, Headhunters. Scene Reports: Bolivia, NC, SC, Latvia Zine of the Month: *Budget*. Scumpit: Germany. New ad policies announced.

 # 134 / Jul '94 - 176 pgs.
All Japan Issue. Japanese Book Your Own Fuckin' Life section. HG Fact Records, Senseless Apocalypse, Out of Touch, Jack with Killer, Snuffy Smile Records, Lefty. Copass Grinderz, Side Order, Volume Dealer, Def Master, Akane Nakamura / *Fringe* (zine), Beyonds, Iconoclast, Death Side, God's Guts, Thunderbolt, Rabia. Scene Reports: Japan Zine of the Month: *Drastic Solutions*. Scumpit: Japan, of course.

 # 135 / Aug. '94 - 176 pgs.
Punks in the Military. (Impatient) Youth, Carburetor Dung, Toxic Shock (record label / store), The Screaming Bloody Marys, Timescape Zero, Mouthpiece, Makers, Monitors. Series of short pieces by punks in the military. Scene Reports: CO, NY, DE Zine of the Month: *Ideal for Living*. Scum Pit: The Queers. Ayn Imperato starts a column. New ad policy in effect—no more 1/2 page ads.

 # 136 / Sept. '94 - 176 pgs.
Mukilteo Fairies, The Shatners, NRA (Netherlands), Tourettes, Buck Naked Karate Girls, Logical Nonsense, Fireworks, Smears, interview with Ben Hamper (an unemployed auto worker in Michael Moore's *Roger & Me* and punk rock old-timer), Homocore Chicago. Scene Reports: Japan, Czech republic, Australia. Scum Pit: Belgium.



 # 137 / Oct. '94 - 176 pgs.
Jack Kevorkian and the Suicide Machines, Boxhampsters, Billy Childish, AFI, Sound Bite House (record label), Hellbillys, Guitar Wolf, Boston Archives (video archive of shows), Violent Society, No Demuestra Interes (Argentina), Disassociate, Trashwomen, Spider Babies. Scene Reports: Phillipines, Holland. Zine of the Month: *Wrong*. First "Pioneers in Punk," giving props to the likes of Sun Records, Chess Records, Link Wray, Dale Hawkins, Chuck Berry, Wanda Jackson and more.

 # 138 / Nov. '94 - 176 pgs.
Skull Control, Good Riddance, Spent Idols, Crutch, The Statics, The Ramdumbs, Public Nuisance, Kent 3, Stretford, Front-X, Earl's Family Bombers, Iggy Scam. "A Beginner's Guide to Putting on Shows, Part 1." Scene Reports: Ireland, LA. Zine of the Month: *All Too Human*. Pioneers of Punk: The Cramps. Katy O'Dell's last column.

 # 139 / Dec. '94 - 176 pgs.
Portraits of Past, Vandals, Hammerhead, Sexton Ming, Decadence, Cocknoose, Willies. Tom Guido / "Guided' Tour of the Purple Onion" (SF venue), "A Beginner's Guide to Putting On Shows, Part 2." Scene Reports: MI, SoCal, OK. Zine of the Month: *Tidbit*. Pioneers of Punk: Velvet Underground.

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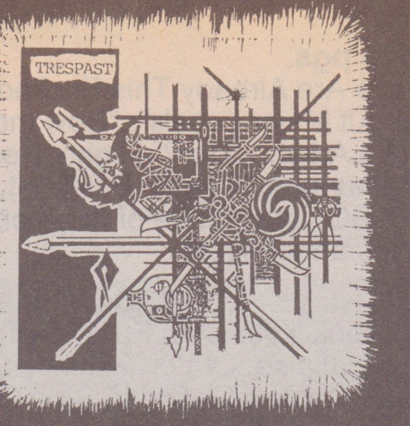

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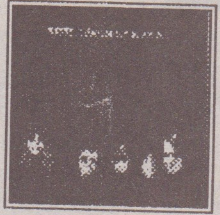

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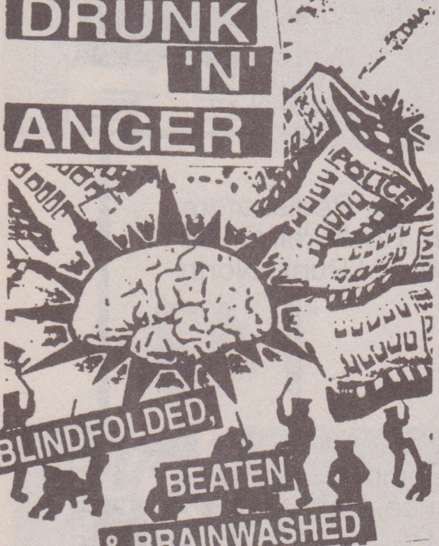

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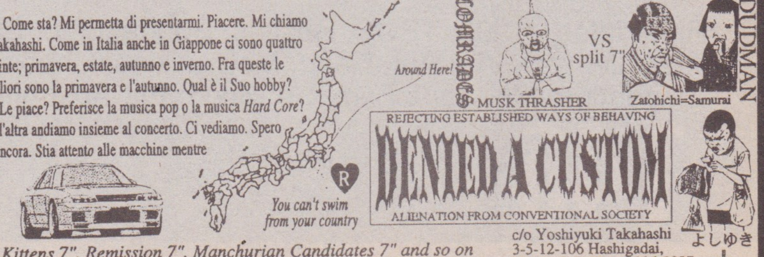

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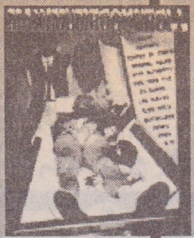
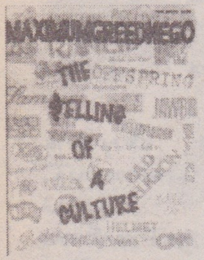
 # 140 / Jan. '95 - 176 pgs.



En Guard Records (Quebec), Abdomens (France), Zoinks, Gloo Girls, With Authority, Los Huevos, Scared of Chaka, Immoral Squad, Buttafuoco, Dog Food Five (Germany), Siren, Gaunt, A-10, "A Beginner's Guide to Putting on Shows, Part 3." Scene Reports: DC, Brazil, Indochina. Zine of the Month: *Zips and Chains*. Lefty Hooligan's column moves out of the MRR news and joins the rest of 'em.

140

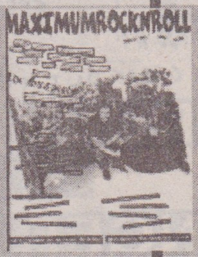


 # 141 / Feb. '95 - 176 pgs.

Bert, Ida, Bons A Rien (Quebec), Spazz, Universal Order of Armageddon, No Knife, Black Fork, Sillies, Lawnsmell (Australia), Drunk In Public. "Route 666: The Route to Corporate Media." Scene Reports: Italy. Zine of the Month: *Greedy Bastard*. Pioneers of Punk: The New York Dolls.

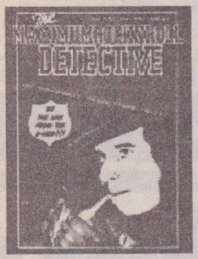
141

#142 / March '95 - 172 pgs



Ben Weasel eats his hat. No Token, Seizure Boy, Oblivians, Bunny Brains, Suspects, Demolition Doll Rods, Guzzard, Doctors, Terrorgruppe, Mouth Full, Hellbender, Vultures, Scene Reports: Cuba, NY, TX, UK. *Extent* zine.

142



#143 / April '95 - 172 pgs

Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Chris Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, *Attitude Problem* zine. Maximum Rocknroll Crime Stories. Scene Reports: Italy, Argentina, MI. Pioneers of Punk: Northwest Noise.

143

#144 / May '95 - 172 pgs

Piss Shivers, Back With A Bung!, Screamer, Nekhei Naatza, US Bombs, Jayne County, Stitches, Loudmouths, Fightingcause, Price of Silence, Bob Suren/Failure Face, Circus Ridiculous. Scene Reports: Malaysia, PA.

144

#145 / June '95 - 172 pgs

Ted Rall, Harries, Rejects, Tina Age 13, Screw 32, Badger, Conflict, No Empathy, Bob Cutler/Slackjaw. Scene Reports: NoCal, Czech Republic, IL, Wales. *Commodity* zine. Pioneers of Punk: MC5.

145

#146 / July '95 -172 pgs

Riverdales, 10-96, TPOS, Bristles, Spanakorzo, Express of Fur, Underhand, Schleprock, Aut Aut, Head, McCrackins, Chaos Days, Scene Reports: Argentina, MN *Sank Fud* zine. Scum Pit: Australia. First "Chopping Onions" column.

146

#147 / Aug. '95 - 172pgs
Swingin' Utters, Skonk, Mickey and the Big Mouths, Norman Mayer Group, Overbass, Respect, Undesirables, Das Klown, Nothing of Merit, Lunkhead. Scene Reports: Southeast Asia. Pioneers of Punk: The Stooges.

147

 # 148 / Sept. '95 - 176 pgs.
Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scott Radinsky of Ten Foot Pole and the Chicago White Sox, Wizo (Germany), The Bollocks (Malaysia), The Shitworkers (Malaysia), Opposition Party (Singapore), Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial (Argentina), Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins. Scene Reports: New Zealand, PA. Pioneers of Punk: Sixties Punk Kings.

148

 # 149 / Oct. '95 - 176 pgs.
Campus Tramps, "Joe Kidd: The Godfather of Malaysian Punk," Richard the Roadie, Bad Luck Streak, Chumpslap, Diferentes Actitudes Juveniles (Argentina), The Humpers, pet UFO, No Violence (Brazil), Manic Hispanic. Scene Reports: FL, Ireland, UK. Pioneers of Punk: Sixties Punk Kings, Part 2."

149

 # 150 / Nov. '95 - 176 pgs.
New York Loose, Splatterheads, Pipe, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Snap-her, Pregnant Men (Hong Kong), Sick Boys (Ontario), Smellie Fingers. Scene Reports: HI, Canada. Pioneers of Punk: Essential 50s. MRR changes announced: new columns, new ideas for 'em, including the "Fourth Reich" column.

150

 # 151, Part 1 / Dec. '95 - 132 pgs.
Padded Cell, Pleasure Fuckers, Supersnazz, Discordance Axis, Squirtgun, 100,000 Body Bags (UK), Diaboliks (UK), Titans (Japan), Misfits. Scene Reports: Phillipines, UK, VA, OH.

151 pt.1

 # 151, Part 2 / Dec. '95 - 132 pgs.
My White Bread Mom, The Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead (UK), Serpico, Trick Babys, In/humanity, Stains (UK), Lowdowns, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, Beatnik Termites (exam for bass player), "The Hardcore Films of Richard Kern."

151 pt.2

 # 152 / Jan. '96 - 176 pgs.
Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottomfeeders, Slip, Turbonegro (Norway), Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records (UK), COm-fract (Australia), Dead End Kids. Scene Reports: France, Latvia, Holland. Zine of the Month: *Strange Fruit*. Scumpit: Florida. Pioneers of Punk: The Heartbreakers. The interchangeable-author "Jobs" and "DIY Helpful Hints" columns launched.

152

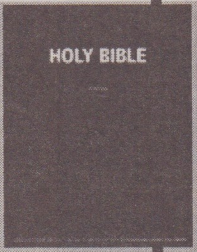
 # 153 / Feb. '96 - 176 pgs.
Snort (New Zealand), Hachetface, ADZ, Karen Monster, NOTA, Little Ugly Girls (Australia), Stun Guns, Gutfiddle, Dimestore Haloes, Oxymoron (Germany). Scene Reports: SoCal. "Uncle Sam and the Swastika" (Fourth Reich column as an article). Brian Edge discusses the closing of Blacklist Mailorder in a guest column. Mark Hanford begins his "NetPunk" column, and Brendan White begins a column on the law and the legal system.

153

 # 154 / March '96 - 176 pgs.
The Motards, Subincision, Stisism, The Donnas, The Stallions, Count Backwards, Final Warning. Scene Reports: SoCal, TX, VA. An installment of the "Punk Crime Stories" column. Pioneers of Punk: Instrumental Madness and the Damned.

154

 # 155 / April '96 - 176 pgs.
Hockey Teeth (Ontario), The Surfin' Turnips (UK), Pussy Crush (UK), Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifter, Slight Slappers (Japan), Third Degree (Canada), Anti-Flag. Scene Reports: Canada, FL. Plamen Petkov's tax form, "The Knights of Malta." Lali Donovan changes her column header.



155

 # 156, Part 1 / May '96 - 144 pgs.
Fumes, Public Toys, Crunch, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Nails of Hawaiian, Splash Four (France), Yawp! (Netherlands), Lifetime, Sickoids (Italy). Scene Reports: FL, MI, Australia. Pioneers of Punk: the Boston Scene. Dave Dictator starts a column, another installment of the "Punk Crime Stories."

156 pt.1

 # 156, Part 2 / May '96 - 144 pgs.
All-Australian Special. Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT (zine), H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal Records, Issue 1, Clinton Walker.

156 pt.2

 # 157 / June '96 - 176 pgs.
Sons of Hercules, the Heroines, the Criminals, the Rudiments, the Brain Bats, Chinese Millionaires, Your Mother, Against All Authority, Yellow Scab, Wardance. Scene Reports: WA, Canada. More installments in the "Punk Crime Stories" and "Jobs" columns. Zine of the Month: *Ten Things Jesus Wants You to Know.* Pioneers of Punk: Sham 69.

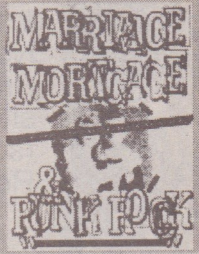
157

 # 158 / July '96 - 176 pgs.
The Gain, the Process, Brother Inferior, the Problematics, Judge Nothing, Ashlet Von Hurter and the Haters, Working Stiffs, the Break-ups, "Not For Rent: Conversations with Creative Activists in the UK." Scene Reports: No Cal, Yugoslavia, Scotland. More "Punk Crime Stories" and "Jobs." Zine of the Month: *Playbat* (UK). Pioneers of Punk: Buzzcocks.

158

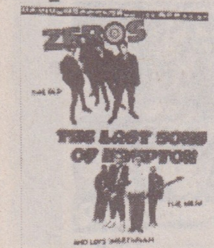
 # 159 / Aug. '96 - 176 pgs.
The Smugglers (Vancouver), the Tone-Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spock, David Hayes / Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side (Yugoslavia), Vox Populi (Yugoslavia), Fun People (Argentina), Fat, Drunk & Stupid, BrandNewUnit, Death Wish Kids. Scene Reports: NoCal, Holland, Latvia. Pioneers of Punk: The Dickies. "Pioneers of Punk" also surfaces as a column this month, with another installment of "Jobs" as well.

 # 160 / Sept. '96 - 176 pgs.
The Automatics, Boycot (Holland), Toast (Japan), Morning Shakes, the Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Apocalypse Babys (UK), the Business (UK), Good Riddance. Scene Reports: Hawaii, Yugoslavia. Zine of the Month: *Temp Slave*. Pioneers of Punk: Eater. More "Punk Crime Stories," "Jobs," "DIY Helpful Hints" (starting a club), and Sarah Zimmerman changes her column header.



 # 161 / Oct. '96 - 176 pgs.
Jet Bumpers (Germany), Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido (Puerto Rico), Red #9, Nothing Cool, Gob, Sink (Japan), Sires (UK), Newton Grunts (Scotland). Scene Reports: OR, OH. "Jobs" and "DIY Helpful Hints" (zines). Pioneers of Punk: Ohio 1977.

 # 162 / Nov. '96 - 176 pgs.
Candy Snatchers, the Phantom Surfers, the Stain, Panic, the Hysterics, National Guard, Torches to Rome, Restos Fosiles (Argentina), Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty. Scene Reports: UK, DC, Canada. Pioneers of Punk: LA 1977 (Bags, the Dils, Weirdos).



 # 163 / Dec. '96 - 176 pgs.
The Last Sons of Krypton, The Prostitutes, Wig Hat, The Boys (UK), Let it Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, The Zeros, Deadcats (Vancouver), Teen Idles. Scene Reports: MI, AL. More "Jobs" and "Punk Crime Stories," Richard Owens and Adrienne Droogas have new headers, and Ted Rall (regular cartoonist) gets a column.

 # 164 / Jan. '97 - 176 pgs.
Naked Aggression, Lil Bunnies, Sparkle More, Tab Hunter, Bar Feeders, Jabberwocky (Netherlands), Auto Control (Argentina), The Hookers, Epileptix, Acrid (Ontario), "Ten Years of Gilman." Pioneers of Punk: The Vibrators. "Jobs" and Matt Average does his last column. Cover price raised to three bucks.

 # 165 / Feb. '97 - 176 pgs.
Blanks 77, Savage Malignant (UK), Emily's Sassy Lime, The Real McKenzies (Vancouver), The Millionaires, DropKick Murphys, Chris Spedding / Other People's Music Project (Toronto), The No-Talents (France), The Hives (Sweden), Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi (Japan), The Freeze. Scene Reports: WI, Las Vegas, Ireland. Pioneers of Punk: Richard Hell. Zine of the Month: *Migraine*. Larry/Genetic Disorder and Tom Hopkins start columns, Lefty Hooligan changes his header.

 # 166 / March '97 - 176 pgs.
Walking Abortions (UK), Hickey, '77 Spreads (Italy), Sanity Assassins, Cards in Spokes, Joey Tampon & the Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas (Mexico), Trauma (Mexico), De Crew (Italy). "The People Vs. Larry Livermore" (reactions to last month's cover and column about Lookout!). Pioneers of Punk: Dead Boys. Zine of the Month: *Words That Hurt.* Karin Gembus takes off for Latin America but starts a column, Lefty Hooligan changes his column header with some tools of destruction.

166

 # 167 / April '97 - 176 pgs.
No Fraud, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, The Forgotten, Thee Viceroys, Brian / Grand Theft Audio Records, Gauze, Danko Jones. "A Progressive Vision for Social Change" (Barbara Ehrenreich). "Helpful Hints" (soundproofing). Zine of the Month: *Sty Zine.* Pioneers of Punk: Kuro. Rob Coons starts his column, and another annual financial report.

167

 # 168 / May '97 - 176 pgs.
Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper (Moscow), Luxo Champ, Enewatak, Jake Sayles / Fields of Shit. "Big Bad Ben Weasel vs. Lucky Larry Luciano Lookout?" "Helpful Hints" in the studio. Scene Reports: Philippines. Pioneers of Punk: Stiff Little Fingers, Boomtown Rats, Undertones.

168

 # 169 / June '97 - 176 pgs.
Hard Skin (UK), Cluster Bomb Unit (Germany), Jihad, Purgen (Moscow), Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, Art Fridrich, a.k.a. The Old Man, Deface. Scene Reports: N. California, Virginia, Hungary. Pioneers of Punk: Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols, the Stranglers.

169

 # 170 / July '97 - 176 pgs.
Bristle, Mine (Switzerland), Tedio Boys, The Four Cockroaches (Moscow), Absconded (Holland), Meanwhile (Sweden), Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat (Toronto). "You're Dead" (the politics of AIDS). "Helpful Hints" (booking a tour). Nathan Berg sounds off on corporations in a column. Scene Reports: Toronto, Albuquerque, Vancouver, Brittany, Yugoslavia. Pioneers of Punk: The Slits. Jen Angel becomes co-coordinator of MRR and starts a column.

170

 # 171 / Aug. '97 - 176 pgs.
Strychnine, Idiots, Patrick Grindstaff / Pelado Records, Misanthropists, Race Traitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads. "Helpful Hints" (advertising your zines). Scene Reports: Belgium, Bulgaria. Ryan Richardson starts a column.

171

 # 172 / Sept. '97 - 176 pgs.
Withdrawals, Judgement (Japan), No Motive, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, The Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face (Japan), Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon (Italy), X-it, Vic Gedris / World Wide Punk website, Doug Cawker (filmmaker). Scene Reports: Brazil, Switzerland

172

 # 173 / Oct. '97 - 176 pgs.
Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans (France), The Bristols (UK), My 3 Scum, The Space Shits (Montreal), Chris / Pessimiser Records, The Reclusives, Nick Qwik. Scene Reports: Prince Edward Island, Colorado. Pioneers of Punk: GG Allin. Zine of the Month: *Earquake* (France). The MRR want list.

 # 174 / Nov. '97 -176 pgs.
The Education Issue. Stratford Mercenaries (UK), Lickity Split, Bladder Bladder Bladder (UK), Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity. "My Life in 'Punkademia'" (Greta S.), Martin Sorrondeguy (Los Crudos) on education, plus lots of guest columns. Scene Reports: Moscow, Buenos Aires, Pennsylvania, Hawaii. Zine of the Month: *Famous Hardcore of Punkland*. Felix Havoc and Sheri Gumption start their columns.

#175 / Dec. '97 - 172 pgs
Boiling Man (US), Dirty Burds (UK), Dimestore Halos (US), Exploding Crustaceans (US), Heartdrops (US), Last Year's Youth (UK?), One Man Army (US), Piao Chong (Taiwan), Those Unknown (US). Filmmaker Lech Kowalski. Scene Reports: Argentina, Korea, China, Liverpool, Boston. Zine of the month: *Tilt!* Pioneers of Punk: The Henchmen (AUS).

#176 / Jan. '98 — 172 pgs
Article on Infoshops. The Wongs, Palatka, Stalingrad vs. Voorhees interview, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Izgoy, Beltones, Skygrain, Scared Of Chaka, 1-4-5's, Ducky Boys, Jon Cougar Concentration. Shitworker of the Month: Todd Gullion. Pioneers of Punk: Siouxsui and the Banchees. Zine of the Month: Catch 22

#177 / Feb. '98 — 172 pgs
Superfly TNTs (UK), Submachine, Useless ID (Israel), Dropout (UK), Society Gone Mad, Pinhead Circus, Quarantine (UK), Ann Beretta, Blackbird (China), Naïve (Russia), Dehumanized, Chumbawamba revisited. Scene Reports: N. California sXe, Connecticut, Toronto. Zine of the month: *Simba*. Pioneers of Punk: Generation X. Return of What's the Scoop?

#178 / March '98 —172 pgs
Economics theme issue. Forgotten Rebels (CAN), Pervirella, Dirtys, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41 (JAP), Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, American Steel. Scene Reports: Israel, San Francisco. Zine of the Month: *Rust*.

#179 / April '98 — 172 pgs
Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Chapter Eleven Records, Randumbs, Garage Rats (UK), Spat & the Guttersnipes, They Still Make Records, P.A.W.N.S., Posers (GER), Douche Flag, Explosive Kate. Scene Reports: China, UK. Zine of the month: *Rad Party*. Pioneers of Punk: Dangerhouse Records. Jacqueline's first issue as coordinator.

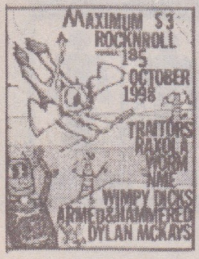
#180 / May '98 — 172 pgs
Reinforce, Jack Saints, Discontent, Mademoiselle Records, Slack Factor, Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Eyeliners, Infiltrators, TV Killers (FRA). Scene Reports: Mississippi, Virginia, N. Carolina. Zine of the month: *Artcore*. Pioneers of Punk: Patti Smith. Scumpit: Nebraska. Tim's last issue.

#181 / June '98 — 172 pgs
Pirate Radio issue: Radio Rebels, Gainesville Free Radio, Reclaiming the Airwaves. All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summer Jack, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, Cell Block Five, Grapefruit, D.D.I (ITAL), Normals. Scene Reports: Calgary. Zine of the month: *Verboslammed Zine*. Pioneers of Punk: 999.

#182 / July '98 — 172 pgs
The Headcoatees (UK), B-Movie Rats, Vapids (CAN), Manchurian Candidates, Squiggy, Traffic Violation Records, Jumpin' Landmines, Gob (CAN), Texas Terri & the Stiff Ones, Budget Girls, Bruisers, Dead End Kids, .nema, Discount. Scene Reports: Vienna, Colorado, Michigan. Zine of the month: *Panopticon*. Pioneers of Punk: The Adverts. Jason Valdez takes over MRR News. Übershitworker Shawn Nuzzo's last issue. Jen Angel's last issue as coordinator. Mark Murrmann's first.

#183 / Aug. '98 — 172 pgs
The Lewd, His Hero Is Gone, Asshole Parade, Persuaders, Cee Bee Beaumont (UK), Teen Idols, Devotchkas. "U.S. Fuels Dirty Wars in Chiapas." Scene Reports: Dublin, Wyoming. Pioneers of Punk: X Ray Spex.

#184 / Sept. '98 — 172 pgs
Devoid of Faith, Four Letter Word (UK), Libertine, UXA, Absentees, Snarkout Boys, Ümlaut (SWE), Indecision, Ricanstruction, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs. Scene Reports: UK, France. Zine of the month: *Neat Damned Noise*. Pioneers of Punk: Black Flag.



#185 / OCT. '98 — 168 PGS
Beatnik Termites, Wimpy Dicks, NME, Raxola (BEL), Armed and Hammered, Traitors, Dylan McKays, W.O.R.M., Tezacrifico, Roswells. Scene Reports: Indonesia, So. Cal, Prince Edward Island. Zine of the month: *Tape Op*. Pioneers of Punk: Eddie and the Hot Rods. Pete Menchetti (Sticker Guy)'s first column.

#186 / Nov. '98 - 168 pgs
Registrators, Chinese Love Beads, Marilyn's Vitamins, August Spies. *Monozine*. Graphics by Oscar Montess. "On Your Doorstep" (article about homeless punks). Scene Reports: Toronto, Taiwan. Pioneers of Punk: Spizzenergi. Return of the MRR Movie Reviews. As of 9:14 PM CDT 9.15.98, Rev. Nørb declares MRR to be gay, and quits. (Fuck the Packers.)

#187 / Dec. '98 - 168 pgs
The Real Kids, Cretins, Sawn Off, Third Party, Heroines, Spider Cunts, No Class. *Motion Sickness* zine. Holidays in the Sun. Scene Reports: Houston, Holland. Pioneers of Punk: Dead Kennedys. Chris Dodge returns as a columnist.

#188 / Jan. '99 - 168 pgs
Stitches, Marauders, Mars Moles, Mark Bruback, D.O.A., Real Swingers, Neighbors, Mansfield. Joys of Standardized Tests. Scene Reports: Wales, Singapore. Pioneers of Punk: D.O.A. Mark Murrmann's last issue as coordinator. Sean Sullivan and Arwen Curry's first issue as coordinators.

#189 / Feb. '99 - 168 pgs
Monster X, Marauders, Steam Pig, Dead Beat Records, Halfways, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Yakuza, Hot Rod Honeys, Slak, Derita Sisters and Junior. "Decoding the Drug War." Ryan Richardson's "50 Reasons Australia is Better..." Scene Reports: Salt Lake City, Russia, Albuquerque. Pioneers of Punk: Jesse Hector.

#190 - March '99 - 168 pgs
John Holstrom, Black Pumpkin Records, Tilt, Long Gones, Halfways, Smart Bomb ca, Brezhnev, Man Without A Plan, Slappy, Powerhouse, Wanda Chrome, Smogtown, *Fracture*. Scene Reports: Italy, Michigan. Pioneers of Punk: Mechanics.

#191 - April '99 - 168 pgs
Last Print Issue!!! Super Hi-Fives, Murder Suicide Pact, Slingshot Episode, Dubman, The Better Than Elvis Show WMBR, Kil Kare, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Boricuas Bestiales. Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind, pt. 1". "Shiny, Aluminum, Plastic and Digital" article. Scene Reports: Spain, Rochester. Pioneers of Punk: Minor Threat, Stryper.

#192 / May '99 - 168 pgs
Los Crudos, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Kangaroo Records, Burning Kitchen, Polythene, Iggy Scam. The Biotic Baking Brigade, Ivy interviews Willie Brown (mayor of SF), Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind, pt. 2". Scene Reports: Nepal, Burma, Florida, Longview, Virginia. Pioneers of Punk: Vice Squad.

#193 / June '99 - 168 pgs
Munster Records, DS-13, Safety Pins, Mullets, Pussycats, Piolines, Bad Stain, Houseboy, Bodies, False Alarm, Darlington. Noam Chomsky's "Propaganda and Control of the Public Mind, pt. 3". Tom Hopkins' 41 best ever emo records. Scene Reports: Gainseville, Orlando, Korea. Last Anne R. Key column.

#194 / July '99 - 168 pgs
Fokkewolf, God Hates Computers, Deathreat, Kid Dynamite, Last Machine, Aside, Hoppin Mad, Flesh Eating Creeps, Thee Outcasts. Scene Reports: Peru, Canada, Maryland. Mykel Board changes column header. Last news section by Jay Unidos. First "Christian's Corner" column. Bill Florio's first "Greedy Bastard" column. Dave Dictor returns as a columnist.

#195 / Aug. '99 - 168 pgs
Moral Crux, CU Next Tuesday Records, RC5, Havenots, Ill Tempered, Revlons, Dysentery, Larry and the Go Nowheres. Greg Higgins self-interviewed through art. MP3s. Scene Reports: France, So. Cal, Latvia. Pioneers of Punk: Silver Chalice. Ryan Richardson imprisoned. Hirax Max's first column. Rhinestone T's first column. First demo review column by Erin Whupass. Nick Fitt's last column.

#196 / Sept. '99 - 168 pgs
Product X, the Pricks, Orchid, Reaching Forward, Grissle, Third Degree, Catharsis, Emerge. Label Spotlight: Hopscotch Records. "Time To Die": article on the closing of Epicenter. Scene Reports: OR, IL.

#197 / Oct. '99 - 168 pgs
Lower Class Brats, Waifle, Reducers SF, Showcase Showdown, Futuro Incierto, Deadstate, Reactor No. 7, GodsHateKansas. Lily's Holidays In The Sun report. Kosovo versus the Chiapas. Label Spotlight: Flat Earth Records. Scene Reports: HI. Zine of the Month: *Armed With Anger*.

#198 / Nov. '99 - 168 pgs
Hail Mary, the Victims, Shotwell, Outlast, Pressure Point, A//Political, Bump-N-Uglies. Scene Reports: TX. Pioneers of Punk: the Dictators. "After the Fall" article examining injustice in America ten years post Berlin Wall. "Fuck Unamerican (Activities)" article. Zine of the Month: *Epi-Logue*. Jen Hate's first column.

#199 / Dec. '99 - 168 pgs
The Locust, Enemy Soil, Mt. St. Helens, Rejuvenate, Black Cat Music, Ratos De Porão, United Super Villains, Razlog Za, G-3, What Happens Next? "Record Collecting On the Internet." "Are Keyboards Punk?" Memorial for Claude Bessy (*Slash*, Catholic Discipline), recently deceased, in MRR News. Scene Reports: Puerto Rico, Mexico. Zine of the Month: *Personal Liberation Front*. Pioneers of Punk: Flipper. Last "Christian's Corner" column.

#200 / Jan 2000 - 176 pgs
200th issue special: bibliography of issues 101-200, veteran shitworkers interviewed. GeeVaucher from Crass, American Steel, Helvis, Ancient Chinese Secret, The Curse, Skipard Reason (Christian Corner), Hers Never Existed, Toxic Narcotic, Active Distribution. Zine of the Month: *Cometbus*. Pioneers of Punk: the Big Boys

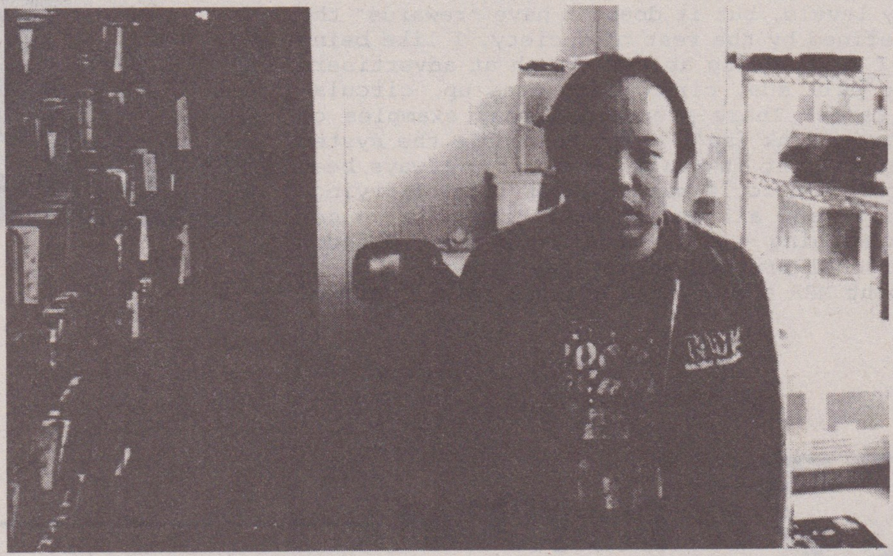
They're older than you and they still rock

THE ONE HUNDRED ISSUE CLUB

Steve Spinali

Everything is done by computer these days, but some of the first issues of MRR were processed on a heavy-duty word processor from hell. A shiver rolls down the spine of anyone who's used it. Cut and paste meant exactly that — using knifes and glue, though I guess one should be thankful we didn't have to make our own paper. Who knows what permanent health damage we sustained by with the outgassing of white-out and glue, but most of the staff lived to tell about it. The most exciting period was the time of the "Maxi-Pad," when the MRR house in Noe Valley was converted into a crash pad for visiting bands or just plain visitors. I'd walk downstairs to preview the week's records, and there was no telling what would be behind that final door. Not infrequently, I'd end up having a conversation with a band member from some foreign country speaking some language I didn't know, about recipes for glue that would make punk posters stick to telephone poles for years. Even though the staff seems to change with successive waves of burnout, it's hard to think of MRR and not feel a certain sense of "Tim-ness". He might find fault with some changes, but most of his legacy remains intact. MRR is a great read. The mag still comes out monthly, is still composed of high-acid newsprint designed to biodegrade in as you read it, still gets your hands get filthy on contact, and has fumes that can cause anything from nasal allergies to liver damage. Be honest. You can buy more expensive magazines, but who else can offer you all that?

Lance Hahn



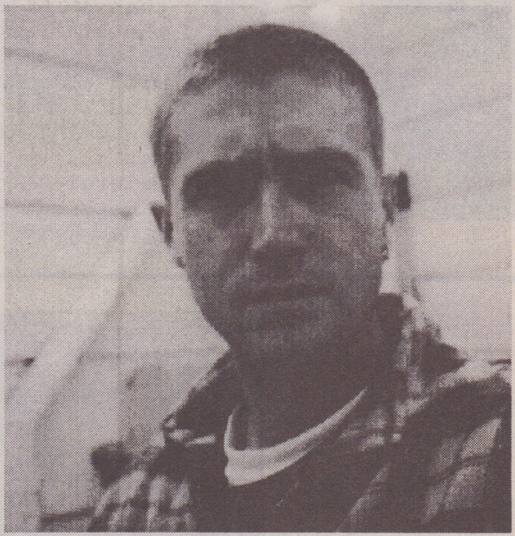
I've been trying to think of why I do this. I don't know. I mean, why is anyone a sociopath? I don't care for at least 3/4 of the music covered. I like many types of music and punk has been a huge part of my life. But for every inspired band, there are at least 10 other copycats, ripoffs, sycophants, and uncreative "musicians". I can't give you solid, satisfying reasons as to why I'm still here. I still don't know if anyone actually reads my reviews. (other than angry bands and furious record labels. Ha ha!) I haven't had the energy or the inclination to do an interview for some time. What I will say is that I have a ridiculous ego despite my social awkwardness. I think I know a lot about music. More than most people. I think there is a certain amount of heart that makes great music. I think this has to be recognized. Music without heart needs to be destroyed. (Is this vague enough?) Okay, this stopped making sense about two paragraphs ago. I don't know why I write for Maximum. Part of it is sociopathology. Part of it is because I believe that music criticism (I'm a fan of Simon Frith) is relevant even to the smallest indie band (for better or for worse). Part of it is that I've just got nothing better to do.

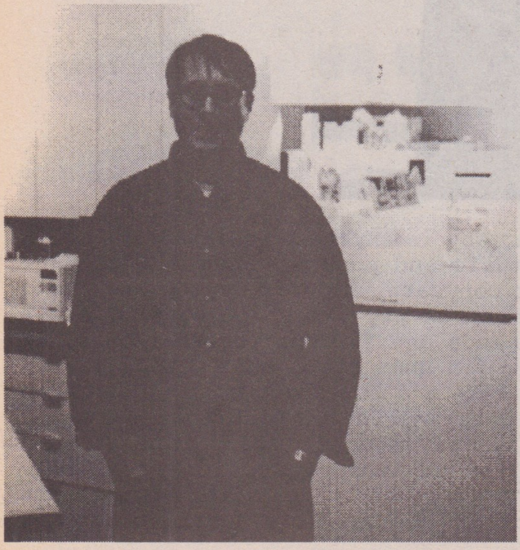
Kenny Kaos

You know, there really is no single reason, but a number of reasons. I do it because I'm a creature of habit and once a month for the last many years I've driven to a house in San Francisco to listen to records and offer my opinion on these records. It doesn't hurt that some people are stupid enough to believe that my opinion is actually worth a fuck - this is good for the ego. Part of it is also the chance to piss somebody off by giving their crappy record a crappy review. I also do it because I believe MRR is a good, worthwhile thing. Finally - and this is big - I really do believe that chicks will want me and think I'm cool when I tell them I write record reviews for MRR

Gardner Fusuhara

Kill Sullivan. This exercise is being portrayed as some kind of recognition for our years of service, yet every time Sean Sullivan (coordinator) says, with that knack kids have nowadays for never being able to not sound sarcastic, his "You know, like, why have you been doing it for SO long" it sounds more like he's making fun of me more than anything else. I guess the problem is I don't really know why. You know, I started and then it kept going, and well, here we are. I don't really think about it much, but if I did, aside from the standard "I like the people there" (which I do), I'd probably rationalize it like this; I have always been into the idea of pouring time and energy into things that aren't "going anywhere". I mean, MRR has certainly been a success on many levels, but it doesn't have "rewards" the way such things are defined by the rest of society. I like being able to say whatever I want, being able to laugh at advertisers when they threaten to pull ads, circulation goes up, circulation goes down, who cares? There aren't too many examples of this we get in our lives. Punk isn't going to topple the system or end sexism, I never thought it would. To me it's always been about that small gesture you could make in your life of trying, to go beyond consumerism and all the other boring shit we get pushed into. Doing something out of passion or even boredom seems like a tiny personal protest and it feels good. I guess that's what I like about MRR and why I'm still a (tiny) part of it.





Enrico Cadena

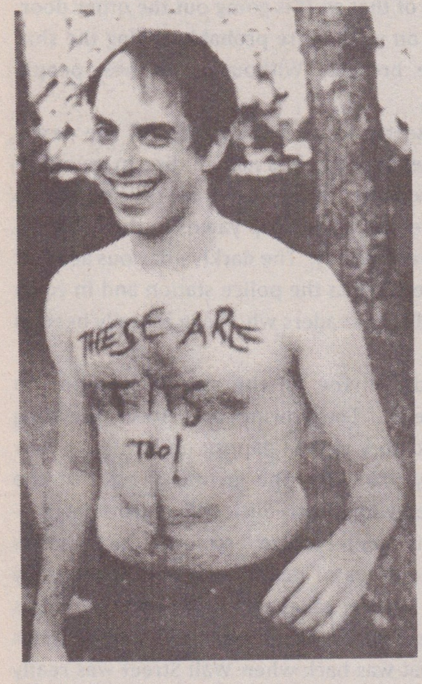
The reason I know English is from reading MRR in like, 1983, in Italy. Then, in 1986, I started doing scene reports from Italy and finally came to America in 1988 on vacation and stayed at the old MRR house with Tim. When I finally moved here in '94 it just seemed natural that I would start doing reviews. I still do it I guess because it's the only creative thing I still do.

Katja Gussmann

I've been working at Maximum since 1986. The thing that appealed to me about punk in general was that anybody could participate, it wasn't about rock stars. I've always believed in the ethic of punk. Since I'm not talented enough to be in a band, it's great to be involved on some level. The reason I've stayed as long as I have is because it's a great way to keep from drifting away from the punk scene. I can keep abreast of all the new bands, and anything that's going on in the scene. Another thing that keeps me here is out of respect for the memory of Tim.

Bruce Roehrs

Why do I still work at Maximum Rock N Roll? Because the punk and oi music that comes through these doors still grabs me by the throat and makes me pay attention. There's still that record that makes the hairs stand up on my neck. I have to play it three times in a row. I still get to see live shows that give me a flood of adrenaline and draw me up front to make mistakes by the lip of the stage. So, to you "nostalgia" punks I say - Fuck Off! - the best of times are right now!



I'm still writing my column because it gives me a chance to vent... and occasionally it gets me laid. Also, the most amazing reason, because they let me! *(Note: Mykel did not have time to write more before he left on his sojourn to visit the headhunters in South America. That's why his contribution here is so short. Besides, he says, "short is good.")*

Mykel Board

Not pictured but still appreciated: Jerry Booth and Jeff Yih

(ten people have made it through a hundred issues, all but one is male. I could bore you with an analysis of why we allow men to age as iconoclasts and not women, but I won't. All these people are amazing; amazingly stubborn, and amazingly inspiring. You'd have to be to stick it out around here. Next update: issue 300)

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Grand Central Winter • Lee Stringer
239 pages •
Seven Stories Press • 140 Watts St. • New York, NY • 10013

"You see them shaking their cups in front of overjammed watering holes, hovering outside busy restaurants and fastfood franchises, and working the doors at bank cash machines. Some are solemn, perched silently on the ground with a cardboard sign, or rooted in one spot, methodically shaking a cup. Some press a song or a dance on you, ambling along at your side, daring you to blow them off without so much as a dime..." Late in *Grand Central Winter,* this is how Lee Stringer describes the homeless people on newly gentrified 86th Street in New York City, "a once sleepy residential area," where, now, "the evening streets buzz with money on the hoof." While Stringer works the strip as a vendor for NYC's homeless-produced newspaper, *Street News*, the cops cruise back and forth, rounding up the panhandlers and petty criminals that have followed the money uptown, and "all the hustle on the street is fed by the action just north of 96th Street, where crack comes packaged in as little as two-dollar, one-hit vials."

This is a familiar urban scene that could take place in any large city in America on any night of the week, these days. Here in San Francisco, for example, the "No Pressure" guy has been panhandling the hipster 16th and Valencia corner so long that he's as much a part of the street as the "Valencia" sign that says. Stringer sums it up: "Even the weekend warriors who descend on the strip from out of town every Friday night seem to regard the hustling homeless as part of the landscape— live slice-of-life displays in a hodge-podge urban theme park."

But it wasn't always this way. Anyone in their mid 20s can remember growing up in a time when there weren't homeless people on every corner and when crack cocaine didn't exist. How did things get so bad, so FAST? Stringer's story re-examines recent history, and sheds light on a system-wide government failure to meet the needs of the people, simply by telling his own story.

Grand Central Winter follows Stringer's fall through the cracks in Reagan-era New York City. The book opens with Stringer struggling to hang onto his rent-controlled Manhattan apartment after his business partner in his graphics design company dies. And when his older brother then falls ill with a mysterious, AIDS-like disease and literally wastes away on Stringer's couch, Stringer writes, "I seem to remember starting to feel like something was chasing me." After his brother dies, Stringer is introduced to the new drug that's just hitting the streets, crack, and his decline accelerates, until he soon finds himself homeless, addicted, and living in long forgotten corners of Grand Central Station. Eventually, Stringer will find his way off the streets and off drugs through a newfound love of writing, but not until his homeless odyssey takes the reader on a tour of homeless shelters, Bowery soup kitchens, courtrooms, and NYPD's Central Booking— a tour that Stringer's smart prose makes instantly memorable. What could have been a sappy tearjerker about the shocking lives of "those poor homeless people", Stringer renders with the warmth and wisdom of Nelson Algren and the humor and terse descriptions of Chester Himes, into a beautifully written, unashamed account of one man's struggle to simply survive himself and the times he lives in.

"In some eras more than others it is harder for us all to be the kind of people we would wish ourselves to be", he writes, as this personal saga unfolds against a backdrop of the '80s corporate mergers, cut-throat real estate speculation, and government deregulation. As Wall Street soars, Stringer's arrival on the streets of New York coincides with the ushering-in of the era of homelessness as we now know it. A daily turf war over public space breaks out as the newly homeless flood Grand Central Station and the cops, in turn, "outlawed all activities particular to homelessness. Loitering, panhandling, sleeping all became grounds for deliberately roughhanded arrest." Stringer's travels through the city depict a world where cut-throat capitalism has trickled down to every level of society. At a Bowery soup kitchen, Stringer watches two men gleefully roll a passed out, fellow homeless man for his last few crumpled dollar bills. He then watches hungrily as workers load in "huge bags of rice, sacks of potatoes, whole hams, turkeys, and roasts, industrial-sized cans of fruit and vegetables, two-gallon jugs of milk," but is shocked when the actual meal is a meager 3-bean salad with three slices of salami and two slices of bread. A fellow diner informs him with a sigh that "Most of that stuff is going out the other door. (the shelter) make money on us. They're probably selling the shit, for all I know. Its a hustle, brother. Without us, all these people wouldn't have their jobs."

Indeed, everyone seems to be making cash off the newly homeless. Stringer and a fellow homeless man, hiding in an out of the way cranny of the Station after it has closed, are rousted by two disinterested cops and arrested, as one cop yawns to the other, so the cops can make some overtime pay. The darkly hilarious account of the complete apathy they face at the police station and in court will be instantly recognizable to readers who have actually been in jail.

Still, Stringer finds, "living on the streets was not an insurmountable inconvenience." The growing concern over recycling in the '80s leads to a mandatory 10 cent deposit on bottles in New York State, inadvertantly providing the growing ranks of the homeless, including Stringer, with a fairly difficult but lucrative job— recycling. When the recycling centers try to discourage the homeless from showing up with hundreds of dollars worth of empties by imposing 20-dollar limits, Stringer takes up another occupation as vendor of the new homeless paper, The *Street News,* and becomes the paper's top seller. "That was back when Wall Street was really pumping and the subway would be full of stockbrokers. Those guys really got off on seeing a guy hustle, "Stringer writes. "To those guys, we vendors were a reassuring sight, living ratification of the humanity to be found in brisk commerce."

"Brisk commerce", was the bottom line, even behind the scenes at the *Street News* office, where the public's compassion

over "the homeless problem" was mined for profit. The office, "located in a gutted mid-town storefront, formerly the site of a Blimpie's sandwhich shop, long gone belly up," was empty, except for stacks of papers and guys counting their cash. "The place reeked of commerce. Even the smell of coffee and bacon that greeted you as you opened the door was a matter of commerce. One of the vendors had set up a hot plate to sell meals to the mushrooming sales force." Stringer likens the office with its "bare and charred walls" to the places where he scored crack. "No hanging around allowed. Just cop and go."

Still, Stringer finds himself writing regularly for the *Street News*, doing stories and an advice column called "Ask Homey", until he works his way up to editor. In the heart of the book, Stringer, as editor, finds "the homeless problem" at the center of the issues of the day, something that everyone's talking about. In one hilarious chapter, Stringer is called upon by the producers of the talk show *Geraldo* to provide real, live homeless folks for a typical "controversial" on-air debate about NYC "quality of life" issues. The scene ends with Stringer and a compulsive lying wingnut debating with two timid housewives. In another astonishing chapter, Stringer's investigative reporting uncovers a real-estate investment scam that is right out of the '80s' front pages, involving a fake "homeless preacher" called "the Shephard of The Streets" who solicits the donation of derelict NYC buildings "for the homeless", so he can turn them around on the market for a huge profit!

As Stringer's writing career soars, though, his addiction to crack threatens to take him all the way down. One brilliantly hardboiled chapter includes a Hamett-like description of coming awake in a strange room from a long session of smoking crack with a total stranger. They feverishly hunt about on the floor for more crack, and finally get in a knife fight over crack that does not exist. Its The Maltese Crackrock! Later, we follow the author on a grim walk to score, where, suddenly, all the usual connections are dry and strung-out addicts roam aching streets, all looking for the same thing. Stringer resists the urge to roll a yuppie drunk for his cash, and tries to score at a public housing project. He doesn't find drugs, though, and is instead on hand to witness a brutal, drug-related shooting. He shudders, "What if there's a bullet out there for me, and what if I *deserve* it for what I had almost done, or what I would do sooner, or later?" a question that cuts to the heart of the every-man-for-himself times we live in.

Grand Central Winter does start to lag with reprints from Stringer's old *Street News* columns that feel tacked on to the end, but, overall, its an excellent chronicle of a recent history that has been lived both in penthouses and cardboard boxes. He has survived the streets to write and write well about the victims of the so-called economic boom, but, reflecting on "the abscence of any spirit in the heart of our great city...its new superstores and megastores," Stringer notes that a new, cleaned up New York City "without souls at risk, seems to have nothing left at stake but venture capital." Ultimately, *Grand Central Winter* isn't about Stringer's personal success, but the struggle itself that still goes on in "some other dark region of this city where, good, bad, lost, found, or in-between, beat the raw true hearts of men." —Iggy Scam

Willeford • Don Herron
469 pages • $30.00
Dennis McMillan Publications • 11431 East Gunsmith Dr. • Tucson, AZ • 85749

The highly popular and respected author Kurt Vonnegut once told Charles Willeford that his novels would have been more popular if he had written about successful, powerful characters. Those alleged words of wisdom by Vonnegut go a long way towards giving the reader some insight into the mind and writing of Charles Willeford. Willeford could have sold out for popularity and dollar signs, as many have done before him. He never did—he wrote what he knew, what he was interested in—"artists and sociopaths, old guys and fry cooks," and that is what made him such a powerful force. He wrote from his heart, not for his wallet.

Biographies are not the easiest books to write, and at times can be some of the most tedious books in the world to try and wade through as a reader for some type of information or insight into the subject. The first hard-boiled biography I ever read was a hack job on Jim Thompson that so disgusted me with the genre that I didn't pick up another biography on a writer for years. But Don Herron delivers the goods in this thick biography of one of the finest (and toughest) writers of modern times.

Willeford is best known by the mainstream as the author of *Miami Blues*, which was made into a movie starring Fred Ward, Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alec Baldwin. A his fans know, he is also the author of such outstanding novels as *Cockfighter*, *Pick-up*, *Wild Wives*, and *High Priest of California*, among others. In this, which can be considered both a biography and critical appreciation of Willeford, Herron uncovers pieces of the man that many may never have known. The long time solider and war hero, the teacher and student, the Golden Gloves Boxer, the actor, and the poet are all roles that made up what we came to know as Charles Willeford, the author.

The style of this biography is a welcome change from the strictly historical look at an individual. Herron met Willeford as he was giving a walking tour in San Francisco, and from there an appreciation for Willeford's writing developed and along with it, a friendship. Willeford's name has been bandied about in recent years as that of a great writer, but very little has been written about his life. In the first of the three sections in *Willeford*, Herron attempts to right this mistake by taking the reader on a fairly exciting romp through Willeford's writings, as well as delivering an insightful look at what made Willeford the man and writer that he was. The second section of the book is taken from tape recorded conversations that Herron, along with others, had with Willeford in and around his home. The idea of transcribed conversations may seem boring and trite to some, but with a personality as interesting as Willeford's, it is a gamble that pays off. The transcribed conversations that Herron deliver make for a very interesting, and at times amusing, read. In the wrong hands and with a weak editor, this section could have proved to be a nightmare—thankfully this is not the case in *Willeford*. Herron finishes

off his biography of Willeford with a very in-depth bibliography that details Willeford's novels, short fiction, book reviews, articles, poetry, media and art. Herron then adds to the bibliography a detailed list of articles, reviews and criticisms of *Willeford.* The final section of this book can be looked at as a completist's dream, or nightmare—either way, it is very detailed.

Quentin Tarantino once had the gall to compare *Pulp Fiction* to Willeford's writing, which to me is a joke. To mention them in the same breath is an insult to Willeford. Elmore Leonard once stated, after reading a Willeford novel, that "anyone who doesn't recognize this as fine writing doesn't know shit," and that pretty much says it all.

–Trent

Crass Art and Other Pre Post-Modernist Monsters • Gee Vaucher
103 pages • $24.95
AK Press • PO Box 40682 • San Francisco, CA • 94140-0682

Behold! The final installment of the unholy Crass triptych, as published by AK Press (the father and son to this holy ghost were Penny Rimbaud's *Diamond Signature* and *Shibboleth*). This slim volume collects various works from the career thus far of Vaucher, the primary artist of the aforementioned anarcho-punk warriors. The cretin in me approached this book fearing a bit of sensitive artist hooey. When SSD asks "how much art can you take" my answer is, "not much." I read straight through this with nary a cringe, because Vaucher does not pout. Most will come to this book looking for Crass related artwork and Vaucher finds no condescending reason to not provide. I find this a strong point of the punk creators of the visual—they typically do not run from past creations. Not true of many of the sonic creators who often dread the mention of previous bands or earlier recordings.

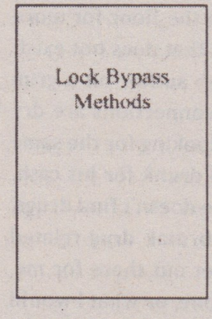
While the stark Crass imagery that has been bought, sold, bootlegged, and otherwise appropriated over the past twenty years is a major portion of this book, it is presented as the output of only several years of Vaucher's artistic chronology. Also included is her work as a college student, images created as a commissioned artist, and works that followed the disbanding of Crass. Despite being the squarest Crass fan in the world, I was most impressed by the images Vaucher included from children's books that she had illustrated. What text accompanied the picture of a hot dog leading an army of Coca Cola bottles down a city street?

Although the hot dog is left a mystery, Vaucher does comment on most of the works presented. Unfortunately, the commentary is often too thin. In one section, Vaucher presents art that was intended to illustrate a book about the life of Wally Hope, the slain organizer of the Stonehenge Free Festivals. While the careful reader can glean that something untoward was involved in Hope's death, no further details are given, nor is there any mention of what the Stonehenge Free Festivals were. The move from her work as an artist for such publications as *Rolling Stone* and *New York Magazine* to the cover art of the "Feeding of the 5000" LP is somewhat accounted for through the visual inclusion of politically charged collage work, which appears to have been the transition. There is no mention, however, of the formation of Crass or the atypical band member status Vaucher enjoyed. Another omission is the explicit mention of the war in the Falkland Islands, an event responsible for a number of Vaucher's strongly anti-war pieces. Fortunately, Vaucher's imagery is strong enough to exist as presented, context or not.

Because this is a book of artwork, I feel inclined to comment on the technical presentation. The reproductions are crisp and the book is sized so that the detail of the pieces are not lost. While the reproduction size might not be as ideal as the LP and EP formats some of the Crass artwork was styled for, it is preferable to the visual disaster of a CD layout.

Will *Crass Art and Other Pre Post-Modernist Monsters* be of interest to those who are not Crass enthusiasts? Maybe. The artistically inclined can surely marvel at both the photographic precision and abstract communication Vaucher is capable of. Those to the left of the political meter, but with no previous exposure to Crass, may find their own passions visually expressed. Of course the real question is, will I recommend this book to other Crass fans? Yes sir, I will. Oh, man, I am going to get it for that one. –Tom Hopkins

Lock Bypass Methods • Anonymous
127 pages • $13.00
Level Four Publications • PO Box 1831 • Reno, NV • 89505



There's nothing like the joy of springing your first lock.

Years ago, I had a friend who tried to teach me to pick locks, but I could never quite get the hang of it. A couple days ago, I tried to put some of the techniques described in *Lock Bypass Methods* into practice, and I was able to pop the deadbolt on my front door within minutes. As I raked the pick along the tumblers in the lock and each one fell into place, the cylinder suddenly began to give as easily as if I were using my own key. It's a sensation nothing short of addictive.

If you're at all like me, the addiction only gets worse from there. *Lock Bypass Methods* is a detailed guide to getting past locked doors of all sorts, and after reading it, every locked door became a puzzle to be solved. I caught myself sizing up every door I came across—at work, at friends' houses, on the street—and wanting to bypass each and every padlock or combination lock I found just for the sake of being able to do it.

What's just a little frightening about this book is that it actually helps you develop those skills. Littered with hand-drawn yet easy to read diagrams, *Lock Bypass Methods* is a how-to guide to everything from picking locks to bypassing unpickable door locks to getting into locked cars to making your own tools for the job. Although it can be a little dry at times, the book is in-depth and accurate in its descriptions.

While there are a lot of how-to manuals that could probably make this same claim, *Lock Bypass Methods* is exceptional in quite a few ways. For one thing, the anonymous author does a great job of helping the reader anticipate the types of problems he or she might face when trying to get past any given door or lock. As you're learning the different techniques, these parts of the book are the most helpful. To go back to the example of picking locks, the author, for instance, talks about how a lot of beginners put too much torque on their tension wrench (the tool you use to turn the cylinder and hold the pins in place as you use your pick to knock the pins into place). Knowing this, I could problem-solve on my own, instead of just giving in to frustration and not understanding what I was doing wrong when the lock didn't immediately spring open.

The author's whole approach of "every barred door is a puzzle" also helped me see how opening or getting past locks requires some creativity instead of just adherence to one step-by-step method for all doors. The author points out how to size up the whole situation and to look for the easiest way to solve the problem, rather than always trying the same strategy each time. For example, no one person will be able to pick every lock every time, and realizing this, you may want to size up the gaps around the door or look for some other way to bypass the lock instead of repeatedly trying to pick the lock and repeatedly failing. The key, the author says, is to keep your approaches fluid and appropriate to the situation at hand; approach barred doors as a game of sorts, and they become less intimidating. You just need to use a little ingenuity.

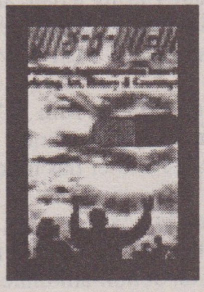
Well, a little ingenuity and the right tools. However, *Lock Bypass Methods* also has an exceptional section on making your own tools. While the author stresses that using the best materials available always makes the job easier, he or she also gives excellent advice on how to craft tools out of whatever is at hand if necessary. Pieces of pop can, bristles from street sweepers, string, and a little rubber cement can become nifty tools in the right hands.

While all this information was interesting, the best parts of the book to me were all the philosophical digressions about the nature of trust scattered throughout the book. Repeatedly, the author makes the claim that the information *Lock Bypass Methods* puts forward should only be used for legal and ethical reasons. Again and again, he or she states that the book is not for criminals but is rather for people who have locked themselves out of their house, car, etc. While I have a hard time believing this book was written for people who want to learn these skills just in case they forget their keys on the way out the door one day (a pretty small audience), I tend to believe the author's claims that the book was not written with illegal intent.

Lock Bypass Methods contains powerful information, yet unlike many books, doesn't pretend to exist in a vacuum where values don't matter. As the author says on the back cover, "Once you no longer need keys to get past a lock, your free will and self-restraint must serve in place of devices of mistrust." By taking the time to look at the implications of all this information, *Lock Bypass Methods* becomes a lot more than just a manual for breaking and entering.

On the contrary, this is an excellent book: informative, well-written, direct, and even thought-provoking. Just be careful who you recommend it to. —Doug Grime

Pills-A-Go-Go • Jim Hogshire
247 pages • $16.95
Feral House • PMB 359 • 2532 Lincoln Blvd. • Venice, CA • 90291



Over the span of 22 issues, Jim Hogshire produced a zine that examined pill culture; not medicine, not the health care industry, not pharmacology, just pills, pills and more pills. For the benefit of those of us that never saw an issue of that zine, he has compiled, in the pages of this book, a "greatest hits" collection of the writings from his zine, a zine which featured the same title as this book does. Then, for good measure, he adds some writings and information that were never included in the zine version of *Pills-A-Go-Go*.

One glance at the contents of this book, and you can see from the beginning that it contains a huge amount of information in a relatively small package. That is the one and only fault that can be found with this book. A consistent string is sometimes hard to grab onto if one plans on reading this book straight through. The stop and start set up of the pieces in *Pills-A-Go-Go* can, at times, cause confusion or a feeling of information overload. But as with many collections, this can be expected—the reader only needs to go into the reading of this book with that understanding. If taken in small doses, this book will provide the reader with a huge amount of information.

Pills-A-Go-Go as a book is a labor of love, a matter of obsession and a result of massive experimentation and research. Hogshire has an enthusiasm for his topic of choice and that shows through in his writing. Whether he is giving a history of pills, documenting the manner in which pills are exalted and then demonized, examining the manufacturing of pills, looking at the plight of the pharmacist's education and training, exposing the shady manner in which pharmaceutical companies market their wares, revealing George Bush's link to Eli Lilly (the manufacturer of Methadone) or reviewing the importance of the *Physician's Desk Reference*, his enthusiasm and interest shine through in his prose. The aforementioned topics are just some of what should be considered educational pieces in Hogshire's volume. Other items that are covered are: drug names as comedy, what pills can be used for other than what they are prescribed for, an interesting and entertaining look at a list of stars and they drugs they used and abused, songs about pills, slang terms, Viagra, how drugs are scheduled, insurance companies and their dealings, a look at drug laws in this country and outside of the US, and more. The largest section of *Pills-A-Go-Go* has to be the review section. Not satisfied by what the reported uses and reactions to specific drugs are, Hogshire documents through himself and various contributors honest, open and sometimes amusing reviews of drugs which have come into their possession. To say that this book is full of information would be a huge understatement.

Hogshire does not fill his book with writing only; he fills it with pictures, book cover reprints, ads, quotes, and many other cultural references that have existed throughout the years. These additions help to make the book much more interesting and visually appealing. Add to that a thorough glossary and bibliography, and you have a book that will be referred back to endlessly. Hogshire definitely knows the topic he covers in the pages of *Pills-A-Go-Go*, and for anyone interested in pill culture, this book should become a much visited reference volume. —Trent

PASSION (FRANCE, 1999)

If you see a movie with lots of hardcore sex, it's called "porn". For many, if you see a porn movie, you're a politically incorrect bastard with no respect for women, and maybe even a potential nutcase. If you see a European movie with hardcore sex, it's called an "art film." It's not only politically correct, but you can actually bring a date along if you want. Your friends will regard you as cool and sexually liberated, because it'll be something they'll wish they could do.

Porn is called "exploitation"; an art film is "erotica." In porn, sex is usually accompanied by funky guitar music; in an art film, you get violins. Neither has much of a plot.

The new French film **Passion** is a case in point. Even in France, which considers itself blase about sex, the movie caused a minor uproar for its inclusion of non-simulated (aka hardcore) sex. It's unrated, but my local theater, there's a big sign that says only adults will be allowed. This is the same theater chain that's let me see any X-rated art film I've wanted since I was eleven years old.

I like a particular seat at the Clay Theater, so I made it a point to be there well ahead of time. There were quite a few people mulling in front, but nobody wanted to commit to being in line. One guy with a pony-tail was intent on reading every single credit on every movie poster. Another guy walked down the block, disappeared, then came back the other way. Yet another just looked up into the air, as if he were outside just to get some fresh air, but certainly not to see the movie. It was only when the box office opened that the group fell into a hapbazard line — but still not *quite* a line, because then people walking down the street might notice they were in line for **Passion**, which that any local would know has hardcore sex in it. And let's be honest: the only reason why anybody would want to see an obscure, badly reviewed French film is because it has hardcore sex.

As I mentioned, I was the first person in line, since I basically have no shame. Then suddenly, when the box office opened, some bozo in a suit actually had the balls to try to sneak ahead of me. He'd been pacing around for the previous ten minutes, as if that'd make him inconspicuous. I stood my ground and made a point of searching around in my pocket for exact change, which must have made him go crazy. Finally, I reserved my seat, and then rushed back to a plush seat in the lobby to look at everybody coming in, hoping to make them feel self-conscious. I had a clipboard, too. And I took notes.

Before, I had some notions about the distinctions between porn and art film audiences, but those died away fast. Some of these specimens — almost exclusively men, of course — looked like pretty seedy characters. The first eight or so patrons were grayhairs, most wearing polyester pants and carrying cheesy-colored backpacks. There was one really big, confused guy who had a dirty duffelbag and couldn't seem to find his way into the theater. A good half of everyone there had baseball caps on, pulled way low. Well, so did I, but that's not the point. One guy looked like William Burroughs, and wore a trenchcoat in 75 degree weather.

When I finally made my way into the theater, they'd started the previews, including one for the 20th anniversary rerelease of **Caligula**, another art film with hardcore sex. (Double to nothing that everybody in the theater is going to blaze a trail to that one.)

I was surprised how quiet everybody was once the movie began, almost as if they were in a shrine. Only three months into their relationship, Marie (Caroline Ducey) is at wit's end trying to coax her boyfriend Paul (Sagamore Stevenin) into having sex. We never really find out why he's not interested, because Marie's certainly pretty enough, but if we take him at his word, it's because he requires patience lest, in acknowledging her lust, he loses his respect for her. (Apparently, the French are very fickle about sex.) On the other hand, Marie is turning into a sexual time-bomb. Symbolically, her bedroom is an austere white. The audience discovers the need for something brown and with caffeine.

I noticed that the guy in the trenchcoat is sitting about two seats away from me. There are some strange noises coming him, but it's too dark to make anything out. I focus on the movie. In voice-over, Marie says her one great desire is to become a great, anonymous hole without conscience, the larger the better. In the middle of the night, she meets a buff Italian guy name Paolo (porn sensation Rocco Siffredi — he even has a few websites dedicated to him). Before long, they're doing it. All the scenes with him are sort of flesh-toned. When Marie starts to have real feelings for the guy, she figures it's time to dump him. With that relentlessly complicated French logic that fills the film, she says that she only wants to be treated like a thing, and that real love cannot purge her desire, unless it's untainted with ambiuguity.

Before we have a chance to mull that one over, Marie sets up an extracurricular meeeting with the principal (Francois Berleand) of the grammar school where she teaches. Before long, she's at his house. He says that even though he's not young or good-looking, he's had ten-thousand women. His bedposts must look like stumps He believes that the one desire of all women is to be raped. (Maybe Marie is a pushover, but I doubt most many women would be inclined to agree with him.) The schoolmaster is into bondage, and proceeds to shackle her up. All of these scenes are filmed in a passionate red.

I won't give away the ending, but the primary color scheme of the final scene is black.

Apparently the director, Catherine Breillant, has made over a half a dozen films. All of them are about sex, and none of them got American releases, until this one. If there's a lesson to this film, it's that hardcore sex sells.

A lot of guys fall asleep after sex, so it's easy to figure why it's so easy to fall asleep during **Passion**. The real paradox here is that it's especially easy to fall asleep during the sex scenes, which were about as interesting as the insides of my eyelids. Most of the movie is Marie moaning about the inadequacies of her sex life, which happens in nearly every internal monologue and conversation. You begin to understand why her boyfriend's interest was wearing thin. However, interest perks up along with our cringe factor at the climax, when we get to see an unsimulated live birth.

Leaving the theater, everyone seemed disappointed. Even the old guy in the trenchcoat looked depressed. They showed up at an art film, expected exploitation, and ended up bored. A good lesson for them, and you. – Steve Spinali

SEX, PUNKS AND BOOKS

There are three things relating to movies I would not miss if they disappeared in the year 2000: Sex scenes, 90s versions of punk rockers that are supposed to be 70's punk rockers, and movies based on books. Of course, if this was to happen there would be very few movies released, but, hey, that would be a start. Sex scenes because they are so boring. They do nothing to turn me on. I'd have to include general nudity as well. Sex scenes are so un-erotic. They only provide me with an intermission from the movie for a bathroom break or a drink refill. Punk rockers in 90's movies goes without saying. They are way too fashionable in a Gap sort of way. I've seen way too many movies this year alone that are supposed to be set in 1977, yet all the punk rockers have piercings and modern-primitive tattoos. That's not the way I remember it. Finally, I refuse to see any more movies based on books I like. How some one can take a great book and turn it into a shitty movie is beyond me.

On that note my first movie is **Acid House**. I know I was dumb to even consider seeing this one, but I got some free passes. That's the only way I can justify it. Oh yeah, I got free popcorn too. The movie is based on the book of short stories by Irvine Welsh, the same guy who wrote **Trainspotting.** I know many people liked **Trainspotting**, but the book was so much better than the movie, with or without Ewan MacGregor. **Acid House** is just complete nonsense and the worst thing is Irvine Welsh wrote the screen play. What the fuck happened?!?

The movie takes place in three unrelated parts. The first is the story of a guy who gets kicked off his football team, gets dumped by his girlfriend, loses his job and his parents kick him out of the house. He's feeling a bit down so he goes to the bar for a drink and runs into God. After an extra lame "philosophical" discussion, God decides to turn the guy into an insect. As an insect, he goes around and torments those who betrayed him. It's basically an excuse to attempt to gross out the audience and show a few sex scenes. Unfortunately, it's the best part of the movie.

Part Two is the story of a pathetic man who marries a junkie-prostitute. They lead a miserable life, have a child and she ends up leaving him for the neighbor who lives upstairs. In the book this story was a really good one. He is trying to get off junk and get his life together. She is also a junkie, but is having a hard time giving it up, but is still a likable character. In the movie, you don't like either of them. She is a bitch and he's a wimp. Of course, there are some sex scenes.

Part Three is so bad, I'd rather not talk about it. It's the longest part of the movie too. A raver boy and a baby change bodies when lightning strikes. Remember **Freaky Friday**? Of course, the raver is tripping on acid or something, gets struck by lightning and the baby is born in an ambulance at the same time. So then you watch the raver in the hospital acting like a baby and the ugliest fake baby ever acting like a grown man. No sex scenes, but you do have to see the ugly baby lusting after his mother's nipple. A small overlooked detail is that the baby doesn't act like a raver. He acts like a horny drunk. In a lame attempt to bring the stories together, the baby is in the park with his mother and sees the fly and says, "Hi" to him. That was just too much.

Another book I really liked that was made into a movie is **Metroland**. A better interpretation than **Acid House**, but overall not that good. **Metroland** is the story of two friends who were very rebellious as kids. They laughed at the suburban existence they were leading and couldn't wait to get out. Though what happened was one ends up with the suburban life and the other with the Bohemian life. The conflict is that they are both jealous of the other.

The movie focuses on Chris, the married with one child/house in the suburbs/boring advertising job guy. Tony, his childhood friend comes back to England for a visit and Chris begins to regret his decisions. He remembers his childhood and the years he lived in Paris as a photographer. Of course, he had great sex in Paris, but that's also where he met his wife. Now, he doesn't think he made the right choice.

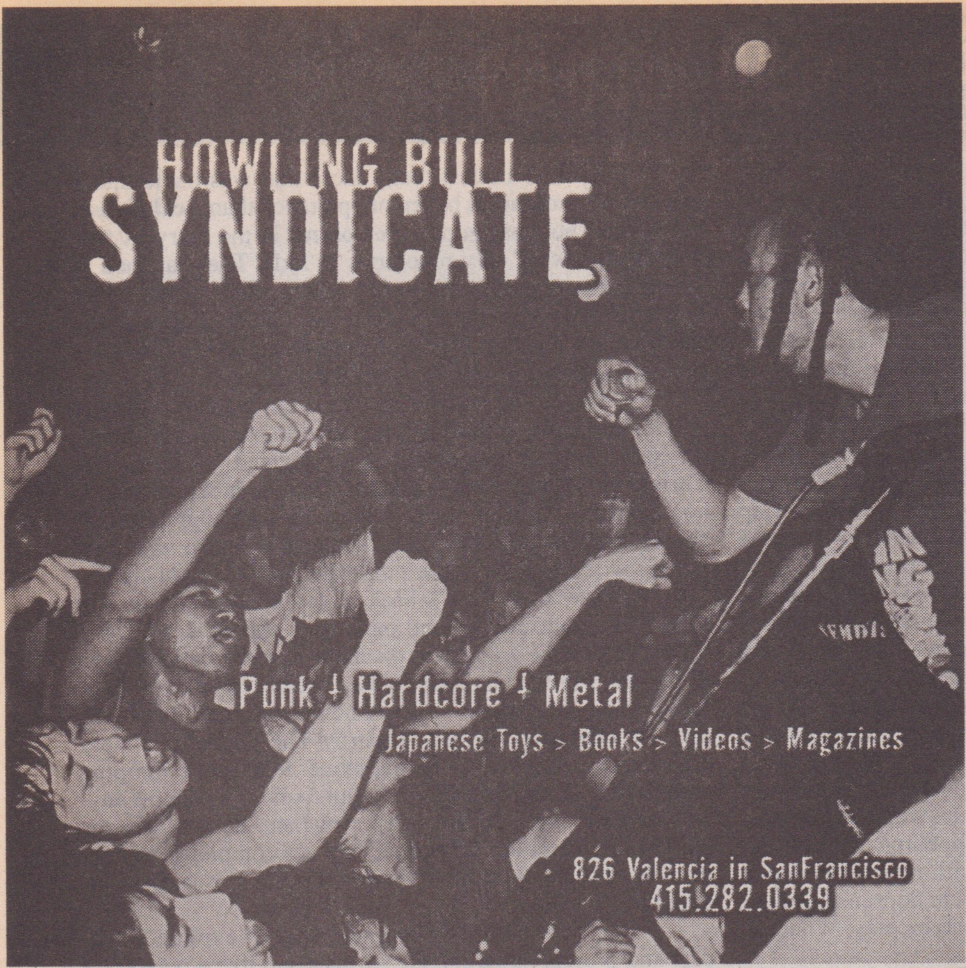
Now that Tony's back in town Chris can do fun things like go to parties and punk rock shows. It's 1977. I tried to check the credits for the name of punk band they go to see, but I missed it. They looked pretty old so I was hoping it was Cock Sparer or some newly reformed band like that. Anyway they played "Destroy The Oi Polloi". Very entertaining except for the audience. 90s punks jumping around like idiots. It really sticks out to me. I wonder if anyone actually makes an attempt for realism. Kind of like the "punks" in **Summer Of Sam.** They are completely ridiculous. Here it's only a small scene so I guess it's easily overlooked.

In the book there is more time to explore Chris' past and present situation. He seems more like a person I'd hang out with. In the movie, it's nicely laid out and wrapped up neatly. Everything is solved.

Having such bad luck at the movies (I saw a few big movies that I can't discuss, just let me tell you they all sucked), I was very relieved to receive a video of **Monkfish Dream.** Fortunately for me, the title means nothing and I had no idea what it was about. I put it in my VCR and sat back. It starts out with a very hip Japanese man, Kamio, staring in the mirror at his skinny body. He dresses in baggy, long shorts, boots, a neon colored hat and a fur coat and jumps on his small girls bike to drive to work. Normally, the excess hipness of this situation would drive me absolutely crazy and it did for a while, but I keep on going knowing the film was only 31 minutes long.

He gets to work and tells a girl that he is love with her. She rejects him so he is devastated. He walks along the beach, feeling sad and comes across a dead body. He takes it home. Before he can have sex with the body, the vagina comes apart from it and starts talking to him. I was stunned. The vagina has barbie arms and legs, speaks and likes to go by the name of Pussy.

The two develop a relationship, non-sexual at first. They go to the zoo. Pussy cooks dinner for Kamio. They talk and she encourages his interest in making perfumes. The film is funny, even though there are the obvious underlying sexual themes. Is every guys dream to just have the vagina? It's not this guy's dream, but that what he has. The relationship starts to seem very natural, it's unnerving, yet liberating. In fact Pussy has a lot more personality than the women in both **Acid House** and **Metroland**. Try to get yourself a copy of **Monkfish Dream.** – Carolyn Keddy



VITAL MUSIC MAILORDER

Independent Until Death!

FIRST LOOK AT THE THIEVES!

Vital Music was ripped off by a group of thieves posing as nice punk rock kids from Staten Island. To date only one person has returned stuff and it was returned scratched & unsellable. That was only after we had a talk with his mommy. Above are the first pictures we have of them. We'll have complete hi-res pictures by next week. All will be posted on our website. If you know these guys please let them know to return the stuff or let us know so we can talk to their mommys too and get our stuff back. Do the right thing guys!

SEE VITAL'S WEBSITE FOR ALL OF THE PICTURES AND EVEN LINKS TO ONE OF THE THIEVES' BAND'S WEBSITE

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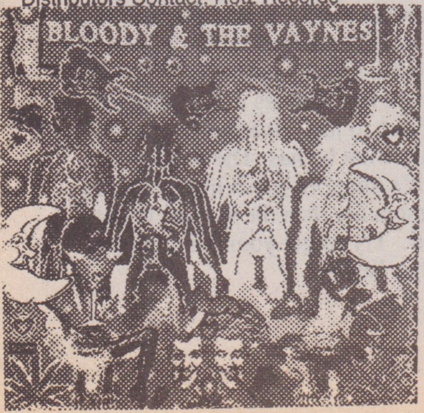

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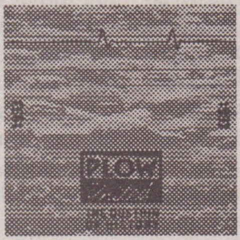

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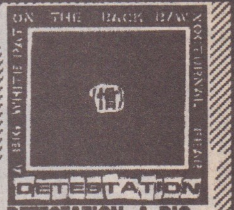

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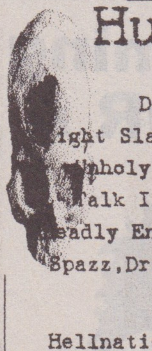

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send 2 copies of vinyl records (1 for MRR, 1 for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (JB) John Backstrom, (PB) Paul Barger, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (DD) Dr Dante, (NF) Neale Fishback, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raymundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

ABSTAIN - "1999 US Tour" EP

Limited edition release generated to sell on their US tour earlier this year. Was limited to 500, so it might already be gone. Crazy six song platter - pretty crazy that two people can make this much noise. This is consistent with their previous output, so it's basic, straight on hardcore - speed, speed speed. Solid production, solid execution and solid release. (TM)
(Agitate '96, c/o Richard Ramos, 11479 Amboy Ave, San Fernando, CA 91340)

AGENDA - "Finncore" EP

If this were faster and the vocals had less effects this would fucking rule, but instead it falls a tad short, all too mid tempo. Even though these songs are catchy in that hardcore with a bit of metal influence way, it's hard to enjoy them with the sung through a megaphone vocals crunching in. (TJ)
(Agenda, PO Box 83, 00501 Helsinki, FINLAND)

AMAZING SPACE FROGS - "I'm Into Necrophilia" EP

An Olde UK punk obscuro-type band gets to re-record a comp favorite with a four-year old kiddie on vox..eh. The two original versions on the back are from '79 and positively drip with that lost UK DIY punk sound. The UK quite literally *does not* produce bands like this anymore. Good thing the USA still does...(RW)
(Bin Liner, PO Box 18, Midhurst, W. Sussex, GU29 9YU, UK)

ANCHORMAN - "Still Need You More Than Air" CD

There's definitely an uplifting energy to this. Similar in feel and sound to AVAIL or HOT WATER MUSIC, with a few PROMISE RING moments thrown in for good measure. The only drag is that they are still a little chained to that manic pop punk pace in most songs. Still, their strong vocals and good, catchy parts make up for the minor criticisms. It'll be fun to see how they develop. (BG)
(Goodbye Blue Skies, PO Box 1306, Tavernier, FL 33070)

ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT - "Define A Lifetime" LP

The helpful post-it note attached to this one let's me know that this is "all three members of ASSUCK", but don't let that fool you. This is really good. I was never a big fan of ASSUCK but I love this record. There's some vintage youth crew references on this record, but it's really more VERBAL ABUSE than GORILLA BISCUITS. Awesome breakdowns, catchy hooks, mean, mean vocals, no grind. This is the best record I've heard this month. (ST)
($7: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

ANTISEEN / BORN BAVARIAN - split EP

Fucking A!!! ANTISEEN are the big dawg out in the front yard of the Confederacy of Scum! This band just keeps getting rougher and tougher with each advancing year! Jeff Clayton is the meanest hombre on either side of the Pecos River! The deep growl of "Motherfuckers Trying To Run My World" sends chills up and down your fucking spine! Fifteen years on and this band is better than ever! Joe Young's guitar cuts a wide swath of destruction across the Carolina's and all of the hinterlands. Turn this record over and you are treated to BORN BAVARIAN tearing it up with two songs done German country style. Get this! (BR)
(Outcast c/o Our Area, Parkweg 9-59379, Selm, GERMANY)

APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN - "Inverse... Reverse... Perverse!" CD

This is one of those almost all-encompassing oddities-and-rarities CDs that helps fans get all those comp tracks and out of print releases. It includes their "Daterape Nation" EP, "Led Zeppelin III" EP, AHO songs from their split with the OBLIVIONS, and others. Unfortunately fer some of youse, it only includes tunes from '94 to '98, missing the early years. I hate to admit this is my first exposure to AHO, but I gotta admit they're quite good. (HM)
($9 ppd: Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

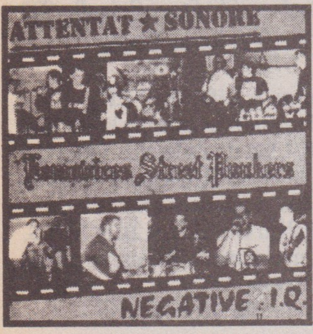
ASSHOLE PARADE - "Student Ghetto Violence" CD

Well let me make this real simple. ASSHOLE PARADE was a amazing mix of ripping hardcore, raging riffs and mad as hell vocals. The sum of these parts leads up to a destructive legacy. This CD contains all of their vinyl releases gathered together for your listening pleasure. I will never forget their one and only Gilman Street show. They knocked the roof off that motherfucker and laid waste to anybody that was left standing. Uh yeah.....get the CD, you fool. (RC)
($7 ppd: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ASTRID OTO - "D.I.Y." EP

Pretty much the same line-up as the late and not so great RETARD BEATERS, but so much better. Aaron Cometbus adds to his long list of bands. Female/male vocal interplay—a bit more aggressive than usual, but the basic songs are written very much the same way as PINHEAD GUNPOWDER, etc. "Goodbye Elston Ave." is the best of the four songs, while "D.I.Y." is by far the most depressing. (PA)
($3 ppd: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)



ATTENTAT SONORE/NEGATIVE I.Q. – split EP

Two bands from France. ATTENTAT SONORE play a kind of Anarcho-punk-meets-oi, like a cross between DIRT and the GONADS. Political lyrics dealing with Nazi skinheads and punks who leech off the scene rather than getting involved and helping out. NEGATIVE I.Q. play a similar style, if a little faster—they too have political lyrics about how the government sucks and how cool it is to be a young punk. Nice to see that street-punk isn't as apolitical in Europe. (AD)
(Do It Yourself,BP 135, 87004 Limoges Cedex, FRANCE)

THE BEATNIK TERMITES - "You're All Talk" EP

All right, so here I am dying of the worst damn cold/flu to ever strike the Pacific Northwest and then I slap this little piece of work on and now I'm jumping around like a jackass!! Sugary sweet RAMONES influenced pop punk from Cleveland. A prefect sound track for a trip to the beach or a cold Tuesday afternoon home sick in bed. I love this band but...uh, this record's from 1996. Where the hell is "Bubblecore" (the unreleased "new" album), you goddamn cock weasels!?! You've been promising it since...I don't know, like 1996!!! It's been four years!! Anyway, my only real complaint is Reggie's drumming, it's a little too fill oriented. A damn fine record. (BM)
(Insubordination, PO Box 606121, Cleveland, OH 44106)

BEERZONE - "They Came, They Saw..." CD

This is pretty cool. Sixteen songs of snotty teenage punk/oi that reminds me of THE COCKNEY REJECTS. (RM)
(Flat, PO Box 697504, Quincy, MA 02269)

BIG BOBBY AND THE NIGHTCAPS - "Harm's Way" EP

Big stomping beat and good dirty guitar on this one. Higher energy than their previous 7 inchers (which were good, don't get me wrong) augmented by a real fine production job by DEVIL DOG Steve Baise (who also plays guitar - was he hiding on the previous discs, or is he a new recruit? I dunno, but I like it!). On the B-side, they race through "Oo Bop Sha Boom" and "Don't Let Go" like the Platonic ideal of a great bar band (if you can imagine such a thing, given how "bar band" is generally synonymous with lame, but need not be as evidenced here) at a bar you'd probably be scared to enter. (DD)

(Black Lung, PO Box 39278, Louisville, KY 40233)

THE BODIES - "Addicted To You" CDEP

I'm not a big fan of the CDEP format, but regardless of my preference for vinyl, this is a good record. THE BODIES are from Sonoma, and they play melodic, 77 style Punk rock. THE BODIES could easily hold their own in an opening slot for better bands like the RANDUMBS and the WORKING STIFFS. And they do. (JV)
(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

THE BOILS/THE STAGGERS - split EP

This is really good! THE BOILS are a street punk band from Pennsylvania, who give two well-done original songs. THE STAGGERS from Texas throw out straight-up punk rock with some MERLE HAGGARD mixed in, to give it an extra punch. Plus they cover "Unicorn" by SHEL SILVERSTEIN, and my mom used to sing that to me, and their version kicks ass too. I have only kind words for these bands and this record, even though they didn't send me a copy. (BC)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. #169, Chicago, IL 60647)

THE CASUALTIES - "The Early Years 1990-1995" CD

I don't think that I need to try and describe their sound in great detail, for THE CASUALTIES have been kickin ass and making the kids pogo for about a decade. This CD has 17 tracks from early singles and comps, plus their 10 song demo from 1990 that was previously unreleased. If, for some mind boggling reason, you've never heard this band (and you don't mind CD's), by all means pick this up, for they are one of the top pogo punk bands around. (NF)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island NY 11953)

THE CAUSEY WAY - "With Loving And Open Arms" LP

Some of the better moments are along the lines of "Keep Eating" era SCRATCH ACID. Sorta rockin' and really messed up. Very distracting vocals that immediately bring to mind Doc Dart or the GODBULLIES. Y'know, it's post-punk! (LH)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

CHAPTER 3 - "A Real Texas Juke" CD

The band is fast and frenetic, and I like that, but the singer's voice is super whiny. He sounds like the guy from SICKO with a Southern accent. It makes me want to hurt him. I like the music, though, and the lyrics aren't that bad for songs about drinking and loneliness and whatnot. Once you get used to the whiny voice, it's not a bad listen. (BC)
(Surrender, 11495 212th, Maple Ridge, BC V2X 4Z4, CANADA)

CHOKE- "Foreword" CD

The intro to the first song is a little confusing, as if the drummer and the guitarist are thinking two totally different things. As for the rest of the CD, they fall right into PROPAGANDHI mode. Nasal vocals, chunky guitar muting into octaves and fast paced drumming, then there's the breakdown back into the fast part then, let's end the song right there. They do thank KID WITH MAN HEAD. (PA)
(Samllman, PO Box 352, 905 Corydon , Winnipeg, MB, CANADA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CHUPACABRA - "Tired of Talking to Shadows..." EP

Extremely metallic-political grind/crustcore. It has a weird mix of PHOBIA-esque grind, the dual male-female vocal style, black metal type riffs, etc. Yet the combination of all these styles leaves a package that doesn't really grab ya by the throat and beat you senseless. I understand what direction they were taking this in, so I'm betting that once they get their style more solid, it's going to be better. Not bad at all, but it doesn't have the impact that I'm so hungry for. (MW)
(Chupacabra c/o Andrew Wilkinson, 6519 54th St. N.W., Calgary, AB, T3A 1R5, CANADA)

CHURCH OF CONFIDENCE - "Livin' On Crime" CD

This band has perfected that chunka chunka sound that so many bands pathetically attempt. This is what American working class punk rock should sound like, and these guys are from *Germany*! This band is definitely influenced by SOCIAL DISTORTION, but there's also a good ZERO BOYS cover on this disc. Pretty recommendable. (DP)
(Anti, Oranienstraße 37, 10997 Berlin, GERMANY)

COMBAT 84 - "Orders of the Day" LP

Well, all the hits are on this. "Violence", "Poseur", "Skinhead", "Trouble","Rapist", ect. Far and away this prototypical '80s UK Oi! band's best stuff. I'm going to buy a copy. (RM)
(Step One, PO Box 21, Temterden, Kent TN50 7ZZ, UK)

COMBAT 84 - "Charge of the 7th Calvary" LP

This Step One Release is a reissue of Link Records LP 06 from 1989. COMBAT 84 was one of the best Skinhead bands to come out of England in the eighties and Chubby Chris has one of the best Oi! voices of all time. Songs like "Rapist" stand as a testament to COMBAT 84's power musically and politically. That said, you probably do not need this album, which is compromised of bootleg tapes from several different live shows. The sound quality is fair to poor. Instead you should purchase the Step One compilation of all the classic COMBAT 84 singles "Orders of the Day"-Great!. "Charge of the 7th Calvary" is for COMBAT 84 completists only. (BR)
(Step One, PO Box 21, Tenterden, Kent TN307ZZ, UK)

CONTEMPT - "Justice For Who" EP

Man, fuck Joe Strummer and his shitty new band. This is where it's at. Four great tunes make this the best all around Oi!/English pogo-punk release I've heard in a long time. Hats off to Data. (RM)
(Data, 28 Silksby St, Coventry, CV3 5FX, UK)

COYOTEMEN - "Maskarado K.O." LP

I remember the last thing I heard by these guys was a double-seven on Estrus that threw me by being both loud and wild in a non-hyped kinda way. It just *was* wild and loud garage rock totally feeding off the carcass of the MUMMIES. Well, here's a picture disc LP full of the same energy and dumbass abandon, so you can't lose if that's yer jones. I reserve comment on the rest of yer lives. (RW)
(Rockin Bones, P Le Della Macina 3, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

CRACKWHORE - "Somebody Loves You" CD

I think the real "street" term is "strawberry" (as in "I didn't plan to wind up a strawberry when I moved to San Francisco"), but that's neither here nor there. This CRACKWHORE is a youthful boy-girl-boy-girl outfit from Vermont that start off rough, ends up rougher and probably finish their sets with a life-or-death struggle. I'm reminded of '80s bands like the ANTI-SCRUNTI FACTION (remember them...anyone?). Even though this is a formative effort, their hearts and volume knobs are pointed in the right direction. (JH)
($5 ppd: Sweet Filth c/o Josh Pierce, 22 Grandview Ave., Essex Junction, VT 05452-3040)

DAMNATION - "Burn Em Like A Rat" CD

LA's DAMNATION seem to got it all: tattoo's, punk sneers, blood, and a look that just screams Hollywood. Unfortunately, they seemed to have failed song writing school, as their CD is just more boring LA glam punk. (JF)
(no address)

DEPRESSOR - "Some Hit Back" EP

Whoa. This is pretty intense. Really deep sound with distorted guitars and intense low bass lines. The vocals are gruff and deep as well. They sing about killer kids, hypocrisy in punk, revealing the atrocities caused by Christianity, and of course, war. They also did an awesome cover of "Largactyl" by AMEBIX. (SR)
(Caustic, PO Box 246, Lexington, KY, 40588)

DIE NAKSE BANANEN - "Bummer '99" CD

Pubs across the NETHERLANDS are no doubt getting destroyed by drunk Oi Punks as they tromp about with fists raised singing along as DIE NAKSE BANANEN converts fan after fan. They know how to get the boots movin' and the braces shakin'. As an added bonus: Goth vocals on "Earth Is Hell"! (TJ)
(Tocado, PO Box 3092, 3803 AB Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

DISORDERLY CONDUCT - "Love Thy Neighbor" CD

What's a poor working class white guy to do about his sorry lot in life? Get drunk, go see this band, get drunk some more, go kick in some heads, go home, maybe beat up his wife, too. Oi! (DP)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque, NM 87196)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DISTRAUGHT/THULSA DOOM split EP

So here's DISTRAUGHT vs. THULSA DOOM. DISTRAUGHT comes in with a strong DISCHARGE influenced right hook that makes their opponent bleed. Ouch! But wait! Here comes THULSA DOOM with some insane female vocals. I thought I had it on the wrong speed at first! Then they attack with some aggressive guitar solos that give a good blow to their opponent. I was leaning more towards DISTRAUGHT until THULSA DOOM came in with their second song. I think they need a rematch. (SR)
(Doomed, PO Box 13210, Jersey City, NJ, 07303)

DOORSLAMMER - CD

Generic HELLACOPTER-lite rock type stuff. Goofy lyrics with wimpy vocs and *Gearhead* artwork. I swear I could hear this on Live 105. Weak as shit. (DL)
1+2, Clean Nishi-shinjuku 1F, Nishi-shinjuku 75, Shinjuku-ku Tokyo 160-0023 JAPAN)

THE DRAGS - "Bombshelter/New York, California, Wherever"

THE DRAGS are my sister's favorite band. In two weeks we saw them six times. Now, years later, I would expect their sound to have stayed the same. Side A has. Lo-fi rock with repetitive riffs and disaffected, attitude laden vocals. Side B, however, is completely different. It's kind of funky. There appear to be tape loops and the vocals are sung in a whisper. Wow. It's kind of a nice change. (CK)
(Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State Ave. #418, Olympia, WA 98501)

DUKES OF HAMBURG - "Dukes Of Earl" LP

It's those lovable lads from the Rhine country (or is that San Mateo county?) belting out classic hits from the '60s. This is truely hep Beatmusik from the fatherland complete with the sass, the hop and all the rest. Truely the FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS (or maybe even Q65) of our age. A swinging good time is guaranteed here. Party down. (JY)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

DUMBELL - "Skinned" EP

Punk rock that pretty much kicks ass a la CANDY SNATCHERS and the RECLUSIVES. You know, muscle car punk from Germany. A lot of this stuff bores me for being too generic, but these four tunes don't fuck around. A top notch US-sounding old school punk release. (RL)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

DYNAMITE BOY - "Finder's Keeper's" CD

One of the decent pop punk bands of today. Being on Fearless, you know it's gonna fit in with the Fat/Dr. Strange thing. Actually some GREEN DAY qualities too which isn't a bad thing. A fun catchy release with all the hooks in the right places. (RL)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683)

ENEMY YOU - "Where No One Knows My Name" LP

Hey I'm down with the Panic Button thing. I love the LILLINGTONS! But this is just too BAD RELIGION. I'm mean this is exact, including the vocals. I had to check if someone snuck in "Suffer" to mess with me. Thumbs down I'm afraid, for blatantly stealing. (RL)
(Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614)

FAGGOT KINGS - EP

Ah...shit. Here we go...I'm hearing faux-JEFF CLAYTON vocals with red neck geetar and proud oi-boy choruses. I'm gettin' a real ugly taste in my mouth...plus, with this kind of shit you should at least feel the urge to slap yer knee, scratch a washboard, or somethin'. God almighty this sucks donkey balls. (DL)
(Our Area, Parkweg 9 59379 Selm, GERMANY)

FATAL FLYING GUILLOTEENS - EP

You can hear the uncorrected posture (or is that posturing?) oozing out of the sleeve. This is the kind of rock'n'roll those teenagers (with the S-shaped backs and big pants-cuffs), hanging out on corners looking mean in 1960s *Mad* Magazines, might make, provided they had the equipment. It's fuzz-box rock'n'roll with a little twang thrown in, or maybe that's just the "yahoo!s" on "Shake Train" talking. The GUILLOTEENS have the fi lo enough to stay primitive, but some post-ULYSSES jerky stops and vocal mono-talk-vox give this an interesting twist. This could be the soundtrack to your pathetic life. (AC)
(Estrus)

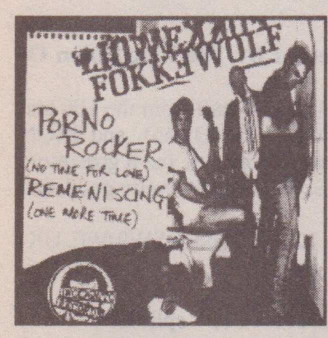
FIFI AND THE MACH III - 10"

Here you gotta a double 10-inch sampler spanning from 1992-1996, which includes previously unreleased tracks like a sublime version of THE DICTATORS' "Back To Africa". This peppy Japanese rn'r trio keep things adrenaline fresh with their infectious talent for RAMONES-soaked power chords and wasabi-girl vocs...this is sure fire pick-me up record for all you punks down in the dumps. (DL)
(Rockin' Bones, Via Cuneo, 2-43100 Parma, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

54 NUDE HONEYS - "'Hot Generation/I'm A Rubber Man"

I'd rather belong to the "Hot Generation" than the Blank, Pepsi or Lost Generation any day. For the record there are five, not fifty-four members in the band, none of them are nude (at least in the cover photo) and whether or not they're certifiable "honeys" is a matter between them and their significant others. Either way, it's some great early-style punk in a kinda BAGS mode...y'know, catchy, hooky, with smooth guitars, lotsa style, and that elusive, indefinable star quality that can either make or break a band. "I'm A Rubber Man" is a killer track. (JH)
(Mademoiselle, PO Box 19049, London N7 7WU, UK)



FOKKEWOLF - "Porno Rocker/Reminiscing"

Straightforward, bare-bones power-punk - guitars, bass, drums and vocals. Faster-paced and vaguely reminiscent of THE DEAD BOYS sped up a tad. This really is not the most interesting or innovative shit that has come out in recent memory, but it rocks (in a simple sort of way) and packs a punch. I would guess that these fellows put on a decent live show. (KK)
(Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

FOOLS - "In Heat" CD

I suspect (no info on the damn insert) this band might be Australian. This is straight-ahead rock music in the classic Australian vein, with healthy doses of RADIO BIRDMAN, NEW CHRISTS, STOOGES. These guys definitely know their shit, know how to rock and still do so without descending into self-parody or irony. Fills the empty space between the HUMPERS and the HELLACOPTERS on that punk rock continuum. Naturally excessive (but not so overly so) wah-wah guitar and a singer who's got the ROB YOUNGER style down pat and many classic sounding tunes make this a keeper. (JY)
(Fools, PO Box 339, Merewether 2291)

FREDDY LYNXX & THE CORNER GANG - "Have Faith" EP

I swear to punk rock god that the first band I thought of when I put this on was LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS. Guitar oriented indie-pop with a "punk" edge, I guess. I'm just sort of shrugging my shoulders. I think the only lyrics to the song "Have Faith" are "have" and "faith". The b-side, which is better than the a-side, has a sort of KINKS guitar thing going on. One other thing - Why do bands press one side of a record at 45 rpm and the other at 33 rpm? That really makes no sense to me. (KK)
(Vicious Kitten, GPO Box 20, Canberra A.C.T. 2601, AUSTRALIA)

FREE YOURSELF - "The Head Of Truth On The Body Of Lie" CD

Hey, this is some great shredded nerve aggro punk. It really comes out of its corner fighting—a trait many HC bands should take note of. It's heavy enough to be powerful, yet catchy enough to save itself from bludgeoning monotony. The lyrics are great political/personal calls to action, interestingly enough in three different languages (English, Greek, and German). This is inspiring stuff here that gives hope that maybe punk really can be vital into the 21st century. (BG)
(no address)

FUCK ON THE BEACH/FLÄCHENBRAND - split EP

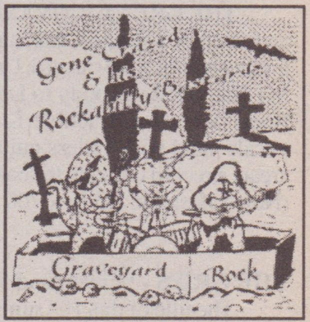
Well what the hell do expect from the masters of power violence? FOB shred (and I mean shred) through six of the fastest, shortest, meanest fastcore songs you have ever heard. Some have appeared in other places, but it is always pleasant to hear FOB do what they do best: thrash! FLÄCHENBRAND have been doing a lot splits with established acts recently. The music is fierce and fast, yet doesn't have as much character as the FOB stuff. They do a LÄRM cover, so that's an added bonus. A good introduction to both bands. (MW)
(Regurgitated Semen, Straße des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpöllnitz, GERMANY)

FUNNY LOOKING KIDS - "Picture Day" CD

Boring, generic, melodic punk with ska parts. Now while I like a lot of this stuff, I don't like this CD. In fact, I almost get the feeling these guys are just trying to make it big. (JF)
(Fast Music, 401 Broadway #2011, New York, NY 10013)

GASOLHEADS - "Fuel Stereo Crash" CD

French, turbo-'77, ya-ya-ya, fucked-up new-wavey-punk deliciousness. My one poke at their French cuteness is this, my favorite song title - "It Sucks Me Dead", that's just so fucking awesome! A decidedly un-snotty, yet very STITCHES style, with a tad more trash and exhaust fumes. I just played it through to the end without skipping past the ends of songs, which I *never* do until I get something home. Totally fucking great. Whaddya want, ya suck me dead! (RY)
(Lollipop, 35 ch de la nerthe 13016 Marseille, FRANCE)



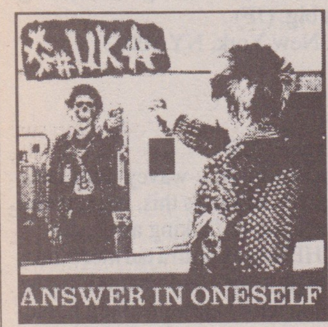
GENE CRAZED AND HIS ROCKABILLY BASTARDS - "Graveyard Rock" EP

Italian psychobilly much in the early METEORS mode (at least that's what they said in the press release) and pretty much hitting all the requisite notes and tempos. To be quite honest, though, the guitar is way tinny sounding and the rhythm section sounds like it could use a little "oomph" or something. But the singer is pretty crazed and they do do the trick quite nicely. (JY)
(Crazed Bop, G. Fortunato, 123 71100 Foggia, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

GOOD OLD HABIT – "In G.O.H. We Trust" EP
Catchy upbeat streetpunk with sing-along choruses and gravelly vocals from the Netherlands (...psst, they sound a bit like a *good* SKREWDRIVER). Songs about hating cops, how Krishna sucks, and disagreement with the European Economic Union. This is pretty cool—why can't most American streetpunk bands take a stand on anything except the way they dress and how much they dig their country? This is way smarter than your average oi band, from a place where being a punk or a skin still means more than a fashion statement... (AD)
(Skanky Lil, St. Catharinastraat 1, G.5611 JA Eindhoven, NETHERLANDS)

GONN - "The Loudest Band In Town" LP
...... these old '60's dudes were responsible for one of the greatest "punk" tunes ever... "Doin' Me In"..... yeah, it's a classic..... everybody has covered it and fucked to it.... no doubt about it!!!!!!..... unfortunately, most of the other tunes are just second rate covers..... these guys were into the KINKS, that be forsure..... !!!!... originally from Iowa during the late '60s, they do deserve legendary status for that one fucking tune alone..... if you haven't heard it for yourself you might wanna pick this up.... but I warn you, don't bother playing the rest of the LP...... (SW)
(Beat Rocket, PO Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051)



GOUKA - "Answer In Oneself" EP
GOUKA play crusty sounding hardcore with semi-brutal vocals, which should be good, but I found GOUKA just a little generic compared to similar bands from Japan, and other bands on this label. They deserve extra points for the cool cover art. (JV)
(Shinohara D.N.B, 102.3-3-14-43 Senboku Morioka City, Iwate 020-0861, JAPAN)

THE GREAT UNWASHED FEATURING THE SOBER SISTERS - "Pussycat a Go Go" LP
THE GREAT UNWASHED put aside their garage punk roots and attempt a musical mating with THE SOBER SISTERS in this limited edition party record. Until I heard this, I thought tunes like "Be My Baby," "Somebody to Love," "Teenager in Love," and "These Boots" were indestructible. Live and learn. Triple-harmonied female vocals meld with gutless guitars and Top 40's oldies radio tunes to create a record unlikely to soak up any part of my record budget. (SS)
(New Lifeshark, PO Box 700 320, D-44884 Bochum, GERMANY)

THE GRIPS - "Firebrand Rock 'N Roll" 10"
The title of this 10" sums up this record perfectly. THE GRIPS play punk rock that falls on the rock side of, say, early NEW BOMB TURK, but is definitely more punk than say NINE POUND HAMMER or any of their spin off's. (JF)
(Firebrand, PO Box 5894, Nottingham, NG1 1PG, UK)

GYMSLIPS - "Rockin' With The Renees - The Punk Collection" CD
A charming band from the early '80s. An all-girl group from the UK, whose "Drink Problem" was played along with the TOY DOLLS "Nellie The Elephant" on those old "Rock of the Eighties" radio stations. A good comp although that is more pop than punk by today's standards. I really dig this, with it's undeniably brit gal vocals and amateur-ish playing. Not too far from the SHOP ASSISTANTS, looking back now. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

HAMICKS - LP
I know this sounds crazy, but this is what I imagine FLIPPER would have sounded like if they had keyboards and weren't on heroin. That is not an insult. I loved FLIPPER and I love this band. I just don't know quite how to describe them. They got guitars, they got keyboards, they got arty lyrics, just get the fuckin' record. (DP)
(Creepy Drifter Records, no address)

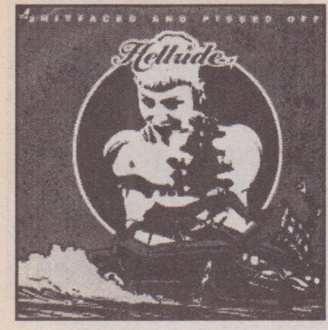
HARD TO SWALLOW - "Protected By The Ejaculation Of Serpents" LP
White vinyl! HARD TO SWALLOW hail from the UK and features members of JOHN HOLMES, 666 DEAD, and IRON MONKEY. I thought this would be a bit more evil, but it goes more for that over the top power violence sound instead. Pretty good, and a bit humorous as well. (JV)
($12 ppd: Household Name, PO Box 12286, London SW9 6FE, UK)

HATED PRINCIPLES/CHACHI ON ACID - split EP
The HATED PRINCIPLES side has three songs of fuzzed-out hardcore, blissfully recorded on what sounds like a household tape deck. This takes nothing away from their sound, which is tight and powerful. Bosses, fascists, and perpetrators of domestic violence are the victims of their lyrical massacre. On the flip, CHACHI ON ACID deliver a slower-paced, but equally fucked-up batch of songs, with more of a humorous take on songs about straight edgers, coffee and Taco Bell. (AM)
(Do Yerself In, PO Box 34, Listowel, Ontario, N4W 3H2, CANADA)

THE HEARTDROPS - "East Side Drive" LP
Damn, I hate this band, and I don't even know them. Basically they look like cast members from "Party of Five" or "Ally McBeal", and they play rock and roll maaaan, that could very well be used as background music on those same shows. Oh wait, they're from New York, so I guess they would be on "Time Of Your Life". (RM)
Melted, 21-41 34th Ave., Suite 10A, Astoria, NY 11106)

HELLAJETS/QUADRACOPTERS - split EP
Well maybe it's just THE HELLACOPTERS and THE QUADRAJETS combining for some down home drunken bluesy rock tunes that go on and on and on. These folks seem to have had a great time creating this and jamming their solos. Unfortunately, I just want it to end. (HM)
(Estrus)

Music Reviews



HELLRIDE - "Shitfaced And Pissed Off/Darkness" 45

.......from Norway ....shit, some pretty lame records this month..... this is yet another Euro band trying to rock like the stars..... yup, more Marshals and Gibsons and shit.... AC/DC, MOTORHEAD.... you get the idea..... HELLACOPTERS, TURBONEGRO .....all in the same ballpark..... these types of bands are just pouring out of the woodwork...... the tattoos and chain-wallets are-a-swingin' !!!!!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160 380, Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

HELLSTOMPER/BORN BAVARIAN - split EP

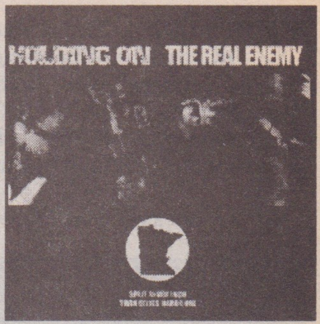
Folk standards for the truly depraved. HELLSTOMPER plead with you to "Cut me up some bacon and some beans...". They almost make it seem cool to do something like...say, shit your pants out of sheer drunken laziness. Oh, how they rock, hard, fat, and hairy...you know the drill. BORN BAVARIAN lay out the ugly-love in the wurst way. I take the scum as it comes, like sucking a fart out of punk rock's ass. (RY)
(Outcast, Brück's Center, Bissenkamp 11 - 44135 Dortmund, GERMANY)

THE HILLSIDE STRANGLERS - "Greetings From Detroit" EP

Snot-filled. A plethora of unintelligible harsh vocals. A naughty little '77 dream. Like SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN on crack, and doing a barely recognizable cover of the SONICS "Strychnine". There's no doubt these creeps live their punk rock lives to the fullest. Rad and aggro, yet filthy and mean, imagine! Get outta town before Mom and Dad have you committed. (RY)
(Detroit Noise, 1217 Griswold Detroit, MI 48226)

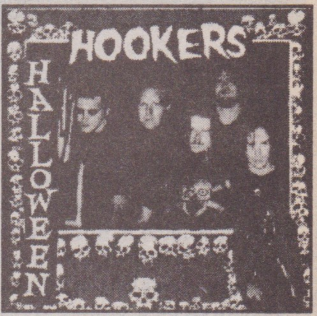
H.K. PEGAR - "A La Chingada Con Los Traidores" EP

Uh, fast and noisy hardcore that sounds like it came from a live recording. The problem is, the recording is really bad, so it sounds really muffled and distorted, causing me to lose interest very quickly. No thanks. (RC)
(Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse Cedex 5, FRANCE)



HOLDING ON/THE REAL ENEMY - split EP

Hey, did hell freeze over? Full color record covers and posters for two modern straightedge bands from Havoc Records? Whoa! Actually this is a split release with One Percent Records, also from Minneapolis. Anyway, all kidding aside, this is a rockin' EP that has two up and coming bands from the Minneapolis area. HOLDING ON take the cake on this one with their straightforward hardcore approach. Fast, no frills, and to the point. THE REAL ENEMY slow things down just a hair, and crank out their own brand of solid hardcore. All these kids are definitely remembering their hardcore roots. (RC)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)



HOOKERS - "Halloween/Valhalla"

Everybody loves fucking the corpse of the MISFITS. Not everyone fucks 'em as well as the HOOKERS. "Dead cats hanging from poles" comes tearing out of a completely trashed throat and the fuzzed out muck, known as the HOOKERS sound, goes running through the graveyard. "Valhalla" is one of their own with a similar approach, only with greater speed. (TH)
(Black Lung, PO Box 39278, Louisville, KY 40233)

HOSTILE OMISH - "One Horse Power" CD

These guys are all dressed up like the Omish. I'm not too sure about this. Pretty annoying bad melodic punk. Songs like "We Throw Poop" and "Eat Boot" don't really appeal to me. Maybe I just don't have a sense of humor. One song kind of gave me a little chuckle though. I'll give them credit for that. Its about a hot girl they call a vagitarian because she wants to watch "Ellen" instead of making out. They have this acoustic song that sounds like CRASH TEST DUMMIES. These guys are all about trying to be funny I guess. (Hey guys-its not really working.) Oh, they're from Ohio. (SR)
(Punge, 6570 Richmond Rd, Oakwood, OH, 44146)

HUNDREDMILLIONMARTIANS - "Marsbars" CD

This is pretty cool power pop punk band from Finland. Almost reminds me of D GENERATION, without the hair products. Catchy as hell with rockin' production. Kinda like THE STEREO too. Not for thrashers, but pop folk take note. (RL)
(Hijaaiset Levyt, PO Box 211, Fi-33201,Tampere, FINLAND)

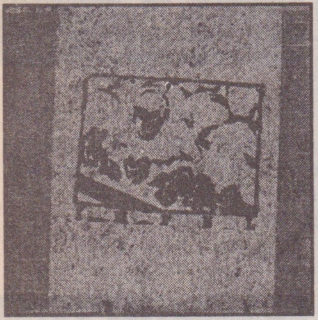
THE HYDROMATICS - "Parts Unknown" LP

Full length LP, includes the Rocket Dog 7" reviewed by me last month ("the THIN LIZZY of Netherlands punk"). More '70s hard-n-heavy rock-n-roll from scruffy, toe-headed Europe. Picking up dirty cues from, the NUGE, TANK, STACKWADDY etc.. Just gets better song after song. (RY)
(White Jazz, Box 2140, 103 14 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ICARUS LINE - "Red & Black Attack" CD

OK, so you're of the opinion that punk is best served up abrasive, angular and ironic. Well, this might just be for you. I was never the biggest fan of ANTIOCH ARROW or ANGEL HAIR, so I'm not the best person to give an unbiased review of this. The chaotic moments are interesting, but the attitude and style are bit too studied for my taste. (BG)
(New American Dream, PO Box 265, Balboa Island, CA 92662)



IMPEL - "Derail" EP

Okay, this record is a trip. First, the labels on the vinyl are left over from old AMENITY and FORCED DOWN records. Second, only three tracks are listed, but there are four tracks here. Third, this is a one time pressing limited to 400. And fourth, I can't believe IMPEL is still around with their QUICKSAND sounding post hardcore sound. All this just brings back memories of when Chula ruled the Che Cafe. (JF)
(Redwood Limited, PO Box 6041, Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

THE INSULTS - "Insults to Injury" LP

INSULTS fans (and I'm definitely one of them) probably won't be disappointed in this surprisingly short LP full of basic snotnosed punk recorded in '79 and remastered only this year. The original tunes are highlighted by the hilarious "Dummies on Parade", but covers range from their grungy version of the STONES' "The Last Time" and a great, short version of "White Riot" to pleasantly fucked up renditions of "For Your Love" and "Class War." (SS)
(Brain Transplant, PO Box 24310, Los Angeles, CA 90024)

INTREPID A.A.F.- "Songs of Battle" EP

INTREPID AGAINST ALL FASCISTS is a solid boots and braces band from the East Bay. I thought the production on this EP sucked, though. I would have mixed the guitars higher and the vocals a bit lower, and the songs a little bit faster. But I wasn't the producer. And the lead singer's vocals go from gruff to border-line speech impediment. Extra points for Wagner on the intro to the song "Shadows Of Swastikas." It's a good record, but it could have been better. I feel that with a lot of what I've heard on this label. (BC)
(Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

IRON-ONS - "Yeahwhatever" CD

The record cover is a spoof of the second POLICE album, which isn't necessarily a good sign. Should've called the record something POLICE-like... "Punjabs Des La Manitoba", "Zaxon Igloo-za" or something. Anyway, pleasant melodic punk type stuff that hits a little more than it misses. The better moments sound like ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT with "Ray" era LEMONHEADS riff-age. Sort of sounds like FLUF at times. May not make a huge dent on your consciousness, but it's certainly pleasant. (LH)
(Vegas, PO ox 2175, Newport Beach, CA 92659)

ISP - "Boxing Day" CD

'80s style punk/hardcore/thrash, while well-played, it gets boring after a couple songs. (RM)
(Kalinka, 24 Ave, St. Joseph 07300, Mauves, FRANCE)

THE JACKS - "The Last of.." EP

Three songs of really crappy, boring, wanna-be English "street punk" and one tune that had more of a hardcore feel and was pretty cool. (RM)
(Haunted Town, 1659 N. Milwaukee Ave, Chicago, IL 60647)

JESSICA SIX - "All Good Things" CD

Wow, this is a really amazing CD. Here's a good example of a band at the wrong place at the right time making great music. I can't say enough good things about this band. Amazing catchy power pop, punk, indie rock, stuff. Great warbling melodic vocals. I'm sure they've heard the SUPERCHUNK comparison before. A lot of it also reminds me of MERCYLAND. Clever, but totally energetic music with sentimental (without being too wispy) lyrics. This band should've been huge. Instead, they lived and died in Houston (once and possibly still one of the greatest towns in the country for live music). (LH)
(Act Your Age, 3244 Locke Ln, Houston, TX 77019)

JOHN Q PUBLIC/THE MUTHUFUCKIN' BROWNS - split EP

This split pairs two back-to-basics HC bands. JOHN Q PUBLIC is the more engaging of the two, with their manic guitars and a singer with a real good punk rock howl. They definitely have the fire necessary to do this music. The BROWNS' side is alright—the first song being a strong, simple number, with decent hooks, but they really should've thought twice about including the limp MISFITS cover. (BG)
(Middleman, PO Box 4606, Lafayette, IN 47903)

JP5 - "Hot Box" CD

Power pop from Canada with a dumb-sounding name. A good band, though, and it's nice to see girls who aren't afraid to rock and get glammed out. I like anything in a pink feather boa. The lyrics are both funny and thoughtful and about love, drinking, and drugs, for the most part. I'll actually listen to this at home. (BC)
(Sudden Death, Moscrop PO #43001, Burnaby, BC, V5G 3H0 CANADA)

JUMPIN' BEANS AND THE MOUSTACHES - "Not Fade Away/Gloria"

Noisy, out of tune and inept renderings of two garage standbys. I prefer the reading of "Not Fade Away" since it's faster; "Gloria" is rather ponderous and not fucked-up enough to make it seem worthy of yet another rendition. (DD)
(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardiner, ME 04345)

MUSIC REVIEWS

KAREN FOSTER - "War is Not Enough" CD

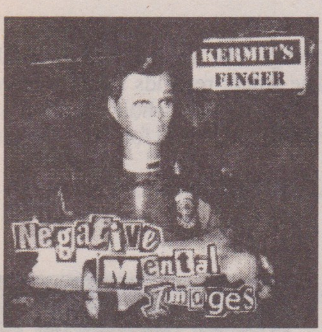
Canadian trio doing the punk/power pop thing, bringing to mind mid period HÜSKER DÜ. Pretty catchy stuff, but it gets a little tiring towards the end. "Headline News" is a real stand out song and pretty much worth the CD. I guess that's why kids buy these things, cause they are easy to pick through. For the most part there's great stuff here. (PA)

(Sudden Death, Moscrop PO 43001, Burnaby, BC, CANADA)

KENT 3/LEATHERBOYS - split EP

One track each of new wave garage. KENT 3 are a bit more straight forward with simple riffage that's not as generic as most garage-esque ensembles, and yet unmistakable in it's garage-eocity. LEATHERBOY travel into slightly more avant garde garage territory with quirky guitar staccato and futuristic keyboards. Y'know, garage music! (LH)

(comes with Multiball #18, PO Box 40005, Portland, OR 97240)



KERMIT'S FINGER - "Negative Mental Images" EP

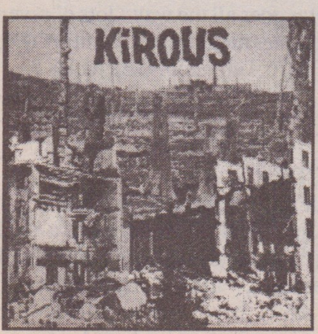
KERMIT'S FINGER play fast, straight forward punk rock. Catchy enough, enough energy, good recording and production, but it's just missing something. Come to think of it, the same tempo and the same "I'm yelling so fast I'm out of breath" vocs in all 6 songs make 'em all run together. But it's still pretty good. (NF)

(Poorest Quality, PO Box 458, Boston MA 02129)

KEVIN K BAND - "Midnight Dragon" EP

Thank God this freak doesn't sound half as bad as he looks. For all you superficial fools like me, I just really need to cap on this guy's. front cover, he looks like JOHN WAITE when he was in that soft-metal band in, like, '87. Back cover has him shirtless in leather jacket, and looking worse that STIV BATORS at *his* very lowest. Musically, it's total pop rock 'n roll with JEFF DAHL aspirations... yep there's the "Thanks To:", right there. Take note, gaunt cheekbones and bolo ties are back. (RY)

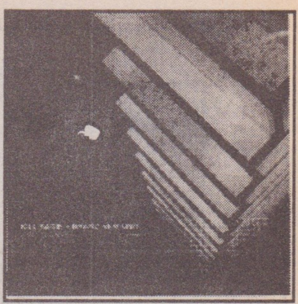
(Vicious Kitten, GPO Box 20, Canberra, ACT 2601 AUSTRALIA)



KIROUS - "Sivistyksem Rauniot" EP

KIROUS remind me of Finnish BROTHER INFERIOR, but just a tad bit slower and less musically proficient. The sound does vary from cut to cut because these songs were recorded from the years 1995-1997. KIROUS' lyrics read like a junior college political philosophy class. Not bad. (JV)

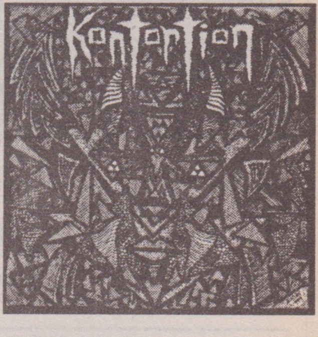
($3 ppd: Scapegoat, Rakuunatie 55 B 44-20720, Turko, FINLAND)



KILLSADIE / BRAND NEW UNIT - split EP

According to SPIN magazine, emo (in the form perpetrated by the criminal PROMISE RING) is going to be the next goose that laid the golden egg. Unfortunately for us, that likely means more sub-SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE radio dreck, rather than a barrage of bands who actually deserve the moniker (shit though it is) by actually having some kind of link to the DC lineage that spawned the term. KILL SADIE is one such band - emocore where the 'core' actually does pertain to hardcore. BRAND NEW UNIT have been purveying their brand of youth crew finger pointing for a while now, and they show no signs of tampering with a winning formula on this cut. Powerful, anthemic hardcore with smart lyrics. My main complaint is that there was only one song from each band on here. Come on, value for money for Christ's sake! (AM)

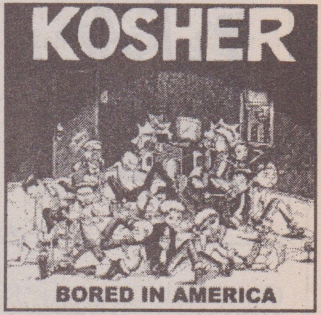
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55408)



KONTORTION - "Implanted Slavery" EP

Fast-as-all-hell grindcore with throat-melting dual vocal action. A solid mix of over the top blast beats and slow breakdowns hold your attention. The lyrics have that dismal outlook on our society, which most of you punkers should be rather familiar with. Check it out. (RC)

(Dead Alive, PO Box 97, Caldwell, NJ 07006)



KOSHER - "Bored In America" EP

Very gravelly voiced piss and vinegar punk from Warensburg, MO. Kinda reminds me of the PINK LINCOLNS. I can bob my head but it doesn't get me dancing. "Gimme A Beer" is a pretty decent tune that really sums up my Friday nights. Not bad. (BM)

($3: Skullduggery, 77 Scituate Ave, Scituate, MA 02066-3561)

KRALIZEL - "Spice" EP

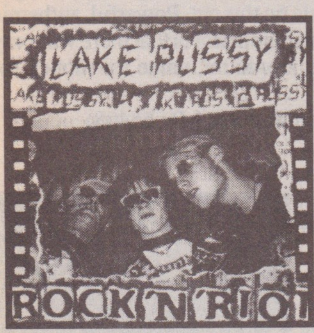
This is how I met KRALIZEL, with members of GOB, VAE VICTUS, and REDRUM. I opened the ziplock on the sandwich bag. I looked for lyrics, in vain. I listened for them, in vain—only roars of hc anger and pain ripped from the speakers. I did find, however, a smaller ziplock bag, full of a brown powder. Drugs? Soil spirited away from some foreign soil? No - spice, very painfully spicy spice. Saffron? I might die now, since I tasted it... A sample from *Dune*—aha! Now I get it! The precious stuff of life! Precious few moment of music between samples, too, but the spice-sample side of the EP rocks—excellent timing. Ah well, it's as good a way to go as any... This is definitely a first. Limited to 250. (AC)

(no address)

MUSIC REVIEWS

LAGWAGON - "A Feedbag Of Truckstop Poetry" EP

Well, this is even weaker than I thought they'd sound. The A-side is a long, slow power ballad with whiny vocals, the flip has a moderately peppy pop-punk song followed by a lame cover of a great JAWBREAKER song. (AM)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)



LAKE PUSSY - "Rock 'N' Riot" EP

I can't stop giggling about the how the PUSSYs manage to be so loose they'll totally get off the beat and somehow come back together. I'd believe it in the future when LAKE PUSSY claims to have learned their instruments on their first EP. They hit the nail on the head with some of their criticisms of modern punk. These PUSSYs barely pull off old school style mid-tempo punk/oi. Fuckin' *rad* that they suck so bad. I love it! (HM)
(Tom Becker, Mühlweg 13, 85376 Massenhausen, GERMANY)

LAST SECURITY - "Fuck Your Attitude" EP

I expected the worst from the cover of this record (note to bands: Taxi Driver photos, samples and references are officially played out) but it really smoked. LAST SECURITY jump from raging hardcore ala DS-13 to great rock and roll choruses without missing a beat. Good stuff. (ST)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodra Parkgatan 35A, 21422 Malmo, SWEDEN)

THE LAWN DARTS - "Volume 2" CD

The packaging looks a little slick, but the music is very good. Pop punk in the vein of RUTH'S HAT or maybe even the early LILLINGTONS. Very well written and executed. Plus a GO-GO'S cover!! Words of advice: no single member thank you lists, get better layout, and never speak of your tune "Freakazoid" ever again (trust me it's for the best). (BM)
(Lawn Darts, 538 Franklin Terr, Wyckoff, NJ 07481)

THE LAZY COWGIRLS - "Goodbye to Yesterday/Goodnight and Goodbye"

These guys still rock like nobody's business. Catchy, mid-tempo, traditional punk rock that is put together extremely well. I'm hard pressed to think of any other band that has been so consistent for such a long period of time. They continue to write excellent songs and play them with the same energy that they did over ten years ago. It almost brings a tear to the eye. Yeah, whatever Kaos. (KK)
(Sheep, Schöneggplatz 10, 8004 Zürich, SWITZERLAND)

LAZY COWGIRLS/DICKY B HARDY - split EP

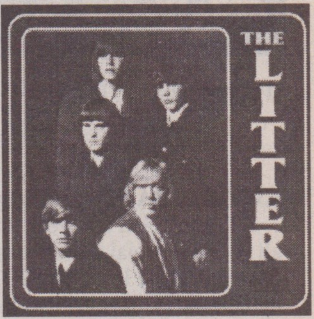
Hey, if you're gonna take up space with an answering machine sample, at least make it a funny one. That aside, this record rocks. The LAZY COWGIRLS side is typical of their country-influenced punk rock sound. DICKY B HARDY, despite the dorky name, put out some good ol' hard rock in that Scandinavian style. Both songs are from full-lengh releases, but this is still worth picking up. (DP)
(FV, Kersnikova 4, 1000 Ljubljana, SLOVENIA)

THE LIES - "Lies/July"

Pretty cool NW postpunk damage. The music is multilayered, yet trancelike in it's repetition. The singer reminds me of a more relaxed Chris Thompson. The effect of this whole shebang is prolonged, unrelenting, unreleased tension. I'm all for more friction in the world, so I dug it. (BG)
(Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State Ave #418, Olympia, WA 98501)

THE LITTER - "Action Women/ Somebody Help Me" 45

.......part of the Get Hip "Archive Series".....recorded back in '66.....so-so.....nothing to write home about..... background music...... no big deal.... fuck, I'm falling asleep...... next record please.....(SW)
(Get Hip, Columbus & Preble Aves, Pittsburgh, Pa 15233)



THE MASONS - "Plymouth Rock" CD

Packaged in hipster-proof flame job cover art, this bad to the bone trio rock hard n' heavy and blaze tunes about high school girls, crashin' cars and werewolves. They also manage to sneak in a SONICS and an ELVIS cover. The vocals do that LUX INTERIOR psycho vibrato thing while the guitar goes all the way...lots o' reverb that'll keep yer hips loose and yer panties nice and wet. Cum on. (DL)
(Middle Class Pig, Erlenweg 4, 72076 Tubingen, GERMANY)

MEANDERTHAL - "Dumb" CDEP

I don't know what it is about this record. But I sorta like it. In many ways, it's just straight, fast, pop punk, run-around-in-a-circle sorta stuff. But in a way I really dig the singers voice. He sounds really nerdy and awkwardly charming along the lines of THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS. I really hope they're totally geek losers. I'll be disappointed if they're suavé snow boarder types... (LH)
(Blind, PO Box 980, Artarmon, NSW 1570 AUSTRALIA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

METROS - "Black Leather" LP

Gritty and raw rock'n'roll, but also strangely restrained rock'n'roll. It never takes off, demands none of my attention, and always seems two tempos too slow. There are a number of songs that could be unforgettable, great vocals and snotty lyrics, but the music never catches up. (TH)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Avenue, San Bruno, CA 94066)

THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT - "West Cabaret Drive" EP

This Japanese band has a definite early punk feel to it. Think DAMNED, SEX PISTOLS, and STOOGES for reference. Two out of three tracks are pretty alive and aggressive sounding. If you're a fan of the style, give them a gander. (BG)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT Vs. THE BRISTOLS - "Vibe On/ Our Love Will Still Be There" 45

.......hmmmmm.... who will win?????..... side one is the MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT..... whatever..... anyways, they're Japanese...... fast.... kinda reminds me a bit of the FEEDERZ...... just a bit, but then again I'm pretty tired right now .....not my cup of tea...... side two is THE BRISTOLS..... the chick singer sounds English, I guess... or something Euro..... very slow and quirky..... but I dig it.... fuck, it's pretty swell....yes!!!!!....okay, votes in....the winner, hands down is THE BRISTOLS..... (SW)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg 1F 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

THE MISTREATERS -EP

Falling somewhere in between the PERSUADERS and the COUNTDOWNS, THE MISTREATERS play chaotic, heavy, fuzzy tunes that attack. They got great song titles like, "How Much for the Woman?" and "Leg Show". I can dig a band with a sleazy underbelly. Yes, this be good. (DL)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

THE MONSTERS/THE T-BONES - split EP

A-side is a full '60s fuzz-guitar buzz party. I'm always a sucker for this cheesy shit. I could wear out a hole in my go-go boots to this one. On the b-side, you'll be doin' the slow jerk to the way out cryptic sounds of the T-BONES. Yeah, here's one for the juke box. (DL)
(16 Tons, Anwandstrasse 25, 8004, Zurich, SWITZERLAND)

M:PATI - "USA Ska Bort" EP

All the things you love about EXTREME NOISE TERROR, but sung in Swedish. The burnin' metal-ly thrash parts and the thundering breakdown parts and the other parts...oh, there are no other parts needed, just plenty of passion bleeding from their finger tips to your ears. (TJ)
($3: BiM, A. Wilhelmsson, Kaserig 2, 42242 Hisings Backa, SWEDEN)

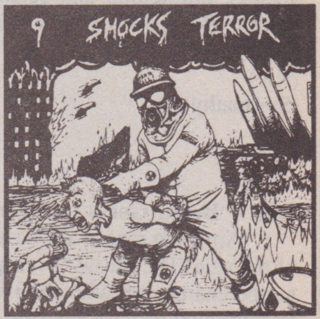
MY 3 SCUM - "Night Of The Living Scum" CD

I've seen their shit before...hmmm. Aside from the silly horror trip, baby-ELVIS/LUX INTERIOR/DEADBOLT vocals; I gotta love this instru-*mental*-ly. Kooky surf and hotrod-ish but not enough to make ya puke, and they can really play. Difficult to explain, all I know is I want this to be an istro record without the fake wolf howls. It ain't gonna happen, so there are no guarantees it'll hold up for me. Alas. (RY)
(Eerie, PO Box 11365, Erie, PA 16514)

THE NEW BREED- "Blue Collar Blues" EP

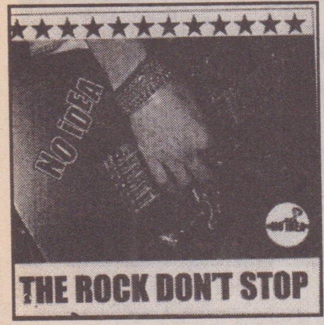
With the release of "Blue Collar Blues" you have a good record by THE NEW BREED from Canada. This is the first release by this band that has made it down our way. The singing is right on the money and the melodic punk music is played with passion. If you are a fan of the BELTONES or THE HUDSON FALCONS, this is recommended for you. (BR)
(Subprofit, PO Box 34029, Scotia Square, RPO Halifax, Nova Scotia, CANADA)

9 SHOCKS TERROR - "Mobile Terror Unit" EP



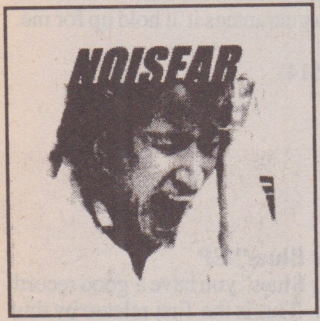
Blistering hardcore riffage with abrasive vocals railing against incompetence within our scene and in the world at large. These gentlemen are angry. (AM)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, USA)

MUSIC REVIEWS



NO IDEA - "The Rock Don't Stop" EP

At first I thought, "The REHABS! These guys sound like the motherfuckin' REHABS!!" and then the next tune started, a wussy little diddy called "Girls Suck". I flipped the record and received the same results; one really rock'n'roll rave up and one wussy pop punk tune. So I am left to believe that these boys like to rock but sadly, they are nerds. I can feel their pain, for you see I too wish to rock but sadly, I am a geek. I love these guys in ways I am not even ready yet to admit to myself. Don't give up my brethren!! One day we too will rock!! Dicon-Man, Protector of Geek Rock™, assures this (let this be a lesson to anyone who self-medicates: do not get anywhere near a writing utensil). (BM)
(Paranoid, PO Box 2613, Cress Lane, WV 25356)



NOISEAR/PARADISE OF THE LIFELESS - split EP

Both NOISEAR and PARADISE OF THE LIFELESS play grinding hardcore ala INFEST or CROSSED OUT. Both also have solid political lyrics dealing with all the common evils of society. A good release, though a little to paint by numbers. (JF)
(Mortville c/o Andy Koettel, 713 Grace St., Ottumwa, IA 52501)

OBLIVIANS - "Best of the Worst ('93-'97)" LP

My first thought here - Do we really need an OBLIVIANS double LP retrospective? Good, stripped down - OK, raw - punk rock - OK, almost hardcore at times - played with soul (as it should be). It definitely has a lot going for it - maximum distortion (even on the vocals), mid-tempo and catchy (for the most part), lots of blues guitar... But a double LP's worth? I'm still not sure. They've got a definite "sound", so my guess is that the answer is "yes" for many. (KK)
(Sympathy)

OIL - "Better Get It In Your Soul" 12"

Amazing record and easily the best late-80s influenced record of the year. The music never quits on this one sided 12". OIL sticks tempo change ups with precision but with a rough, semi-loose style and production, vaguely similar to the rock sensibility of SWIZ and INSIDE OUT. Vocal similarities to early NATIONS ON FIRE. I've played this record for as many people as I could this month, and all have been similarly impressed. Only 300 copies were made, which is the *only* flaw with this record. (TH)
(Little People, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

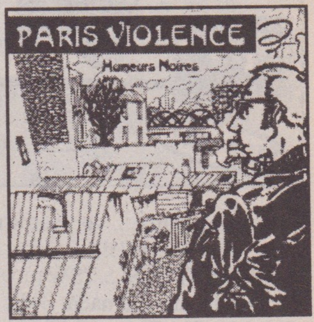
OI! VALCANS - "Music is Oi!" CD

Do you remember in that movie "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" when Junebug "O.G.ed"? Well about half way through this, I thought that the OI! VALCANS were gonna "O.O." (Over Oi!). I personally think that the extreme over use of the word "oi" in a song makes bands look silly... Anyhow, I think that is my only gripe about what happens to be a pretty goddamn good disc. The OI! VALCANS sound quite a bit like Japanese oi pioneers the BAD VULTURES (except the singer doesn't sound like Pee Wee Herman when he's mad). Overall, a cool CD. (NF)
(Straight Up, Kowa Bld 3F Minami-2 Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku, Sapporo JAPAN)

OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN - "When Everything's Been Said" CD

I'm sad to state that OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN has been laid to rest. In a world where too many bands pay only lip service to the scene, OCC always kept it real. This retrospective is two CD's and over two hours of goofy, heartfelt, DIY, political, personal, melodic punk. Now, while it may be a little long, you don't need to play it all at once. Alas, all good things must end. (JF)
(Plan-It-X, 5810 W. Willis Rd, Georgetown, IN 47122-9117)

PARIS VIOLENCE - "Humeurs Noires" EP



Whoa. Seems I'm getting the 'unusual' stuff this month, with this and the SHUT THE FUCK UP single. First Point - it's punk entirely in French, so bummer for them. That's one language that just doesn't lend itself well to ferocious screaming. Second Point - they don't have a drummer. Uhhh.. what? They do use a drum machine to some avail - not quite the same, but if you're strange, who cares, eh? Mid paced stuff otherwise - all three guys (two guitars and a bass) get involved with the vocals, so that can get pretty complicated. It's not bad having said all of that - they do manage to keep it pretty up tempo and melodic. Definitely not average, but I'm not sure what to say beyond that. (TM)
(Rural Musik, Meudec Jean, 4 rue Magenta, 29 200 Brest, FRANCE)

PHOBIA - "Destroying The Masses" 10"

Two good releases in two months from Pessimiser Records. Last month it was the new record from Unruh, and this month a new record from a great band called PHOBIA. These guys sport a lot of dreads, and have almost a decade's worth of crust behind them. This record went by way too fast, like the last DAMAD record I listened to. PHOBIA captures a lot of the hardcore energy they have live here. I recommend this, no doubt. (JV)
(Pessimiser, PO Box 1070 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

POBEL GESOCKS - "Oi! Punk Perverts" CD

German Oi, that is alright and all, but nothing special. I must admit that I can't understand the lyrics, hence I have no idea what they're saying. (JF)
(Vulture Rock, PO box 40104, Abq, NM 87196)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE POONANIES - CD

This is a decent pop-punk record. It sounds a lot like something else, but I can't remember what. Oh well. I guess it's not an album per se, but a compilation of three different recording sessions by the same band. Whatever. It's all right, the name's kinda dumb, but I have trouble listening to songs that are about love and/or are over three minutes long, and this has both. At least they're good songs, though kind of generic. (BC)

(Sniper Juice, PO Box 007, Park Ridge, IL 60068)

POSITRON - "Breaking Thoughts" EP

POSITRON have an early 7 SECONDS feel to it. Fast charged hardcore punk with socially and politically aware lyrics that keep an upbeat feel. Songs about convictions and friendship run amok, but POSITRON actually sound positive. A bright hope in this bleak world. (JF)

(Mad At The World, 10 Garvey Dr., Jamesburg, NJ 08831)

THE PRETTY THINGS - "House In The Country" EP

Hopefully you already know about the PRETTY THINGS, one of the toughest and more important bands of the early/mid '60s. In their time they were stiff competition to the ROLLING STONES. This is a four song EP from '66. The title song (written by Ray Davies) doesn't quite age as well as the other tracks do, but it's a great collection anyhow. This stuff is the formula for streetsmart, raw rock and roll. This is the pure, unspoiled stuff. You just can tell that they knew how to tear up a club in the old days. (BG)

(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

PRIVATE WAYS - "Better Off Givin' In" EP

This is a really good record. Modish new wave punky pop stuff from Japan. This sounds like it could be from 1979 with its energy and tunefulness. Reminds me of ART ATTACKS and PROTEX. I'll take this over all those tough punk bands who think they're "retro" any day. (RL)

(Mangrove, ACP Bldg 3F, 4-23-5, Koenji Minami, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN)

PUFFBALL - "Swedish Nitro" 10"

First off, PUFFBALL supports the "Anti-Ska Movement." They "turn two-tone into two-teeth." Ha! The rest of it is in that, you guessed it, TURBONEGRO-veined rockin' roll. Not too much bullshit. It's mostly un-polished, though cleanly recorded, with behind-the-sheetrock vocals and a rolllling mid tempo. The guitar trickery and eight-ball shit, I could do without, however. (AC)

(Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Düsseldorf, GERMANY)

PUNISHABLE ACT - "Against The Stream" CD

Think mid '80s New York hardcore, AGNOSTIC FRONT mainly, but with much cleaner production. Strong anti-authoritarian lyrics with a left lean that is surprising, considering the style they are working with. I can't understand the use of the double bass, it ruins the flow of couple of their songs. (TH)

(Mad Mob, Oranienstr. 37, 10999 Berlin, GERMANY)

REAL ESTATE FRAUD - "F-word" EP

I heard a rumor that the riot grrrl movement is planning a return to the scene. Hey, BRATMOBILE are back together. I'd recommend REAL ESTATE FRAUD as one of their new spokesbands, but unfortunately only the singer is a girl. Sing-songy vocals with basic guitar playing. Barely a trace of drums or bass in this mix. (CK)

(Nice and Neat, PO Box 14177, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

REAL KIDS - "Down To You" EP

A new release from this late '70s Boston garage band. This comes complete with a form you can use to order all their reissues, t-shirts, buttons, stickers, *and* join the REAL KIDS fan club. Gee, are we riding the reunion wave, or are we really desperate for money? This record's all right; their style hasn't changed, but maybe they should just accept that they had one really good record in them and leave it at that. (DP)

(TKO, PMB #103, 4104 24th St, San Francisco, CA 94114)

REATARDS - "Grown Up, Fucked Up" LP

Well, Jay's gone and all growed up on us and shit. Ahhh...how time flies when your having fun. The boys stay true to their adolescent angst-driven roots, because this LP rocks. Yes...more spite-filled vibrations that'll rattle the skin right off yer bones. What a great nasty mother fuckin' record! (DL)

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle WA 98102)

THE RED SCARE - "Capillary Lockdown" LP

Why isn't this band all the rage? Great hardcore with an emo edge that could have easily found its way into an early Gravity or Vermiform catalog. Just like HEROIN—wait, that's it—very much like the slower HEROIN songs. This is even better than their split with HAIL MARY. One of the best new records I've gotten this year. (PA)

(Hand Held Heart, 24445, Lisa Kelton, Newhall, CA 91321)

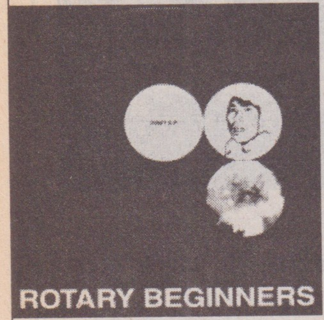
MUSIC REVIEWS

THE REDS - "Under Control/Pop Action"

You always know the kind of sound you'll get from a Rip Off. I like it, but sometimes you need a little catchy hook to keep you going. THE REDS provide what I want in a cool LOLI & THE CHONES-type way. Simple, melodic songs with "Hey" choruses that keep you humming. (CK)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066)

RETALIATOR - "Order of Chaos" CD

Oi with lots of guitar. They even snuck in some screeching guitar slides. I thought these guys were pretty good until I heard their song "Fight Back" about "gangster rap" invading Britain. "The kids of Britain should be proud / Gangster Rap shouldn't be allowed / Guns and Crack ain't the British way / That mindless shit has had it's day! / Fight Back!" I don't know. Maybe I don't get it but isn't there just a little underlying notion of racism here about "gangster rap" the music from the "black" man invading the "white" man in Britain? OK, you're angry, but don't project your anger at another race. (SR)
(Pure Impact, PO Box 16, 1910 Kampenhout, BELGIUM)



ROTARY BEGINNERS - "First EP" EP

These BEGINNERS dish out some pretty fresh hardcore. An accompanying letter claims they sing "about contradiction, give rise to complications, individuality among their round people...". Yes, it's cute, but you get the picture. Pretty sophisticated songs and production for their first EP. (HM)
(Answer, Hase Bld. No. 2 B1, 5-49, OSU 3 Naka-ku Nagoya-City, Aichi 460 JAPAN)

THE RUN FOR COVER...LOVERS/ GAZILLIONS - split EP

What the shit? Man, I could see both of these bands sitting around a campfire toaking doobies with my step mom talking to pieces of drift wood about how they stopped the 'Nam war. TRFCL sound like a cross between JANIS JOPLIN and me singing for some church rock group. And you know that ain't a good thing. GAZILLIONS are little better, but what the piss does that say? They sound like PHISH meets CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH with me singing. I'm getting stoned listening to this. Coombaya my lord, coombaya!!! (NF)
(Rockin Pussy, 830 Center St, Oakland CA 94607)

RUNNAMUCKS – "My Fellow Victims" EP

This comes in cool DIY packaging with a booklet and flyers. Fast and furious from Florida, heavy on the politics with a heap of humor - this stuff will put a smile on your face as well as inspire. Sounds like the kind of stuff that came out in the late '80s just before hardcore punk went hardcore metal. It's rebellious, it's thrashy, it's fun... I'd say it's a hit. (AD)
(Josh Dobbs, 810 S.Winter Park Dr, Casselberry, FL 32707)

SCHARMUTZEL - "Wenn es Nacht Wird" CD

Man this sucks. By far one of the worst oi/skinhead bands I've ever heard (slow, boring, et al.), although the phaser effect on the guitar on one of the songs was kind of cool. (RM)
(Waltzwerk, PO Box 13451, D-74643 Kunzelsau, GERMANY)

SCRIMMAGE HEROES - "Nothing Comes Clean" CD

I don't know. It's really easy for someone like me to enjoy something like this. Straight up catchy indie rock that satisfies as much as anything else. Probably fun live in the same way that even pathetic bands like THE FOO FIGHTERS can be enjoyable live. I don't know. A lot of this stuff is pretty dismissible. But the catchy stuff here is real good, although I think that has more to do with having a strong vocalist and not so much because of the songs (which aren't especially unique). Some cool ideas here, but their fine cover of my favorite MISSION OF BURMA song only further points out how far they have to go in their songwriting. Potentially fantastic band, though. (LH)
(Offramp, 5580 La Jolla Blvd #150, La Jolla, CA 92037)

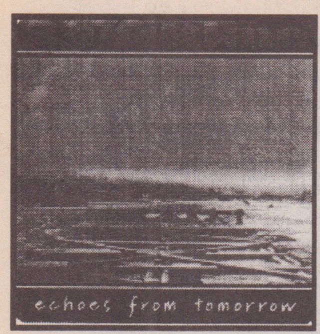
SCURVY - "Nothing Personal" EP

Bruce loves this. In fact, he threatened me with violence to give this a good review... Well, threat or no threat, this is very good! Really catchy, slow to mid tempo English Oi in the COCK SPARRER or the BUSINESS vein with exaggerated English vocals similar to that fellow from SUBHUMANS/ CITIZEN FISH. Two great songs. (NF)
(Walzwerk, PO Box 1341, 74643 Kunzelsau, GERMANY)

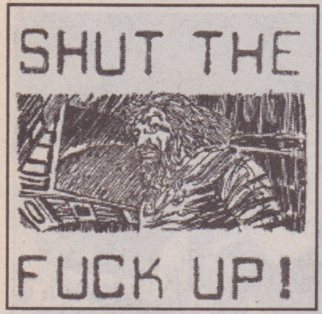
SHEEK THE SHAYK-"I Want Her So Bad" EP

Old school classic Australian garage-Detroit rawk so many bands whose names I can't remember anymore. Title track is a pretty rockin' piece of an "I Can Only Give You Everything" type riff with more distortion and fuzz. The other two tunes rock in a more IGGY - "Raw Power" manner. Damn convincing, even though the guys look like they've been around the block a more than a few times. Recommended. (JY)
(Vicious Kitten, PO Box Q378, QVB Sydney, AUSTRALIA 1230)

MUSIC REVIEWS



SHORTTIME - "Echoes from Tomorrow" EP
First I've heard of this band - my loss, as this is fucking great. The music is quick, stops and starts without effort, and is complex without being self indulgent. Lyrics work the personal side of politics, which always seems more valuable to me than screaming about things we can't affect. Four songs, and I could have listened to this several times over. Crazy foldout cover as well - top notch stuff all around. (Wassup with Mehdi's 14 deceased dogs?) (TM)
(Unashamed, Dunantstraat 1313, 2713 TM Zoetermeer, NETHERLANDS)



SHUT THE FUCK UP - "Power Violence" EP
Pretty interesting record it is rough and aggressive, without doing it in the normal - faster / shorter / louder ways. The singer has a crazy rough voice, so it's raw to start, and the music works between total cacophony and being somewhat unpolished. Certainly doesn't overwhelm you with speed or anything, but it's not pretty, either. Weird samples and general unpredictability abound. (TM)
(Magister Ludi, P.O. Box 470112, Tulsa, OK 74147)

SMUT PEDDLERS - "Tarball 2000" CD
Macho mid-tempo LA punk-rawk, dude. It's been a few years since I reviewed these guys, and I must admit I kept the last CD, but I haven't played it too much. I do think this is better, and I'm glad they're still around, going strong. Total toe-tapping, early HUMPERS sound, without the anthemic song quality, and too many songs about being a junkie. Still, way decent. (RY)
(Ransom, 1525 Aviation Blvd. #289, Redondo Beach, CA 90278)

SOFTBALL - "GEN" CD
Oh my God, this is totally amazing. Great pop punk from Asian Man Records. Every track is dripping with charisma and melody. There are so many hooks on this record, I can't imagine what they have saved for the follow-up. It's a little sloppy at times which adds to the energy. Makes the whole thing feel like it's gonna get up and fly out the window. Now, this is great pop punk. Year Zero is not GREEN DAY or NOFX (both of whom I like). There's BLONDE, the WHITE BOOTS, and '60s girl pop from France. Whether they know it or not, SOFTBALL are an extension of all that. There's even some full on early '80s hardcore here. Great! (LH)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Mont Pere, CA 95030)

SOLDIER 76 - "Power It Up" EP
It's pretty cool that BOOT PARTY called it quits, because their new bands', the MOLOKO MEN and SOLDIER 76, are much, much better. This EP has two of their better songs off their new full length also reviewed in this issue. There's also a worthless instrumental thrown on here to go with the others. (NF)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque NM 87196)

SOLDIER 76 - "Balance of Armour" CD
As the unofficial MRR reviewer of SOLDIER 76, I'd like to say that this is a really good release. Unlike buttloads of these 4 SKINS/ OPPRESSED sounding skinhead bands, these guys have the ability to write some really catchy songs. Yeah, typical lyrics: working class, pride. etc., but this comes highly recommended. Oh, and for those interested, this is a multi-racial band which eliminates one of the "isms" that's often associated with this label. (NF)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque NM 87196)

SPIKY JOE - "Rise and See" CD
This has the worst album art. Anyhow, this Japanese three piece throws down eight good tunes of snotty UK style punk and hardcore, not unlike fellow countrymen THE DISCOCKS. Thumbs up. (RM)
(Straight Up, Kowa bld 2F Minami-2Nishi-1 Chuou-KU, Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN)

THE SPILLS/THE HEARTDROPS -split CD
First up is THE SPILLS, playin' two barpunk soaked rockers, and a TOM PETTY cover, "Need to Know". The next three tunes are by THE HEARTDROPS. I think people who watch *Friends* might get into this one. I can't stomach this shit. Slow, pussy music...but does this really get you laid, guys? (DL)
(Stiff Pole, POB 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742)

STAGMUMMER - "The Nutcracker" CD
This band seems to be making some sort of attempt at political hardcore, but with some weird breakdowns and vocal screams that remind me somewhat of GUANO. The packaging is a little slick for this genre of music, also. There are two songs on this disc, "Four Feet" and "Buttermaker" that are quite good, but the rest is just confusing. (DP)
(Sudden Death, Moscrop PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC CANADA, V5G 3HO)

STEROIDS - "Steroids" CD
Some of the songs on here just plain rip! Kinda like early OI POLLOI on crank with a Dirk Diggler set of nuts. However, they do whip out some crappy RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE rap garbage at times and some metal dogshit at other times that they should really quit playing. This band is really good when they leave those shenanigans at the door. (NF)
(Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse-Cedex 5, FRANCE)

MUSIC REVIEWS

STICK FIGURE SUICIDE - "Nice, Nice, Totally, Bad Ass!" CD

I can tell you one thing, that wanky guitar, squealing like a pig, gets real old by the fourth song. Lots of Epitaph records' style hardcore punk that's becoming it's own cliche. The rest is metal mid-tempo filler. One moment of greatness, however, is the totally unrestrained "Pig Roast". They cover DRAMARAMA which is another slight point of interest. I just can't help but feel that this band is dying to go on the Warped Tour. A dubious goal to say the least. (LH)
(Umbilical, PO Box 31, Belle HM, NJ 08502)

STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS/BELLRAYS - split CD

Yeah, you've heard of 'em. I think I've seen the CHEETAHS and from what I recall they're boozy rock 'n' roll in the CANDY SNATCHERS mode, lotsa leads and lotsa pomeade in the hair. The five tracks here confirm my suspicions. You know if you'll like it. The BELLRAYS are the more "adult contemporary" oriented act who score big for invention and for having a charismatic front-woman who can belt out a lyric with conviction. Kinda short, but I'm opposed to the concept of split CDs in the first place. (JH)
(Coldfront, PO Box 3345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

SUGARFIX - "Disconnected" CD

Pretty straight up punk rock and roll, though possibly a bit more melodic. Though playing a style of music virtually impossible to bring originality to, they do play it solid with good vocals and some musical sense. Pretty rock'n. (PA)
(Lollipop, 35 ch. de la Nerthe-13016, Marseille, FRANCE)

SWINGIN' UTTERS/YOUTH BRIGADE – "BYO Split Series Vol:2" LP

Don't let the fact that they've achieved a certain amount of success put you off, the SWINGIN' UTTERS are one of the best "street" punk bands around. Though their style may be a little more poppy and mellow these days, you can tell that they are still very much into what they do. Their side of this record carries on their trademark sound of fast-paced catchy American punk; influenced in equal parts by the POGUES, old English '77 punk rock, and early 80's oi. "You Haven't Seen Yourself In Years" is one of the best songs they've recorded in years, though I have mixed emotions regarding the QUEEN song - I guess it's okay... I can't believe that the Stern brothers aka: YOUTH BRIGADE are still doing it. There will be people buying this record who weren't even born when "Sink With California" was making it onto compilation tapes of party favorites across the globe. As always, they're fast and energetic. Weighing in somewhere between hardcore and street-punk, this kicks ass and stands above most of the stuff in this genre coming out these days. You've got to hand it to them... (AD)
(BYO, PO Box 67a64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

THE TANTRUMS - "Kingsbury Forever" CD

A band that melds rockabilly and surf. I like it when they pick up the pace and distort it a bit. Their album is titled in memory of a Wisconsin beer. Is beer still cool? (CK)
(no address)

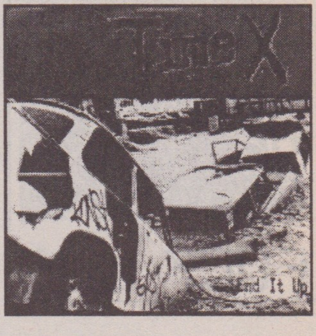
TEN BUCK FUCK - "Big Share Of Nothing" 10"

HELLACOPTERS-ish rock-n-roll punk. Coulda come from the South or SWEDEN, but here they are rocking out of GERMANY with a big, catchy sound that will slick back your hairdo and make you start posing with whole renewed attitude. (TJ)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

THEGODSHATEKANSAS - "For Snakes" CD

This has a strong drive and groove to it—at times reminiscent of GRADE or 8 BARK in its rhythmic approach and intricate guitarwork. The rhythm section is really good, and the bass is mixed high in the mix. Lyrically it's vaguely poetic, yet rebellious. This band sounds young and charged. It's interesting and energetic mid tempo postpunk. I dig, I dig. (BG)
(New Disorder, 445 14th St, San Francisco, CA 94105)

TIME X - "End It Up" EP



French garage punk is good, judging by TIME X and the NO TALENTS, the only two French garage bands I'm really familiar with. That may be a flawed statement, but it doesn't stop this record from rocking. It's harder and at a lower-pitch, and with more complex music than the NO TALENTS, which may actually offer a more broad-based appeal. The sound quality isn't great, but that makes it more punk, right? (BC)
(Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse cedex 5, FRANCE)

TOGETHER WE FALL - "Chinatown" CD

Whoa. What I've always thought of as this style as 'Tough Guy' hardcore - some speed, much crunch, and the vocals slow enough you can understand every word. Certain New York bands have done it well over the years, if you get my drift. This is all right, nothing special though. Halfway through the first song you could tell where the entire (4 song) CD would go, and no surprises. Not bad, but nothing exceptional either. They did get the solid production, which saves this from the scrap heap for sure.
(Bethany, 3125 Port Way, Annapolis, MD 21403)

JOHNNY THUNDERS - "Chinese Rocks - The Ultimate Thunders Live Collection" LP

Never really followed Ol' Black Eyes that closely in his twilight years, but at least I'll have this *memento mori* to snuggle up against in my darker moments. The label ought to have modified the title with "solo", as in "Solo Live Collection", 'cause most of this stuff dates from after his stints with the NEW YORK DOLLS and HEARTBREAKERS. In other words, it's mostly new to me, though the sound's pretty clear and his sloppy buzzsaw guitar comes through loud and clear on tracks like "Too Much Junkie Business", "Chinese Rocks", "Copycat", and a few random clunkers that leave me cold, cold, cold. All hype aside, the HEARTBREAKERS' "Live at Max's Kansas City" LP is still his best. (JH)
(Get Back, Piazza Maltoni 16, 50065 Pontassieve, Firenze, ITALY)

Music Reviews

TIMINACTION - "Anthology 1972-1985" EP

Totally nuts no wave punk stuff that brings to mind DAWSON, early EX and JONESTOWN. Discordant guitars scraping along over spastic jazz rhythms at hyper-speeds. Like a mixture of middle period PERE UBU and middle period MINUTEMEN. Y'know, the weird stuff!(LH)

(Nothing Fancy Just Music, 3313 Dundee Ct., Mobile, AL 36695)

T-MODEL FORD - "To The Left And To The Right/Somebody's Knockin"

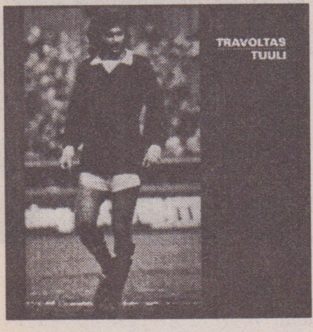
Rube that I am, I've never heard of septugenarian blues demon T-BOND FORD before this evening, and boy, is my face red. This guy occupies the negative zone between Robert Johnson and the OBLIVIANS, even though he's probably older than all of 'em put together (78, apparently). Simple, heartfelt, a road to hell paved with bad intentions. Not sure why this codger had to go to Switzerland to get a record put out, but the world's still that much richer for it. (JH)

(Sheep, Schöneggplatz 10, 8004 Zürich, SWITZERLAND)

TRAVIS CUT - "Another Day Another Drummer" CD

A singles comp from one of the UK's best pop punk bands. Being on Snuffy Smile, I hope this isn't too hard to track down because it's pretty essential if you dig the UK thing a la Crackle and Speedowax labels. A great comp by a great band! (RL)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302 Daizawa Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0032, JAPAN)

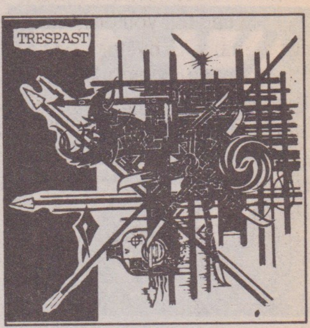


TRAVOLTA/TUULI - split 45

Weird... when I woke up this morning, I turned on KALX and this very song was on. A truly beautiful wussy pop punk song. Castrate me and send me to Pop-Punk-Heaven™. There's just one problem; Marky Ramone produced it....maybe if a real RAMONE (like Tommy) produced it, then it'd be better (I would like to take this time and opportunity to state that Marky Ramone was indeed and in fact the Yoko Ono of the RAMONES). (Let me also go on record and say that this 7" has the ugliest cover that I have ever seen in my life time). As for TUULI, they somehow manage to not fall victim to the Bobby-Manic-Split-Theory™ and make both sides equally enjoyable, with their mesmerizing brand of indie power pop. Jenny K.'s voice is melting my heart as I type. It reminds me of background music to a scene in a movie where two star-crossed lovers are sitting alone thinking of each other looking out over a rainy city...*sniff, sniff*... 'scuse me while I go call my girlfriend.... (BM)

(AmPop, PO Box 2271, San Rafael, CA 94912)

TRESPAST - "Killed By Concrete" EP



Between sound bites, TRESPAST explodes with a double bass drum fury accompanied by crushing guitars and completed by screeching vocals. A blast of low fi that will bowl you over. Get 'em quick before the red vinyl runs out. (TJ)

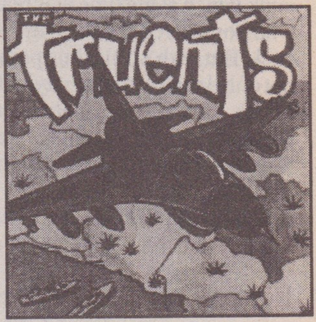
($3: Trespast, 881 Shadowbrook Rd., Ridgewood, NJ 07450)

TRIGGER HAPPY - "I Hate Us" CD

I'm sorry, but this doesn't really do it for me at all. Really polished and squeaky clean hardcore with lots of breakdowns where everyone lifts their arms up and sways them back and forth with the beat. Oh my god....its getting worse...no please...no more guitar solos! (SR)

(Bad Taste, St Södergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, SWEDEN)

TRUENTS/SUBURBAN CRISIS - "split" EP



The TRUENTS put out two songs that I'd describe more towards pop punk as opposed to street punk as I've heard them described in the past. Maybe Sesame Street punk. Pretty weak. SUBURBAN CRISIS mix hardcore with fast, angry punk rock. Maybe SICK OF IT ALL meets the QUINCY PUNX. (NF)

(Guillotine, 314 79th St #8E, Brooklyn, NY 11209)

UNNATURAL AXE - "Brain Damage/Bombing And Burning"

This old time punk rock band is back again in the '90s and trying to capture audiences primed on their old stuff from word of mouth and overpriced compilations. Is it a coincidence that there's a song with the word "brain" in it? Is this some type of subtle suggestion marketing? Anyways the title song is a slowish murkily-recorded thing that's got the guitar player doing some arabesque "Eight Miles High" guitar noodling with the "Outer Limits" theme in the middle. What the fuck? The other song also has "nazis" repeated in the chorus and is an OK punk rock/hard rock thing that's sorta slow in a lot of parts. I guess the moral here is: two new songs (even with overt references) do not a "They Saved Hitler's Brain" make. (JY)

(DUI, PO Box 46073, Mt. Clemens, MI 48046)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE URCHIN/THE 'TONE - split EP

I've become quit familiar with THE URCHIN over the last four months, and while they still play crunchy pop punk, the songwriting has really progressed. These two songs are much more catchy than their earlier records. THE 'TONE are doing the retro '78 punk thing in the vein of the CLASH or the BUZZCOCKS. Two well-played songs, and they have one up on all the American bands because they have the real accent that everyone else is trying to fake. (PA)
($6 ppd: Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302, Daizawa, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, 155-0032, JAPAN)

VICE SQUAD - "The Rarities" CD

I was never a huge fan of this band. But I find this collection of oddities and out takes strangely enjoyable. The actual quality of the recordings varies greatly. But that helps make it interesting in a weird way. I don't think I can explain that without being pointlessly mean. I mean, the VICE SQUAD really epitomized UK postcard poseur punk which at the time was really painful and humiliating for anyone who considered themselves to be punk without looking like a peacock. But with a little time passed, I think everyone can look back and not only laugh at the hairstyles but also find a new appreciation for the music. Lots of songs that never wound up on anything. "Spike Hair" is especially cute and enjoyable as a piece of nostalgia. Punk rock isn't timeless. Here's a good example of how that can be a positive thing. (LH)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Akimbo, Bucks, CH KEY, UK)

THE VINDICTIVES - "Hypno-Punko™" CD

You know 'em, you like 'em, you buy their records, they try to hypnotize you and make you listen to Bing Crosby songs. There's a Bing Crosby library in Spokane. For some reason I moved away. So in-between some annoying yet funny chanting, there's some OK tunes. (BC)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

VINNIE AND THE STARDUSTERS - "XXXMas Song" EP

My guess is that this is supposed to be funny punk - there's a song about being forced by your parents to fuck a pig; they cover Vivaldi; and there's a reference to being edited by Howard Stern... I really don't find it all that amusing. Boring punk lite with vocals that are spoken (without much conviction). I'm really getting tired of music that lacks soul. These guys put far more effort into the packaging of this thing than they ever did into the songs themselves - orange vinyl, a little cartoon book, an odd sized pic sleeve and three crappy songs. If they sell the 500 they printed...never mind. (KK)
(Ultramodern, 2217 Nicollet Ave. So., Minneapolis., MN 55404)

VICIOUS RUMORS - "The Best Of..." CD

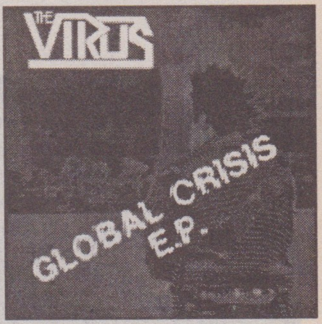
Another reissue of an old oi band from the UK circa 1980. There's some good tunes here, but overall these guys were fairly mediocre. (RM)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501 High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

VIOLATION OF TRUST/THE LOVESTEAKS - split EP

V.O.T. is Dutch grindcore. I can't understand much of what they're saying, even though it's in English. They only printed the lyrics for the song about testes. THE LOVESTEAKS are straight up punk rock, and more up my alley. I'm not quite sure why these bands were thrown together. Their side of the cover shows a federal eagle like the one on the quarter holding penii instead of olive branches. I think I'm scarred for life. (BC)
(Skanky 'lil, St. Catharinastraat 1G, 5611 JA Eindhoven, NETHERLANDS)

VIOLENT SOCIETY - "Separation Is Killing Us" CD

VIOLENT SOCIETY keeps blazing in their boisterous Philly street punk vein. Fast, catchy and angry. Kicking and biting they tell it like it is - fucked up, but willing to change it. (TJ)
(Blackout, PO Box 1575, New York, NY 10009)



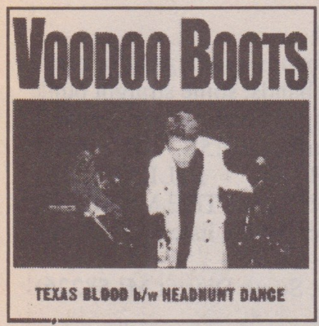
THE VIRUS - "Global Crisis" EP

It's so nice to hear a political hard core band that doesn't say the same thing as every other 'political' band. This is a great record. Buy it if you like political punk, buy it if you like oi, just buy it! (BC)
(Charged, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829)

VISITORS - LP

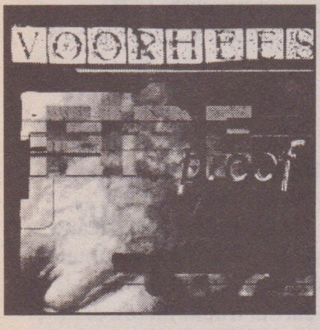
This post RADIO BIRDMAN group sounds kinda like sixties garage music, but the vocals and keyboards sound too much like the DOORS for it to turn me on. Definitely not punk rock. Includes two songs by the LIPSTICK KILLERS. (DP)
(Chinese Takeaway, Yatman St. 613, Sydney, AUSTRALIA)

MUSIC REVIEWS



VOODOO BOOTS - "Texas Blood/Headhunt Dance"

From the looks of this pup, I was expecting to have to struggle to find something to say about European psychobilly. It's actually a nice slice of OBLIVIANS style aggressive slop. "Texas Blood" is built around the riff from the SONICS' "Shot Down" but beats it beyond recognition. Five extra points for the singer sporting a fine look on the cover (can't see anybody else in the band too clearly; I'll beat he chose the cover. In fact, he's the only guy who has a photo on the label - I'll bet he put it out. More power to you, fella!). (DD)
(Rockin' Bones c/o Gualtiero Pagani, Piazzale della Macina 3, 43100 Parma, ITALY)



VOORHEES - "Fireproof" EP

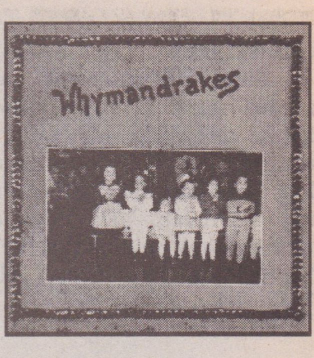
Pissed hardcore, with a focus on slowly beating you to death with a hammer rather than worrying about louder, faster. Thick guitars that push right up against the belly growl of the vocals. The choice of AGNOSTIC FRONT covers is curious ("Last Warning") because their sound is closer to the AF song "With Time." Are you ready to meet VOORHEES' request of "More Violence In Hardcore"? (TH)
(Chainsaw Safety, PO Box 260318, Bellrose, NY 11426-0318)

THE WARRIORS - "The Last Resort" EP

THE WARRIORS still have the fucking guns after all these years! The song "The Last Resort" has great vocals, tight harmonies and crunching metal guitar. Side "B" is slower and more brooding with a solid beat -"Sad Junkie Loser" is a powerful ballad with good lyrics. These fucking Oi! veterans can play punk-rock with authority! Give THE WARRIORS new record a listen! (BR)
(Walzwerk, PO Box 1341, 74643, Kunzelsau, GERMANY)

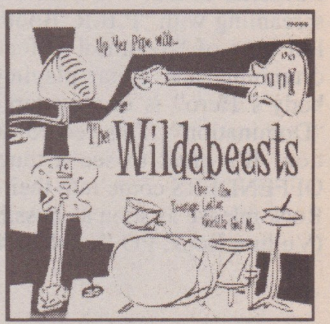
WHIPPERSNAPPER - "The Long Walk" CD

One of those exception CDs here. Ya, we've all heard the FACE TO FACE and Fat Records thing a million times by now, but these folks have it down big time. Mix in some SAMIAM type tempo changes and you've got a great pop punk release. I liked their last disc, but this is better than that. Killer riffing and drumming too. A must for you pop punkers. (RL)
(Lobster, 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102)



WHYMANDRAKES - "Father Tales" EP

Inspired by the tougher, faster parts of BIKINI KILL, screamy "in key" female vocals over sometimes heavy, others fast driving . There is one girlie-girl soft bit but hell the rest of this is nice and rough and, of course, slightly tortured. (TJ)
(Whymandrakes, Brigittenauer Lande 60/20, A-1200, Wien, GERMANY)



WILDEBEESTS - "One + One" EP

Hoy, Hoy, listen to those haircuts howl. A friend of mine casually dismissed the WILDEBEESTS as a HEADCOATS knock-off, which isn't fair to either band (especially not to the memory of Billy Childish, god rest his soul). They have the same number of members, the same number of chords, and the same kidney-punch attitude to rock and/or roll, yeah. They have incestuous ties through the MILKSHAKES, yeah. It's still top-notch rhythm and beat, their cover of "Teenage Letter" wins, and they're capable of holding a tune whilst straining their vocal cords. What more do you want from a 7"? (JH)
(Sympathy)

THE WRISTROCKETS - "Double Vodka Collins" CD

Searing guitar distortion drives this fast pop punk trio. The 'ROCKETS throw in some mid-tempo tunes to break it up a bit, but that's just filler until they blast out another speedy ditty. Common teen angst themes dominate, with titles like "It's 'Cause You Suck", "Psycho Stalker Girl", "This Party Sucks" and...hell, they're all in the same vein. Pretty decent debut. (HM)
(Lucky 13, PO Box 40353, Eugene, OR 97404)

YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE - "Vulture Rock Promotional" EP

Lace up them boots, put on those braces and don't forget your dunce cap, because YDL, "the Voice of Brooklyn", are back. The two regular songs here, one old and one new, are pretty cookin, but the heavy metal instrumental blows hard. (RM)
(Vulture Rock)

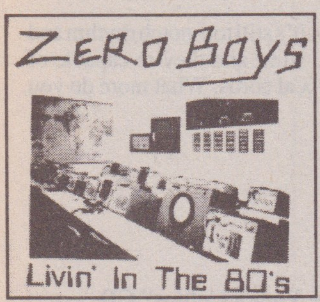
MUSIC REVIEWS

YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE - "American History" LP

Sure, I'll keep the political commentary on this band brief: nationalist knuckleheads. How about *just* a music review? OK, this fucking sucks. Miserable live recording, if it was off the board all the knobs must have been broken. Musically, they drag their Docs through the mud and fiddle with guitar solos way too much. YDL occasional speeds up in a way that reinforces my opinion that they were more of a hardcore band that had RAC influences. (TH)
(Vulture Rock).

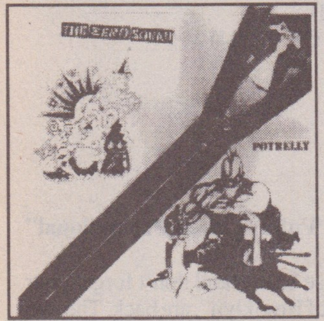
YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS - "Domination" LP

This fucking Hard-Oi! Skinhead record kicks a whole truckload of ass! The YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS come out screaming with "P.B.R. Bootboys" and don't let up until the last note of "Youthful Offender". The album has excellent drumming and guitar playing with shouted choruses. "Nobody's Hero" is one example of the great songwriting on "Domination"- This record demands your immediate attention! It's great to see a tough band like the YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS come into their own! Get this first rate Vulture Rock release as soon as possible!(BR)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque, NM 87196)



ZERO BOYS - "Living In The 80s" EP

I thought it was pretty friggin weird there's no address on this reissue until I found out it's a bootleg. Keep yer eyes open for this one. Originally released in 1980, this predates their classic "Vicious Circle" LP. Sure, this is slower than the LP, but it's classic ZERO BOYS with that '80s sound and production. Awesome. (HM)
(no address)



ZERO SQUAD/ POTBELLY - split EP

This split starts out with the sounds of cheap beer cans opening, so you know where this one's going. Two songs from ZERO SQUAD and four from POTBELLY. Thank god its not any longer. The first ZERO SQUAD song ends with a big burp. POTBELLY's song "Cunt" is lame. They shout cunt four times. Woo-wee. That one took some time to write, huh guys? This EP is pretty useless. (SR)
(Useless, 6523 California Ave. SW, Seattle, WA, 98136-1879)

V/A - "Anarchy For Money" CD

A gang or variety, a gang of bands, and a gang of crap. Here we have some hardcore punk bands, some straight punk rock bands, some rockabilly, a pop punk band or two... I can't believe I sat through all 70:56 of this! THE HILLSIDE STRANGLERS, BILLYCLUB, DEAD HEROES, THE MEGATONES and THE MASHERS put out descent efforts, while the rest of the listening became quit painful. (NF)
(Detroit Noise, 1217, Griswold #3, South Detroit MI 58226)

V/A - "Barcode The World: On The Nod 2000" CD

I can't believe it. An Australian comp without RUPTURE on it! Two CDs, 42 bands, numerous styles including the rock'n'roll damage of SHEEK THE SHAYK, frantic hardcore of CONATION, FUGG, and H-BLOCK 101, pissed off fury of BLEEDING FACE, and the anarcho-punk of UNCLEAN. There probably isn't a better way to see what is up in a country that isn't always easy to keep up with. (TH)
(Bar Code The World, PO Box 341 Fivedock, 2046 N.S.W., AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "Blue Demon's Mexican Rock and Roll Favorites" LP

Whatta world! This has been out for rather a while and is one of many fairly easily obtainable (there's always Subterranean, if your local stores don't have it) comps of 60s Mexican rock and roll (although some of the earlier tracks have a distinct and unsurprising 50s influence) and now, for some reason, the powers that be decide it's time to review and "Thou art the man!" (they said to me in a typical Poe reference). 18 songs, in my HIGHLY UNBIASED opinion an excellent mix of covers and originals with one of the many highlights being the insane Echoplex overload version of "Ghost Riders in the Sky" by LOS BABYS (don't get suckered into buying any of their {perhaps literal, if you only count the cavalry [except that being truly literal, records aren't troops of any kind]} legion of lousy albums on the basis of this song). For my (perhaps perverted) tastes, this as good as it gets! (DD)
(no address)

V/A - "Discrete Records: False Charge V 4" CD

Here's a Japanese Hardcore compilation with seven bands on it. WASTE RATS play a newer streetpunk style while DIRECT, SLUBJUDGE and TWISTED PUNCHERS play more of your standard hardcore. GALVANIZE HEAD and SLUBJUDGE are definitely my favorite with some crazy raging vocals, but GALVANIZE HEAD only have one song on this! The band that I'm not into at all, CRIMINAL, has the most songs out of them all! This is good if your into the Japanese hardcore phenomena. (SR)
(DISCRETE, c/o Hideyuki Okahara, Ceramica II #301, 2-1-37 Minami, Kokubunji, Tokyo, 185-0021, JAPAN)

Music Reviews

V/A - Eternally Yours - "A Tribute To The Saints" CD

Here you got 24-bands playin' the SAINTS, and well I'd say it would be pretty damn hard to fuck up this list of songs, so this is just like a SAINTS extravaganza, hosted by all your faves: NOMADS, PHANTOM RATS, SAFETY PINS, JEFF DAHL, ONYAS, SWITCH TROUT, FIFI & THE MACH III, NASHVILLE PUSSY, BELLRAYS, ED KUEPPER and oh so many more. Eat it up. (DL)
(1+2 , Nishi-shinjuku 75, Shinjuku-ku Tokyo 160-0023 JAPAN)

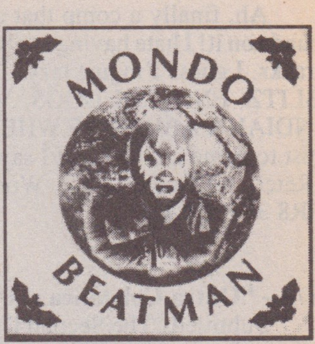
V/A - "Fuzz, Flaykes, & Shakes Vol. 2" LP

This '60s psych comp has a nice selection of obscure garage goodies preserved in medium to low-fi for our listening enjoyment. Among the most enjoyable trax: Louisville's SOUL, INC comes through with the gritty "Stronger Than Dirt", which features an amazing fuzzed-out lead break and a memorable chorus; with "It's Only When I'm Lonely," THE LAST CHAPTER deliver some Invasion-styled twang, while THE DEEPEST BLUE move closer to an ERIC BURDON sound in "Somebody's Girl" (one of the best tracks here); THE BACKGROUNDS' track has all the elements — JOHNNY RIVERS-styled vocals, tasteful fuzz, and a tune about the difficulties of waking up.... There's more mixed in with a few slower ones, but there's only so much space; check it out for yourself. Recommended. (SS)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

V/A - "Killed by Death #999" LP

Is it just me, or do most of the bands on these records suck? Maybe that's why nobody cared about them in the first place. One band that doesn't suck on this is THE ACCELERATORS. If you like THE AUTHORITIES, you'll probably like their tune. Another is ARTHURS DILEMMA. Really cool, mid-tempo and slightly poppy tune, with keyboards for added fruitiness. Speaking of fruity, the band HELEN KILLER is way high on the kook meter and they kick much ass. So do THE SCHEMATIX. GARY NUMAN on crack basically. Well, that's it. Four good songs out of eighteen attempts. Pretty crappy odds. (RM)
(no address)

V/A - "Mondo Beatman" EP



A great collection to introduce you to the world of the amazing LIGHTNING BEATMAN. Six tracks from his different bands: SKELETON SURFERS, THE NEVER HEARD OF THEMS, THE MONSTERS, THE INSEKT, THE CORONETS and, of course, a solo performance. If you've never heard of him, this would be a good place to start, though I have a feeling that like all his other recordings this will hard to come by. The man's a musical genius. (CK)
(Rockin' Bones, c/o Gualtiero Pagani, Piazzle della Macina, 3-43100 Parma, ITALY)

V/A - "My So Called Punk Rock Life" CD

I'm glad I didn't have to pay for this. Not that it sucks or anything, I'm just glad that I finally got something that I would have bought for free. It's a damn fine comp with a lot of my favorite bands. Not all, but most of the songs are previously released. Still, this can kinda act as a who's who of the leather jacket/ RAMONES-core/pop punk/wuss rock/rock'n'roll scene; the TEEN IDOLS, BORIS THE SPRINKLER (I don't care what anyone sez, they are one of the best damn bands ever!!), the SMUGGLERS, SQUIRTGUN, PINK LINCOLNS, NOBODYS and the DRUNKEN CHOLOS (the original QUEERS), plus some newcomersor lesser-known bands like the BEAUTYS, the GOTOHELLS, JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP, the YOUNG HASSELHOFFS, the IMPOSSIBLES (not the ska band), and the TRAVOLTAS. It gets better as it goes along. (BM)
(Melted, 21-41 34th Ave, Suite 10A, Astoria, NY 11106)

V/A - "No Borders: A Collection of Japanese and American Hardcore" LP

The title of this one says it all. There's a bunch of big name hardcore bands on here from America and Japan including DECAY, KID DYNAMITE, INDECISION, SNAPCASE, TOE TO TOE and 88 FINGER LOUIE. Maybe it's just me, but it seems that most of the comps I've heard lately have been nothing more than a bunch of throwaway songs by bands, but this one actually has some cohesion, and by and large the tracks are above average. If you've been living in the pop punk ghetto and hear that this commercial hardcore thing is the next big thing, than you might wanna check this out (ST)
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

Music Reviews

V/A - "No Good Turn Goes Unpunished" CD

Ah, finally a comp that actually has all good songs and bands on it! I hate having to always get up to skip those lowsey tracks. I guess I'm just lazy..., but any ways, this one's great! BLITZ, ENGLISH DOGS, VARUKERS, FLUX OF PINK INDIANS, ABRASIVE WHEELS, and ONE WAY SYSTEM just to name a few. Must I say more? (SR)
(Retch, 49 Rose Cesent, Woodvale, Southport, Merseyside, PR8 3RZ UK)

V/A - "Outra Coletânea em CD" CD

Subtitled "The Second Detroit Noise International Compilation", featuring the ACE TONES, RESTLESS FEW, LOBOTOMY, HILLSIDE STRANGLERS, DIG ITS, PUNISHMENT PARK, GARLIC FROG DIET, the SLOBS, the SPLITS, FACTOR 8, the VOIDS, the DUMBS, and SLICKE OLDE BISHOPS from such diverse locales as the United States, France, Italy, Sweden, Brazil and Antarctica (FETISH 99...are they all research scientists?). You know the the litany, "a diverse collection of bands that make up for what they lack in polish and professionalism with moxie and youthful enthusiasm." (JH)
(Detroit Noise, 1217 Griswold #3 South, Detroit, MI 48226)

V/A - "Playing For Chesty" EP

I'm shocked! The "concept" of this EP is merely an excuse to use five shots of freakishly over endowed legend Chesty Morgan! And I thought it was going to be a tribute to legendary leatherneck "Chesty" Puller! At any rate, there's six bands representing various points of the garage/punk continuum doing one song apiece (good value for the money despite fairly noisy mastering, probably owing to the length of the disc) and fans of Japan's GO DEVILS and Germany's SONIC DOLLS (the comparative big-leaguers here, to the best of my knowledge) will find this worth getting. PERMANENT VOLTAGE does a live version of "Justine" that owes more to the MUMMIES than DON AND DEWEY, WONKY MONKEES' "Unsettled" is a solid follow-up to their Royal 7", LOVE OR DIE's attack on "A Bomb Bop" sounds distinctly Japanese (but I could be wrong) and the MEN FROM S.P.E.C.T.R.E. round things out with a nice Northwest sounding organ/fuzz guitar instro. The address below is different from that given for the same guy on the back of the VOODOO BOOTS, so if you want to contact him, you might want to try his e-mail thingie at "r.bones@rsadvnet.it" (DD)
(Gualtiero Pagani, Via Cuneo 2, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

V/A - "Punk Ass Generosity" 2xCD

The skimpy liner notes explain that they're skimpy because the profits from this are going to charities all over the world. It doesn't say which charities or why, but they kept it ugly in the name of charity. There's 46 bands including ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, LAGWAGON, LES STITCHES, MIGRAINES, PROPAGANDHI, PSEUDO STAR, RADIOBAGHDAD, and a bunch of over-produced pop-punk. (BC)
(Devil Doll, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853)

V/A - "Punk Rock Jukebox Volume 2" CD

A strong covers CD with bands like KID DYNAMITE, DROPKICK MURPHYS, DUCKY BOYS, and VIOLENT SOCIETY covering the CIRCLE JERKS, NIPS, BLITZ, and GBH. Decent in execution. (RL)
(Blackout, PO Box 1575, New York, NY 10009)

V/A - "Self De-Construction" CD

Awesome compilation CD that gives $.25 to each of the following organizations for each CD sold: Global Action, Greenpeace, Anti Racist Action, and Food Not Bombs. Considering that the suggested price is $6.66 in the US, that's not to shabby. Musically, this compilation is all over the map with such bands as: SUBB, YOUTH BRIGADE, CALABASH CASE, RIPCORDS, I FARM, GRIVER, THE UNSEEN, and more. Also, the linear notes are really impassioned, and seem to show a rare sense of emotion entering the usual arguments for change. A big cheer goes out to. (JF)
(Underworld, 10738 Ave Millen, Montreal, H2C 2E6, CANADA)

V/A - "The Shortest Distance" CD

What is it? A comp of 17 South Florida bands, put out by Fiddler Records. How is it? Three quarters punk pop, one quarter good. ANCHORMAN, FAY WREY, and PIVOT all check in with melodic emo punk that tastes pretty good. As does KING7 & THE SOULSONICS' brand of old school ska. Finally, Chris Carrrabba's track is perhaps the standout, in it's acoustic and melodic simplicity, with just the right amount of strings (real?) and back ups. The other bands were a little too predictable for my taste. (BG)
(Fiddler, PO Box 330667, Miami, FL 33233)

V/A - "The Sound And Fury" CD

Damn where did some of these fucking bands come from? Where have I been? OK, I know a few of these bands, but the metal/hardcore assault from some of these bands was awesome. KID GORGEOUS, EVERY TIME I DIE and AVARICE are just a few bands that really stood out. There are a few fast youth crew cuts on here, including a standout by AS WE ONCE WERE. The only drawback was that there were a few lighter more "emo" tracks that just didn't have a place on here. Nevertheless, this is a killer hardcore compilation and you should check it out. (RC)
(Redstar, 762 Upper James St, Suite 335, Hamilton, ON CANADA L9C 3A2)

V/A - "Straight Outta Burbank" CD

This is a pretty great double disc of mostly punk and post punk stuff already out on Bomp and Alive record labels. Stuff ranging from the WEIRDOS to LAZY COWGIRLS to SWELL MAPS. You don't need random play on this baby. This plays like a good comp tape which makes it good to play at your next punk/hipster party. (RL)
(Bomp, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "This Is Bad Taste Vol. 3" CD
A decent comp of mostly Swedish punk, hardcore, and emo punk stuff including LAST DAYS OF APRIL, SATANIC SURFERS, and PRIDEBOWL. But this also includes the great ALL SYSTEMS GO, WEAKERTHANS, and CHIXDIGGIT. Mostly released stuff too. A good intro to the Bad Taste scene if you're new to the punk rock thing. (RL)
(Bad Taste, Stora Sodergatan 38, S -222 23 Lund, SWEDEN)

V/A - "A Tribute to Blitz" CD
If anyone out there doubts the power of BLITZ, let me just say that I saw a friend of mine beat up his refrigerator one night while we were listening to "Voice of a Generation". Now that's power. Too bad none of the fifteen covers here come even close to the originals. Save your money. (RM)
(Rhythm Vicar, Unit 15 Bushell Business Estate, Hithercroft, Wallingford, OXON OX10 9 DD, UK)

V/A - "A Tribute to Slapshot" CD
SLAPSHOT. Now that band was even dumber than YDL. I was never really into ye olde Boston hardcore, so these fairly straightforward covers don't do much for me. 22 bands, and the word "faggot" cleverly used numerous times in the chorus of one of them. Oh the irony of it all. (RM)
(TKO, PMB #103 4104 24th. St, San Francisco, CA 94114)

V/A - "A Tribute To The Ruts Vol 1" CD
The name pretty much spells it out. 16 songs, 15 bands, among them: EX-CATHEDRA, THE BLOODY MUTANTS, THE STEAM PIG, THE RUDE BOYS, RED ALERT, RUNNIN RIOT and ADOLPH AND THE PISS ARTISTS. I was never too big on THE RUTS, so this didn't really thrill me at all. Come to think of it, almost every tribute record that I've ever heard has been pretty weak. This CD is for Ruts superfans only. (NF)
(PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin, IRELAND)

V/A - "Vulture Rock Promotional EP No 4" EP
This promotional EP contains 6 songs from TEMPLARS, YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS, MOLOKO MEN, DISORDERLY CONDUCT, THE UNRULY and IMPACT. This would be great for someone who is interested in knowing what Vulture Rock has to offer but this is a limited pressing of 1,000. So all you tough skins and punks go out and find this one for your collection before someone else grabs it! The songs by YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS and IMPACT are either demo tracks or unavailable elsewhere. This is really good. I'm pissed that I didn't get my own copy! (SR)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque, NM, 87196)

V/A - "Weeds Grow in the Garden Vol. 2" LP
A cool compilation that doesn't appear to have a "theme" behind except to put out some good old hardcore/punk. While some bands were a little too "snotty-melodic" for me, the stand outs are THE FORCE, OUT COLD, DECAY, and CHANIWA. The compilation is a collection mainly of Colorado bands, with some Japanese and US bands from other areas. (MW)
(Paco Garden, 569 E. Colfax, Box 123, Denver, CO, 80203)

V/A - "Weird System" EP

Hmm, this is a Latvian punk/HC compilation from Australia....go figure. It appears that the guy that put the record out spent six years in the Latvian region. Anyway, this is just what you would expect. Basic and raw punk that has a eccentric edge and sounds like it is stuck in a '80s time warp. The top track had to be the fuzzed-out hardcore song "Fight For Your Right" by NON SKID. A solid reminder that punk truly is an international culture. (RC)
($5 ppd: Simon Butcher, 19 Marola Avenue, Rostrevor SA 5073, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "We'll Punk You Up!" CD
This mostly Canadian band comp is surprisingly good compared to most of the other CD comps with crappy names. It starts out strong with PROBLEM CHILDREN, BITTER GRIN, LIBERTINE, and RAZOREATER. There's a couple ska songs thrown in to keep the quality down. JP5, REVENGE OF THE EGG PEOPLE and THE REAL MCKENZIES also have strong tunes. Check it out. (HM)
(Stumble, 57 Leaside Dr, St. Catherines, ON, L2M 4G1, CANADA)

V/A - "Where Birdmen Flew Revisited Vol. 3" LP
I'm a busy man these days...no time to read the extensive liner notes that place all of these bands in their proper historical context. Okay, twenty tracks of Australian punk rock from the halcyon days of the '70s and early '80s, featuring the likes of WORLD WAR XXIV, QUEEN ANNES' REVENGE, LOCAL PRODUCT (who do a total rip-off of the DILS' "Class War"...who cares), REJEX, VIGIL-ANTI, SUICIDE SQUAD, the PRESS, EXSERTS, and the Australian X. Apparently licensed from the folks at Murder Punk, the music all sounds and pounds pretty good in the fine traditions of the SAINTS and/or RADIO BIRDMAN. The cover's an eyesore, unfortunately, but this one's a winner otherwise. (JH)
(no address)

by Tim Brooks

While some of you out there think Texas has produced nothing but gingham, cowboy boots and redneck, the Lone Star state is in fact responsible for some of the most innovative, blazing and down right scary punk rock ever to be laid to vinyl. To cover even a fraction of the great stuff to come out of there would be impossible in such a short space, and I'll leave that task up to the likes of your very own Ryan Richardson. For now, I'll cover one of the most prolific and influential bands that were spawned deep in the heart of Texas. The Big Boys are best remembered for their explosive live show, fronted by the skirt-wearing Biscuit Turner, distinctive record covers drawn by the shakey hand of guitar player Tim Kerr (today more well known for his producing skills and for playing in fucked up bands like the Lord High Fixers) and the funk element to some of their songs—years before crud like the Chilli Peppers were ever around. While some of the funk numbers have me reaching for the needle, some are classics (their reworking of "Hollywood Swinging", for example).

Big Boys records always stand out as something a little bit different, a little bit special...one thing is certain, the Big Boys are distinctive, whether playing their straight ahead punk numbers, the crazy funk tunes complete with horns, or the slower moodier numbers. The band is famous for being an integral part of the Austin scene, organizing shows, lending other bands their practice space (the Butthole Surfers had their humble beginnings using the Big Boys gear!), putting up touring bands, etc. The band pooled together some cash and released their first record, the "Frat Cars" 7", on their own label in 1980, and all four tracks rock with Kerr's distinct clean guitar sound and singer Randy "Biscuit" Turners's acerbic wit coming across in the jock-baiting title track. This 7" commands big bucks as only 500 were pressed, but it was bootlegged in 1991 with a different track on the b side. Smilin Ear faithfully reissued the 7" in its entirety the same year—this is worth getting to save yourself breaking the bank hunting down the original. Following this stellar 7" comes the infamous "Where's my towel?" Industry Standard LP, complete with hand screened covers—this is another record topping collector's lists. While many rare records are rare for the sake of being hard to find, this disk really does live up to the hype, a monster of a disk, and pre-funk for all you funkphobes. The record came out in 1981 on Wasted Talent Records. The same year saw the release of the split live LP with the Dicks on Rat Race Records, a great historical document of the time, though it's probably worth tracking down the band's studio output first. Selfless Records put out a double 7" featuring tracks from this release, which should be easy to track down if you're so inclined.

In 1982, the Big Boys released the *Fun Fun Fun* 12", whose title track has been the theme to many a punk rock party: "You don't understand a word we say/You don't listen to us anyway/All of this is just for fun/We're not out to hurt no one"—a lesson to many of today's bands! This six tracker was the first record to introduce their horn section and also boasts two classic punk ditties ("Nervous" and "Apolitical"). The vinyl original of this 12" is difficult to track down, along with the final two LPs. "Lullabies Help the Brain Grow" is possibly my favorite Big Boys LP. On Moment Records, this disk blends the blazing punk rock sensibilities ("I'm Sorry", "Gator Fucking") funk workouts ("Fight Back") and the moodier side of the band ("Manipulation"). The final LP, *No Matter How Long The Line at the Cafeteria There's Always a Seat* (Enigma, 1984) while not as mandatory as the *Lullabies* LP, is still more of the same with a slew of gems only a band like the Big Boys could produce.

After the demise of the band, members went on to a number of other bands, the most notable being Rapeman, Poison 13 and Cargo Cult. Avoid the terrible rock band Junkyard that guitarist Chris Gates started with one of the guys from Minor Threat. Posthumously, a collection of unreleased tracks and demo material (with some great liner notes) has come out on Unseen Hand Records—it's called *Wreck Collection* is easy to pick up and worth it for completists and newcomers both. The best release by far for the listener has to be the complete collection on Touch and Go Records in 1993. Disc One has the first 7", the side of split LP, and the first LP. The second disk has the 12" and the last two LPs. Each CD comes with a booklet full of photos and quotes which are fascinating—these CDs should still be readily available and easy to pick up. If you haven't at least *heard* of the Big Boys, you my friend are not as punk as you think!

"I thought I knew a whole lot, that I was a punk rock motherfucker, but midway through a spin of *Industry Standard* I realized I didn't know shit."
—Mark Ruben

As the Big Boys always used to say, "Now go start your own band."

Big Boys Discography:

7"s—*Frat Cars* (Big Boys, 1980, hand colored sleeve)
Frat Cars (bootleg, 1991)
Frat Cars (Smilin Ear, 1991)
2x7"—*Live at Raul's* split with the Dicks (Selfless, 1991, 300 signed, color wax has different cover)
12"—*Fun Fun Fun* (Moment, 1982)
LPs—*Where's My Towel/Industry Standard* (Wasted Talent, 1981, silk-screened cover)
Live at Raul's split with the Dicks (Rat Race, 1981)
Lullabies Help the Brain Grow (Moment, 1983, Moment/Enigma, 1984)
No Matter How Long the Line... (Enigma, 1984)
Wreck Collection (Unseen Hand, 1988)
CD—The Skinny Elvis 1st 7 , 1st LP, side of split w/Dicks (Touch & Go, 1993)
The Fat Elvis 12"—2nd and 3rd LPs (Touch & Go, 1993)

The Big Boys also appear on these comps:
Thrasher Skate Rock Vol 1 cassette
Something To Believe In LP
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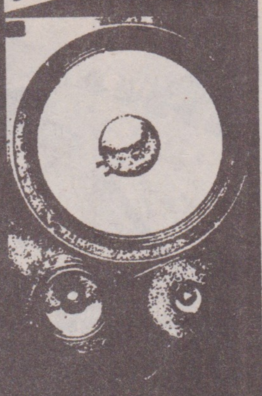

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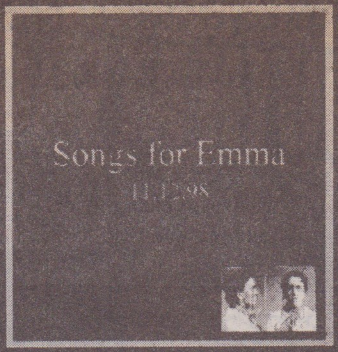

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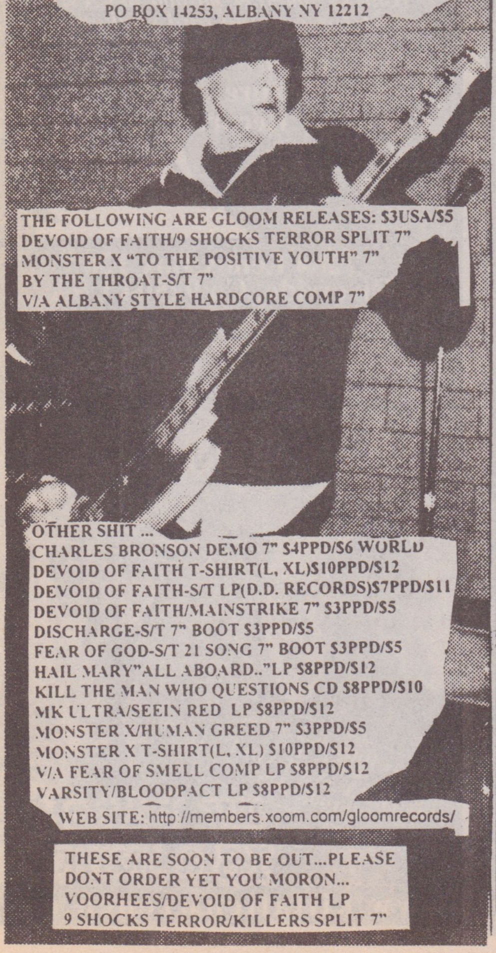

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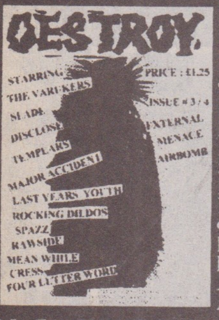

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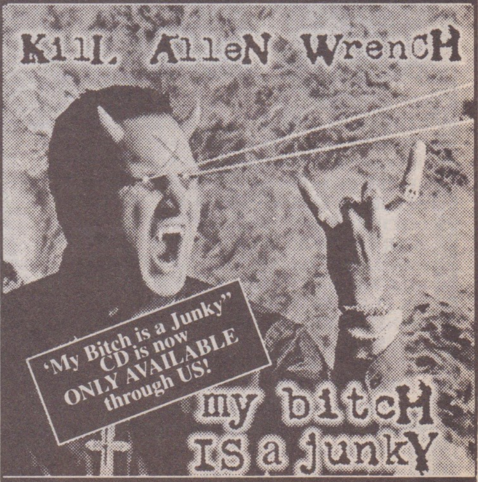

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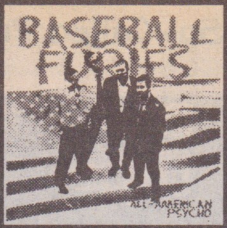

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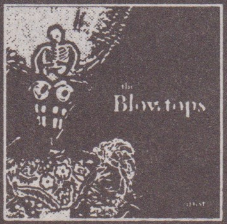

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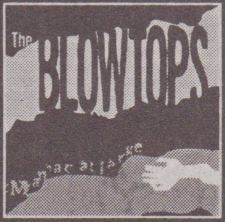

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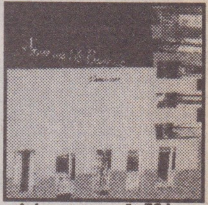

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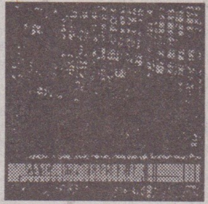

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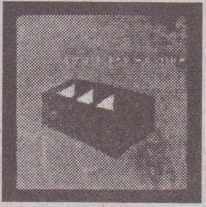

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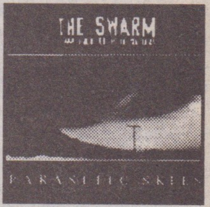

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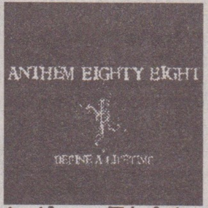

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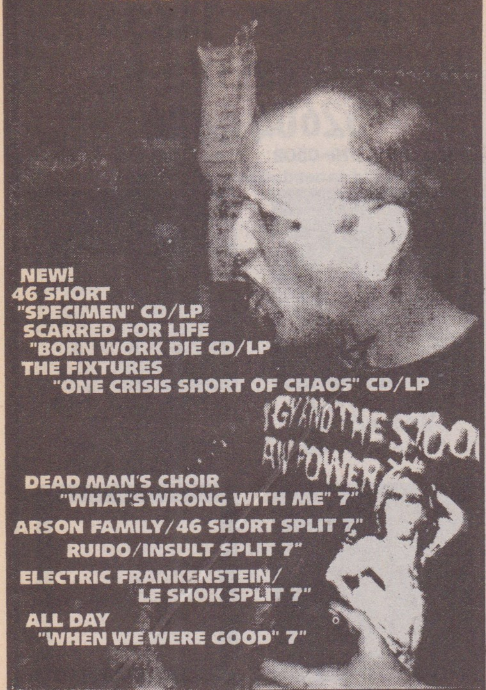

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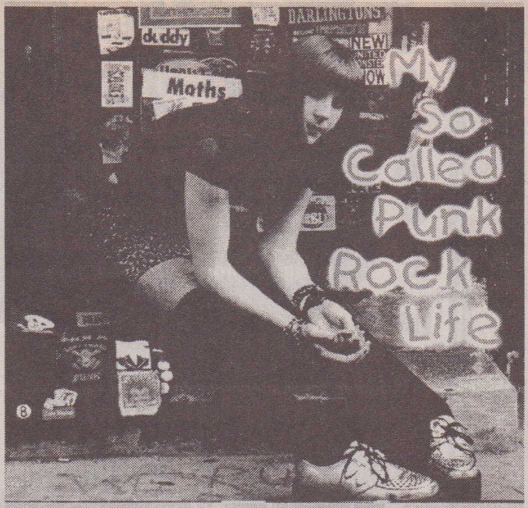

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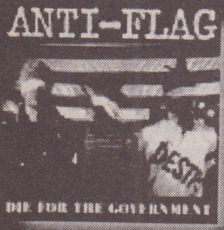

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V/A "No Hesitation To Resist" 10" $8.50
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Dahmer "Dahmerized" LP $7.50
Civil Disobedience "Invention Extinction" LP $8.50
Anti-Product "The Deafening Silence" LP $8.50
V/A "Still Hate Your Neighbors: Rare NZ Punk 7" $5
Asshole Parade "Student Ghetto Violence" CD $10
Shattered Faith "1982" CD $11
Anti-Pasti "Last Call" LP $8.50
Partisans "Police Story" LP $8.50
Nausea "Extinction" LP $8.50
Indigesti "Osservati Dall Inganno" CD $12
Rupture/Blurters/Stanley Knife CD $10
Benumb "Soul Of The Martyr" CD $12
Crass "Christ The Movie" VHS video $20
Paindriver "This Has No End" LP $7.50
Rot/Intestinal Disease LP $8.50
Chaos UK "Just Mere Slaves" CD $10 (9 songs)
Chaos UK "Total Chaos: The Singles" LP $8.50
Destroy "Necropolis" CD $10
Unseen/Toxic Narcotic 7" $3.50
Wretched "Lotta Per Vivere" CD $13.50
Deep Wound "American Style: 1982 Demos" 7" $5
Voorhees "13" LP $8.50
Armagedom/Forca Macabra LP $8.50
V/A "Deadly Encounters" 7" $3.50
Combat Wounded Veteran "I Know A Girl" LP $7.50
Clusterbomb Unit "And The Dirty Little Weapons" 7" $3
Vomitus/Flux Of Disorder 7" $3.50
Defiance "No Future No Hope" LP $8.50
Anti-State "Estado De Paz" 7" $3
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Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers "400 Fascists" 7" $5
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Out Cold/No Side 7" $3.50
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Parade Of The Lifeless/Noisear 7" $3.50
Varukers "Led to the Slaughter" 7" $5
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Insults "Insult To Injury" LP $8.50
GG Allin "The Singles Collection: Vol 1" CD $12

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (LB) Lily Boe, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (JC) Jeremy Cool, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you!
Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

ABOLITION COALITION #2 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 36 pgs
There's an interesting interview with Nate Wilson of Monster X/Gloom fame in this, plus a discussion of what it means to be straight edge that moves beyond the usual cliches of unity and strength. I'm gonna be keeping an eye on this one because I think with better copying and more practice, this will be a really good in the future. (SS)
34 Knollwood Dr / Valatie, NY 12184

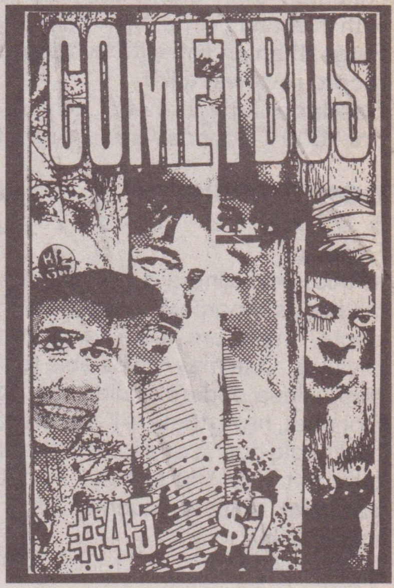
AMERICAN UPSTART 6 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 51 pgs
This is one of the better zines out there that covers the streetpunk/oi scene. This one has good interviews with the likes of Oxymoron, The Ducky Boys, Subway Thugs, Terminus City and The Authority. There's also the standard music reviews, a few rants and a lengthy article about the west coast oi fest. Recommended. (NF)
PO Box 10005, Kansas City MO 64171

BLUE RYDER #3 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
There is far too much Teletubby content in this magazine. Aside from the several pages of 'humorous' renderings of the darlings of pre-school age TV, the contents include a feature on an art gallery, an interview with a SCHWA-like organization called V2/STW, and a few pages of record reviews. Amusing but brief. (AM)
PO Box 11149 / Costa Mesa, CA 92627

BROKEN PENCIL #11 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 72 pgs
Where else can you get a complete ("and only") guide to the history of Canadian b-movies? Yes, it's "Canuxploitation," and you've gotta first respect the zine that managed to coin the term. But then there's also great articles looking at the Adbusters phenomena, found spoken word, Guerilla Media, confessions of a b-movie fanatic, and discovering experimental film. What's more, tons of reviews of zines, books, e-zines, and music written so engagingly that I wanted to read every damn one. Where did they find such great reviewers?! Well-picked zine excerpts—including the classic wannabe story told in "The Cheerleader" and the detailed "Notes from...Rail Economy Class"— and new fiction pieces round out an amazing, amazing issue. This zine gave me warm fuzzies. (MN)
PO Box 203 / Station P / Toronto ON M5S 2S7

CLASS WAR #78 / $2
11 x 17 - copied - 16 pgs
There is a lot about Class War that bugs the shit out of me, specifically its narrow, oversimplified take on things; and the "us" and "them" dogma that they are so good at perpetuating. But, I gotta say, Class War is reliable, informative and persists in a way that many zines/independent publications do not. This issue features articles on June 18, 1999, the Country side alliance, how to defeat your manager and the usual news-worthy bits from England's working class struggles. (JL)
BM Box 357 / London WC1N3XX / England

COMETBUS #45 / $2.50 ppd
5 1/2 X 8 1/2 - offset - 64 pgs
This has always been one of my favorites, and the same is true for most people I know. I honestly don't know what I can say about Cometbus that hasn't been said. If you've somehow never read it, you have to. Handwritten tales of travels and love gone wrong and punk rock and all that. Aaron's writing is amazing and I think the thing that touches me is this certain wistful quality that really gets you right in the pit of



your stomach, and feels great. Buy two of them. (MJ)
BBT PO Box 4279 / Berkeley, CA 94704

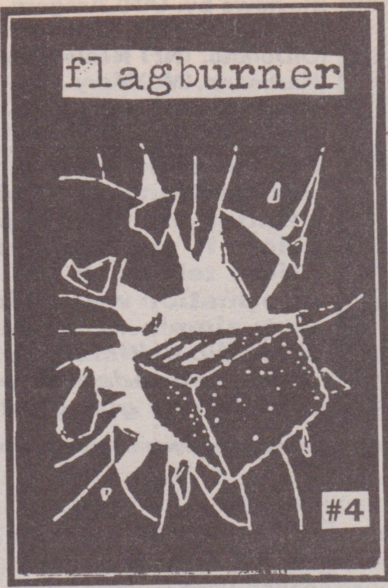
CRINKLBINE #3 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 26 pgs
Not a bad effort here. There's some pretty random things about Phillip Seymour Hoffman, some movie stuff to go along with interviews with Dan Panic, The Thumbs and some dude who owns a video store!?! Decent. (NF)
720 Oliver Ave / San Diego CA 92109

DECAY OF A CIVILIZATION #2 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
A comics zine I didn't get. Obviously big on environmental concerns, but really, I wasn't very impressed with the random one-page comics about shooting a record store security guard or the TV.. I really didn't understand the line drawing of a potted cactus captioned, "The perfect dildo." Was this trying to tell me something? It is a commentary on the sex-toy industry? The prickly nature of phallic patriarchy? (I was really reaching.) In another, a disembodied eyeball ends up in a well. I don't know why. The drawings aren't exactly works of art, which isn't always a bad thing, but there's not even a good story in here. *She scratches her head in confusion....* (MN)
Janne Nystrom / Eurantie 12A9 / 00550 Helsinki / Finland

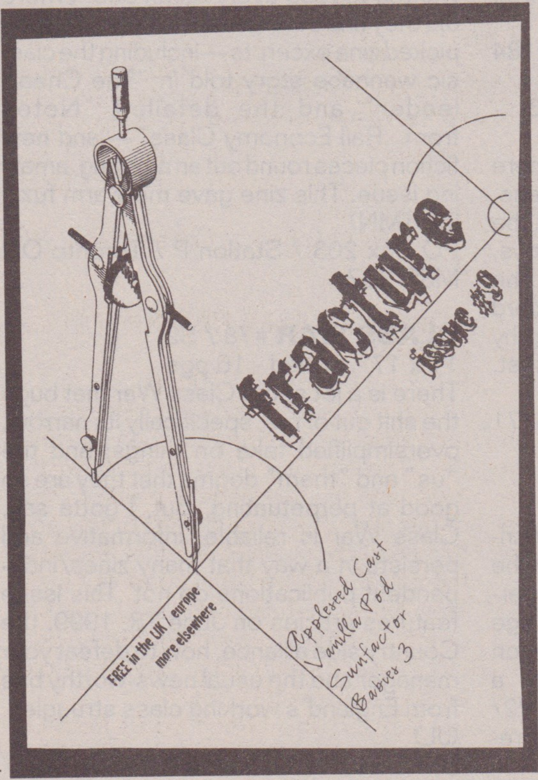
DEFORMATION CULTURAL #2 / $1
11 x 8 - offset - 24 pgs - Spanish
This thin zine gives lots of space to columns, then come the interviews with the bands Yoda, Monster X, White Frogs, then ending with two pages of record reviews. (HH)
Casilla de Correo 1424 / Correo Central 1000 / Buenos Aires / Argentina

DON'T PANIC #1 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs - Russian
In this small zine are interviews with the bands Moorpaul, Invazija and Tpikpecta, there are also some record reviews. One may not be able to read this unless understanding the cryllic alphabet, nevertheless it's totally cool to check out scenes that seem so different from ours. Hey! And they hate Nazi shits as much as us, if not more. (HH)
Igor Konik / POB 205 / Minsk 220107 / Belarus

EAST VILLAGE INKY #5 / $2
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - offset - 40 pgs
Wow, this was definitely a change from your usual punk zine that just has interviews with bands no one has heard of. This zine is the true life adventures of a 3 year old and her mother, who live in the hip East Village of New York City. When I first saw this zine I thought it might be too cutesy or too much like "my precious child did this...", but while it was pretty darn cute, it was also very enjoyable. It is nice to know there are other types of parents out there as opposed to many of us who grew up with unhip suburban folks. Ya got to wonder what this kid will grow up like. Anyway, the zine also deals with the changing neighborhood and



some people they interact with. This zine is well worth $2 and includes some reviews as well. (DS)
406 E 9th St #7 / New York, NY 10009



EMPOWERMENT #14 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 14 pgs
A French zine written in English, this consists mainly of record/CD reviews, some scene reports and an interview with Drop dead from Rhode Island. There's a good article about how way too many American bands go to Europe and how it's not reciprocated. In keeping with that, I'd rather read an interview with the European band in a Euro zine. Also has some tour dates. (MJ)
El Trasgo / BP 40 111 / 35 101 Rennes Cedex 3 / France

EXTRA JAZZ #66 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 52 pgs - French
This is a funny and provocative zine which has articles on Jean-Louis Costes a controversial French writer and silkscreen artist Paquito Bolino. There is also an article on the punk band TV Killers, plus the usual record and zine reviews. (HH)
BP 114 / 33015 Bordeaux Cedex / France

THE FLAGBURNER #4 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Interviews with a diverse range of bands, including Rojoitus, Positive/Negative, Detestation, Virkavalta, Bitistal, Kirous, and Alakulttuurin Kusipaat. Some identify as "political," some don't, and Janne asks them all why. Some give predictably dumb answers ("Fuck politics! The human race should go extinct!") while other elaborate just a bit more, and with sincerity, which is always nice. One of the bands asked her why the zine is in English, and not Swedish, which is a really good question which I actually think should have been explored further. Short (very short) rants on anarchism (yah), nationalism (boo), and the rest of the usual suspects for an anarchist zine. In very small type. Ouch. But overall a good effort and worth supporting. (MN)
Janne Nystrom / Eurantie 12A9 / 00550 Helsinki / Finland

FOLK ME FASTER #3 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
The idea is that this is a zine that speaks out to and from the voiceless Folk Punk scene. That's the good part. The bad part is that it's more about the authors cut-and-paste world view than about a larval scene. There are some interesting bits on the Russian Folk Punk scene (circa 1980), recording a demo, the sound on your guitar, and sex and your guitar. Pleasant, but not essential. (AR)
1221 King Street West, Box #5 / Toronto, Ontario / M6K 1G4, Canada

FRACTURE #9 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
Somehow, this is the first time I've seen this one. For only having put out

nine issues, they've really got their shit together. In depth coverage of the European and American punk scene. The format is similar to *Maximum*: letters, columns, record and fanzine reviews, interviews with Appleseed Cast, Vanilla Pod, Babies Three, and Sunfactor. Good writing, good layout. Good fanzine. (CR)
c/o Deep Elm Direct / PO Box 36939 / Charlotte, NC 28236

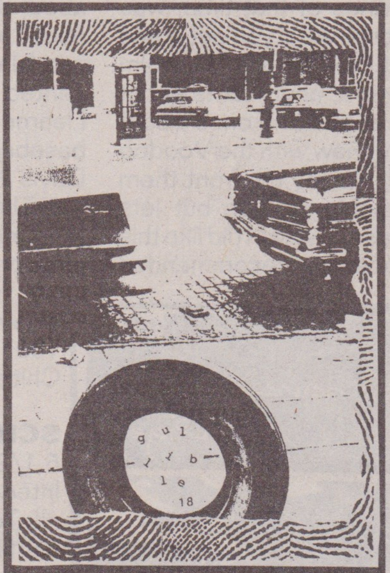
GEEK OVERTHROW #2 / 2 stamps or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
This personal zine was totally unpretentious and straight up. It is written by a fourteen year old girl who talks about all of her favorite things in life - pink hair, various vintage clothing, sushi, Weezer, and lots of other things. There are also book reviews, paper dolls, lists of favorite things, and a show review. Very readable and fun. (JL)
Optima c/o Carol Chaematy / 3815 Hughes Ave. / Culver City, CA 90232

GUILLOTINE #18 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 156 pgs
This magazine is enormous. It's filled with NY City bands, lots of ads, (international) scene reports, a school report on Columbine, reviews (of all nature), and ink on your fingers. What it lacks in quality it more than makes up for in quantity. (AR)
314 79th Street, #8E / Brooklyn, NY 11209

GULLIBLE #18 / 2 stamps or $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Stories 'bout Richmond. Pretty much that and reviews of stuff this guy likes (books, Tom Waits). I liked the personal stories, but it maybe needs some more editing, there's some power, just a little diluted. (GF)
PO Box 4909 / Richmond, VA 23220

GUMSHOE #4 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs
The bulk of this zine appears to be made up of the editor's column, which spans several pages and would have included a bunch of sidebars too if he hadn't lost the potential contents. Strip bars, summer package tours, internet humor, and the ups and downs of his daily life all make their way into the pages somehow, and when you tire of that (and you will) there are a few columns from friends, a stack of record and zine reviews, and interviews with Buck, the Teen Idols, and Strike. Pretty biting in places. (AM)
5500 Prytania St PMB #133 / New Orleans, LA 70115

I ONLY MEANT TO KILL YOU #? / $?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I guess this is some guy's journal printed with photos of him naked and with a gun. I don't want to knock someone's deep thoughts and emotions, but I thought this was shallow and banal. It's the type of stuff I wrote in junior high and thought was really deep, but am now embarrassed by because it sounds so corny. I guess you're only alienated and alone until you manage to become jaded and cynical, and then you despise anyone who despairs over being alienated and alone, or maybe it's just me. At first I was intrigued by this zine, but then I got bored. It took me three tries to finish reading it. (BC)
1602 Walker Ave / Greensboro, NC 27403



JOHNNY CAN'T READ #6 / $1 and a stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
This guy's gotten glowing reviews for past efforts, but I somehow can't get into this. The layout is kind of hard on the eyes, and the coverage is pretty middle of the road. It's always hard to say anything bad about zines like this, because there really *isn't* anything bad, but it still feels like something's missing. The bits on fetishes and comparing all three Woodstocks were pretty cool. Maybe the older issues are better. (RD)
PO Box 20105 / Green Acres Post Office / Thunder Bay, ON / P7E 6P2 / Canada

MIDGET BREAK-DANCING DIGEST #13 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
This zine's generally got a lot of good heart and ambition, but it isn't always so much fun to read. That's a really minor complaint, as it's pretty obvious that they poured their time and money into this. There are interviews with Hot Water Music, Electric Summer and a few others. The columns are pretty cool, and the layout is slick and computerized... not bad, and the price is a deal. (RD)
PO Box 2337 / Boulder, CO 80306

MULTIBALL #18 / $4.50
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 72 pgs
If you're not familiar with this zine, it's a fairly professional looking mag covering garage and rock n roll punk. There's a lot of decent content in here and I'd recommend it more if it wasn't as pricey as it is. This also comes with a split 7" with Kent,3 and Leatherboy that sucks. (NF)
PO Box 40005 / Portland OR 97240

MUTANT RENEGADE ZINE #12 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 68 pgs
Was this zine always glossy, obscene and run out of Dayton? I recall reviewing it awhile back, and if I'm correct, I liked it. This one's chock full of nasty stories and commentary that all somehow tie into the central theme, which is alcohol. Most of this is stories and shit on bizarre stuff, like wrestling and pictures of fat guys in Speedos. Pick it up, if not only for the picture on the back of the guy puking his brains out. (RD)
PO Box 3445 / Dayton, OH 45401

NATURAL MYSTIC #10 / $1
8 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs - Spanish
This under-developed *HeartattacK*-style scene mag has nice long interviews with Hellnation and Diferentes Actitudes Juveniles, columns, and tiny-print reviews. They don't over-extend themselves, but do throw a variety of opinions into the blender, like some other zines we love... I'd like to hear, however, more of what's going on on their block—the stuff we can't see from ours. (AC)
CC 3893 / 1000 BS AS / Argentina

NO-NA-ME #2 / $1
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Well this zine is pretty, with cute li'l drawings in the margins, and graphically it looks good. It makes good use of space, and there's a bunch of stuff to read. There are rants against sXe and religion, and about aliens and Y2K. I think the editor "enjoyed a phat bowl" before he penned the long one about the future of the planet. The writing in here is more to, uh, trip out on than anything else. One of those zines about "anarchy" - "yeah brah, cops suck,

let's get high..." I'm sure some folks younger or a lot less jaded than me would be into this. (JM)
1420 Wilder St #16 / Honolulu, HI 96822-4362

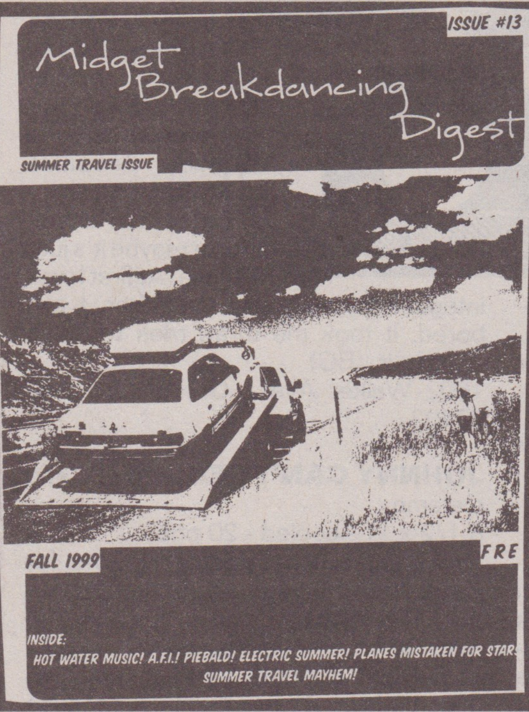
PERCHANCE #1 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 26 pgs
This is a short story about a boy with AIDS and an eco minded girl who hook up and go on a Bonnie and Clyde style spree. Set in Oregon, it touches on lots of issues - AIDS, homophobia, logging, sexism, yuppies, etc. It is pretty violent - lots of guns and cop killing - and the writing seemed a little contrived.(MJ)
c/o The Death To Literature Collective / Firescar Ranch Land Trust / 11672 Dead Indian Road / Ashland, OR 97520

PIECE OF DUMP #3 / $1 ppd or trade
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
This is a good zine, unfortunately it's the last one. Also unfortunately, it's also got a lot of stuff in it that is pretty much addressed to specific individuals in the local scene; I don't know these people, couldn't you have written them a letter? Has an interview with Faded Grey, a bunch of local scene info and lots of emo pictures. I did like some of this, and focusing on your scene is nice, it's just hard to make that interesting to an outsider. (GF)
9155 Buckspring Dr. / Las Vegas, NV 89129

100 PUNKS #13 / free
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
There's twelve pages here, and four of them are ads. There's an interview with the Blackouts that makes everyone involved sound like sexist pricks. There were some show and record reviews, and two pages of made-up letters. It's kind of a waste of paper. Maybe the on-line version is better, but I wasn't interested enough to look. (BC)
PO Box 420865 / San Francisco, CA 94142-0865

THE PRESSED PRESS #3 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
This zine is wacky! It's kinda cheesy (and I mean that in a good way) and there are lots of photos of the two editors dressed in goofy outfits. There are lots of interviews (Keel, the Beatings, TheGodsHateKansas, Good Clean Fun, Anti-Flag) and some bits of writing that always have a sense of humor. There's a very detailed guide to vegan shopping in the coops and health food stores in the DC area and a bunch of record reviews. (MD)
PO Box 1650 / Beltsville, MD / 20704-1650

PUNK FICTION #10 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 48 pgs
Thankfully, this isn't really fiction but standard punk zine stuff done pretty well. There's writing from a number of contributors and none of it is totally disposable - what a rarity! The 7th grade diary entries about feeling too fat, along with other memories of that time, was the strongest article. Also you get some basic stuff about Fred Phelps, Malcolm X, and Che Guevara; angry rants about society and some positive ones about the scene; an interview with the Voodoo Glow Skulls which does confront them on their homophobic attitude but lets them off pretty easy. Overall I did like this zine and it is especially recommended for those in the area. (JM)
1011 Upper Middle Rd E #1314 / Oakville, ONT L6H 5Z9 / Canada



PUNK FLYERS #10 / $2.50
Well the name pretty much says it all. 90% of it is flyers and the rest is show reviews. The flyers are old (Black Flag, Broken Bones etc), the reviews are new. Ready to hang on your wall.
502 Minor Ave #6 / Seattle, WA 98109

REFUSE PLANET #2 / free or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs
You got interviews with Existench and Scorned, plus a rant on sexism, and show and record reviews. The little bit that we learn about Doug from reading this is pretty interesting, and I wish the zine was longer, and that he developed some of these ideas a little more. Maybe next time. (SS)
1970 Westwood Northern Blvd #5 / Cincinnati, OH 45225

ROCKTOBER #25 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 164 pgs
I love Rocktober, even though it's not very punk, because it makes me read about things I normally wouldn't care about and makes it interesting, dammit! Many genres of music are represented - funk, garage, punk, rock and I learned lots about midget musician, baseball and rock and roll, Sammy Davis Jr. videos, and the Zone Brothers. There are lots of interviews - the Mummies, Billy Lee Riley, Jerry Butler, Cordell Jackson and other people you may not have heard of but will enjoy reading about. (MD)
1507 E 53rd Street PMB 617 / Chicago IL / 60615

SCHUEL #10 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 64 pgs
Interviews with Alkaline Trio, Beatnik Termites, Pezz and tattoo artist Curt Haggarty none of which I found particularly interesting. Perhaps in the future, these zinester might want to break up the interviews and reviews with some columns or articles. (SS)
PO Box 4663 / Lafayette, IN 47093

SECOND RATE #1 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs
Umm... More like fifth or sixth rate. An uninteresting interview with a record pressing plant, another one with John Cougar Concentration Camp, reviews written way too small for the human eye to decipher, and lame drawings. Save your stamp. (CR)
PO Box 2510 / Port Charlotee, FL 33949

SLUG AND LETTUCE #61 / free
11 x 17 - offset - 12 pgs
This is a long running zine dedicated to DIY and anarcho-punk ethics and culture, jam packed with very small text revolving around the above subject matter. Adrienne's column was really amazing. This issue features articles on the NATO/ US bombing of former Yugoslavia, columns by Sascha, Ecopunk and lots of zine, music and book reviews plus a few band pics.

This zine is solid, clear, simultaneously personal and political, and earns my respect for producing sixty-one issues! (JL)
PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261

SNAPSHOT #4 / $2
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is a well-written personal zine with nice drawings done by Jeff of Sherman Oaks. I think I've seen it before. The only criticism I have is that Jeff's life seems about as boring/mundane as mine. I guess I can have solace in the fact that I don't drink myself to sleep every night. It's not bad, but it's not mind-blowing, either. (BC)
4956 Kester Ave Apt #6 / Sherman Oaks, CA 94103

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #45 / 33¢ stamp
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
I was really excited to read this...the layout is awesome, the format is great (love those pocket sized zines) and it's all about being on a road trip...but the entries all started to sound the same about halfway through. Wake up, eat, drive, shop for records, eat, hang out with friends you haven't seen in awhile, eat, go to sleep. This is not necessarily a bad thing, it's just probably more interesting for people who know the author. Also included in this issue are a few columns and zine/record/beverage reviews. (KC)
516 Third St NE / Massillon, OH 44646

STANDING OVATION #5 / $1
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a pretty good personal zine done by a high school punk named Bit. Of note are the partying tips, our legal rights, and anti-Monsanto cartoon. Also some weird-ass comics, thoughts and shit, as she calls it. And they're giving away a car to one lucky reader. (BC)
RD Box 3182 / Northfield, VT 05663

STREET MUSIC #5 / $2
17 x 11 offset - 8 pgs - Spanish
The august-september issue of a zine that covers the Ska, Oi, Reggae and Punk scenes in Spain. There are articles on the bands Hard Skin and Suburban Rebels. There are also articles on the Dr. Martens, and Holiday In The Sun festivals. Finally there are record reviews and ads. (HH)
Apartado de Correos 804 / 07800 Ibiza (Baleares) / Spain

SUMMER'S OVER #2 / $1 or trade
4 1/4 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
I'm agonizing over this review. There's so much awesome Midwest 'support your scene' energy in here that I really want to like this. I think it's got the potential to be pretty interesting...but this issue is definitely on the generic side. Pieces about being late for school, some fiction, cops having too much power, totally forgettable interviews with No Place For A Hero and Amazing Transparent Man, a few ads and record reviews. Keep doing this, your heart's in the right place. (KC)
1603 Basswood Ave / Duluth, MN 55811

THIRTY ONE #3 / $1 (or trade)
5 1/4 x 8 - copied - 28 pgs
There is some interesting stuff in here. I appreciated the editor's attitude about staying punk as he gets older - "I've been skating 20+ years and I'm not about to stop" or "I am young [34!] and this shit job is just for now." Also he writes about getting shit from other black kids growing up for being into punk, and how environment shapes culture. There's stuff about underground synth-pop bands, a basic punk guitar lesson, skating, and punk. I was disappointed most of the pieces were more so short. He says he loves writing but the letters went on for longer than most of his stuff. If this had more depth it would rule but still it's a good zine at a fair price. (JM)
PO Box 55603 / Hayward, CA 94545

THOUGHT PROCESS #3 / $1
2 1/4 x 4 1/4 - copied - 36 pgs
Damn! I got excited about this one. Cool looking layout, typewritten, small, neat cover. Visually it's a great looking fanzine. But what it has in style, it loses in content. The writing is hard to follow, sloppy, and less then interesting. It's a personal style zine with writings on shitty jobs, traveling to yo-yo-a-go-go, and the funny time in one's life between childhood and the adult years. If as much attention was spent to the writing and proofreading, as to the layout, this could be a really great zine. (CR)
1531 Beverly / Overland Park, KS 66203

3 A.M. #2 / $2 + 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
This is a political/personal zine. The politics are half-baked and very much a starting point. The aesthetic is cut and paste + the computer. There is an emphasis on "activism" which is somewhat interesting. The proceeds of this issue will go to Big Woods Earth First!, so I guess that's something. (AR)
5023 Norwood St / Duluth, MN 55804

TIGHT PANTS #6 / 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Absolutely great. This is one of the best fucking fanzines I've gotten. It's original, funny, well written, and mature without being pretentious. Inside are various well written, and damn funny stories. Getting hit by a car, having bugs crawl up one's ear, terrorizing teachers and Glen Matlock. I didn't really know how to take the "Anti-Girl" article or the "Pages of Porn", but I assume that like most of this zine, tongue is firmly planted in cheek. Cool layout and cover too. For two stamps, it's well worth it. (CR)
2208 N 72nd St / Wauwatosa, WI 53213-1808

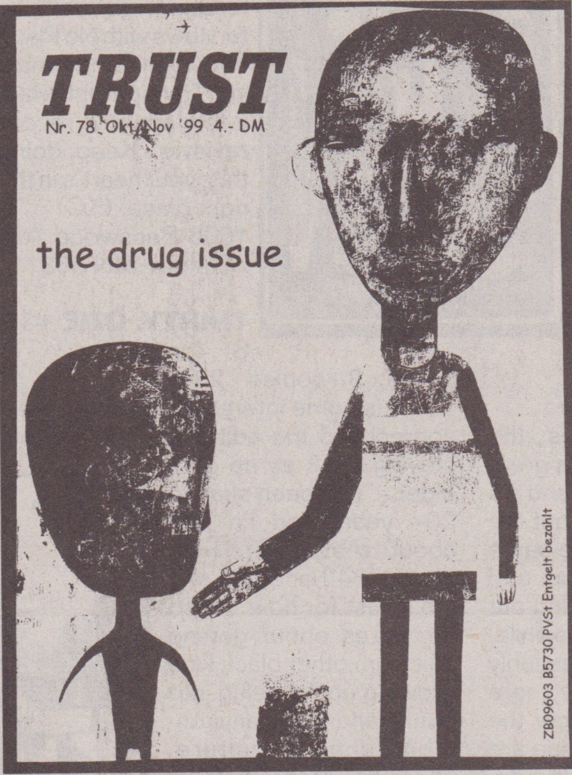
THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #42 / $1 + stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Well this one's an old standby, bimonthly outta central Missouri for seven years now. It's too bad Boone feels an obligation to write all those show reviews every issue, cuz they are the weakest part of the zine. Maybe good for obscure historians to find in twenty years, but a very dull read now. But *TTWN*'s strengths are pretty built up - the interviews with Old Time Relijun and filmmaker Sarah Jacobson did make this issue worth reading, and the relatively up-to-date piece on Timor was also pretty well done. *TTWN* also seems to cover a lot of female bands; Mary Tyler Morphine are interviewed and Idgie receive more praise. Seems like *TTWN* ain't goin' away, so I will be glad for the good parts. (JM)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

TRUST #78 / $4
11 x 8 1/2 - offset - 84 pgs - German Cigarettes, booze, pot, downers, uppers; yep it is *Trust's* drug issue with features on the bands Man Or Astroman, Frau Dokter, Fleshtones, Bongzilla and more. Plus there are the usual reviews, ads, columns and the best gig listing of any German zine. Great issue! (HH)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postbox 110762 / 28207 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE vol.12, #3 / $2
12 x 18 - offset - 16 pgs
This long-time "journal of anti-racist action, research, and, education" weighs in this Fall with articles on the upcoming national protest against the World Trade Organization, police brutality, a letter from a Dine organizer to save Big Mountain for the indigenous peoples, prison labor and the prison-industrial complex, and a summary of Mumia Abu-Jamal's case to date. On the front page is an analysis of the recent release of eleven Puerto Rican political prisoners in the United States and an overview of continued U.S. domination over the island "commonwealth" (i.e., colony). I appreciated the articles on queer and feminist organizing in the Philippines, thought they were comparatively short and consisted of "just the facts." Too bad. A good resource for keeping up on various movements and organized efforts, though short on the critical political analysis. (MN)
People Against Racist Terror / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

UNDER THE VOLCANO #52 / $2.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
Another large offering from *UTV*. This issue has interviews with Tilt, June of 44 and the Pietasters. I could do without the columns in this zine, but other things in this zine make it enjoyable. I really like the record reviews for some reason. And the comic about David Byrne made me laugh. Order your copy today. (DS)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

VISION ON #16 / $1 or 2 IRCs
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 36 pgs
Yet another issue of this now well established UK zine. This one features interviews with Sick of it All, Dropnose, Wayne Kramer and an interesting chat with Brendan of Fugazi. You don't usually hear much from him so it's nice to hear another side of things. There's also a fairly huge wedge of reviews in here - loads of records obviously, but also some books as well for all you intellectuals that can actually get through something that doesn't come approved by the Comics Code. Rounding the whole package off there are columns from various movers and shakers on the UK scene, some pointless, some not. Sean Wat Tyler's account of going to Japan with Snuff was mildly entertaining. All in



all, a decent read, and worth picking up. (AM)
27 Springbank Croft / Holmfirth / W. Yorks / HD7 1LW / UK

WRECKED #2 / $1 and a stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs
Pretty sloppy, pretty brief and for the most part it's pretty boring too. There's two small interviews, reviews, poetry, a comic strip, a list of good and bad horror movies and that's pretty much it. (NF)
PO Box 487 / Avondale AZ 85323

YUMA #4 / $1.55
4 1/4 x 5 1/4 - copied - 52 pgs
I liked the first two stories in here a lot - a Nashville diner scene and the band breaks up cuz the drummer's on crack. Then there were two goofy comics, the first one was funny but the second one lacked. It ends with a Greyhound riding travel journal that I found to be hit and miss. It's not so good that I'd recommend sending the $1.55 but still it's a decent, if short, read. (JM)
PO Box 55462 / Atlanta, GA 30308

MORE LISTINGS

CHUMPIRE #121 / one stamp
Very brief reviews and opinions on things like cookies and cars.
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake PA / 16316-0680

EAT SHIT #10 / 2 stamps
Kinda sloppy punk stuff from South Lake Tahoe. Interview with Fifth of Piss, record reviews, a few columns. Oh yeah, a couple of ads, too.
PO Box 4765 / South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE #2 / IRC or $1 ppd
Four pages of mostly positive, mostly (2/3) British zine reviews. Supposedly bimonthly.
c/o Ewan Frater / 22 Alexandra St. / Bradford, W. Yorkshire / BD7 1RS / UK

EARQUAKE #65 / $2
In French, *Earquake* features an easy-to-read, three-column half-page format, and interviews with The Strike, Teen Idols, Liberator, and more. (Relatively) extensive zine review section as well.
Frédéric Leca / 55 / rue Saint Jean / 88300 Neufchâteau / France

THE NEUS SUBJEX #26 $?
Very dense one pager, lots of reviews and sarcastic silliness.
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018

SHE'S GOT LABE #1 $1 or trade
Birth control, poetry, advice column.
PO Box 201 / 358 Danforth Ave. / Toronto, Ont M4K 3Z2

UNITED #3 / $?
Slender, scrappy copied zine, with Abuso Sonoro, poetry, a dash of politics, some straightedge interviews and commentary. In Portugese.
Rosano Figueira / Rua José Ribeiro 1452 / São Borja-RS / CEP 97670-000 / Brazil

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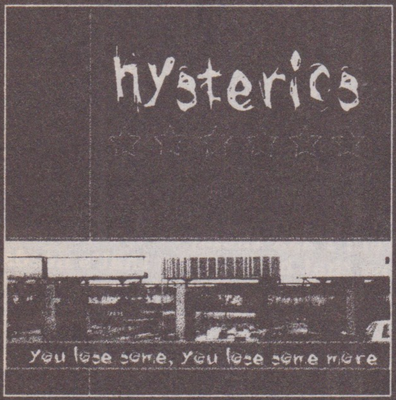

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COMETBUS

Few fanzines have had as obvious and important an impact as Cometbus. Started eighteen years ago, Cometbus has redefined the role and format of fanzines in the punk community. Cometbus began the trend of focusing on the personal side of the punk scene, instead of the usual political or musical aspects. Since then, countless writers have imitated or been inspired by Aaron's style of writing and subject matter, to the point that the word "Cometbus-esque" has been entered into the punk dictionary. What has set Cometbus apart from the fanzines it has influenced, is Aaron's ability to regularly and continually put out unique, well-written, and interesting issues. Its longevity has allowed for its evolution—from a small music-based fanzine, to its current format that has included hundreds of stories revolving around Aaron's travels, friends, and observations. Some are told with ironic humor, others with desperation, anger, or sadness. Cometbus has changed the way fanzines are written, and has become, it's safe to say, one of the most important contributions to the history of punk. Interview by Mike Millett.

Aaron: I will try to speak clearly. So, what's the the question I always get?

MRR: Oh, just the origin stuff—like when did you start the magazine, when you were thirteen, right?

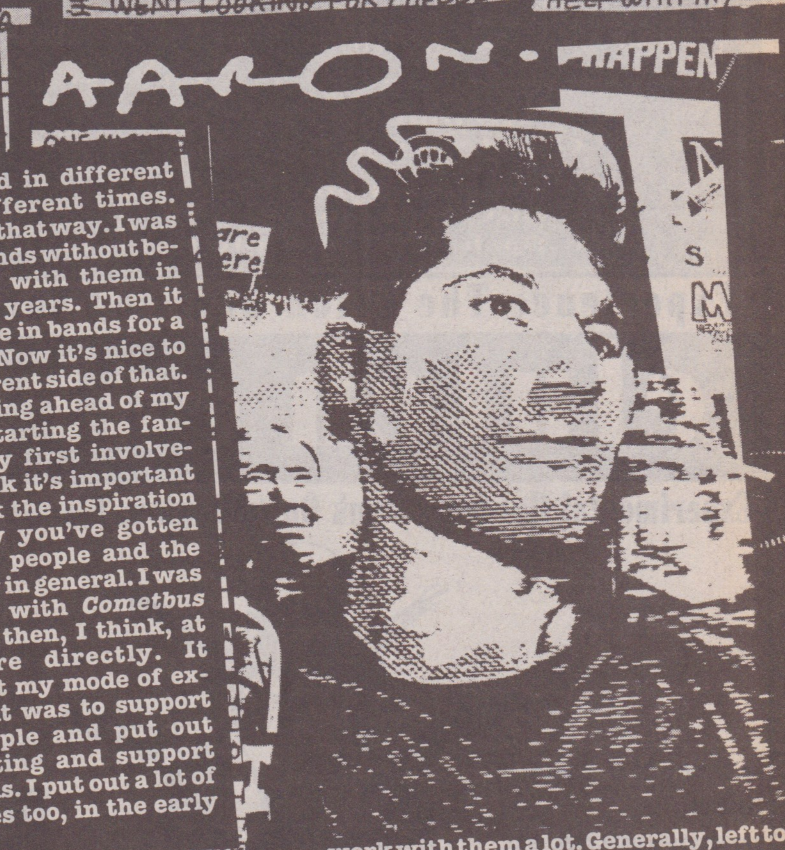
Aaron: I did a fanzine in the summer of '81 with Jesse Michaels. Then when he left town I started my own, in October of '81, and I've been doing it since— except for three years I took off, from 86-89. To recover, which was a good thing to do in the long run, I realize.

MRR: When you went away from it and came back, did the size and content change? I just wondered. I don't have any of the small ones.

Aaron: Luckily, the old ones seem to have just vanished. Which is a shame, 'cause they were so good. Not really. No, it was really tiny at first, 2" x 3", and impossible to read through. I didn't think so, 'cause I wrote it. The mag was small and free the first three years. I liked doing it like that, but then it grew in size. It's changed a lot along the way, but I kept the same name because I think it's important to have continuity. To change, but keep things constant, and also to have something that people recognize as they change too. It was originally mostly about bands and music, then became more about the energy behind the music and the people behind the music, and the ideas. I think it's important to keep doing what you do—change the context and style and content—but keep certain things for people to hang onto. I think consistency is as important as change in the scene.

MRR: Were you involved in the punk scene before starting the zine ?

Aaron: I wasn't really involved at all. I'd been going to shows a little while and that's about it. It's been sort of backwards with me. I did the fanzine for years and years—that was my involvement. Then I played in bands. Then I started putting on shows. I've been involved in different stages at different times. It's been nice that way. I was glad to see bands without being involved with them in any way for years. Then it was nice to be in bands for a little while. Now it's nice to be on a different side of that. But I'm getting ahead of myself here. Starting the fanzine was my first involvement. I think it's important to give back the inspiration and energy you've gotten from other people and the community in general. I was doing that with *Cometbus* more back then, I think, at least more directly. It wasn't just my mode of expression, it was to support other people and put out their writing and support their bands. I put out a lot of comp tapes too, in the early times.



MRR: And the reasons for doing it now? I ask because you were talking about it in the past tense.

Aaron: I was talking about it in the past tense because now a lot of the zine is my own writing. I try to write about other people's lives, and our life as a community and our values as a community, but it is my perspective. As a result, a lot of people see *Cometbus* as me. I think of it more as a forum, or a dialogue. I'm happier when I'm a little more in the background. Like helping around the show, instead of being on stage. Doing the flyers, putting out other people's records and tapes, and putting out issues with other people's writing. That's what I like the best, but people like my writing better.

MRR: How do you decide whether an issue is going to have contributors, or be all yourself?

Aaron: Well, I like to do a contributor issue every third or fourth issue. It depends how many good contributions I get.

MRR How does someone end up becoming a contributor ? Do they just write you?

Aaron: I ask them, or it's someone I know that has a story that's needs to be pulled out. I work with them a lot. Generally, left to their own devices, people will tell the least important parts of the story. They won't tell you what they already know—the things about themselves that are obvious to them but not to you. It's up to you to drag it out of them. That's the most satisfying thing for me, being an editor, and I think I'm a good editor. But I don't get the opportunity enough. In the long run, I'd

rather have the magazine be more that way.

MRR: But everyone likes your writing.

Aaron: Right, but they're not going to like it forever.

MRR : So there's the font question.

Aaron: No one's made it yet.

MRR: You've been asked before?

Aaron: Yeah, but I can't type very fast either.

MRR: So no computer still? It's all by hand?

Aaron: Oh yeah, it's all by hand. I type out the titles—that's about it. Usually people think I'm trying to prove more of a point, but my point is just using what's natural, available, and comfortable. Graphics were one of the most important parts of the magazine before but I started moving places that didn't have Xerox machines or the resources I needed. I'd be living in a bus or something. So I started doing all-handwriting issues.

MRR: It's all true?

Aaron: It's all true all the time. Well, it's 99%, possibly 98 % true. It's funny, because the strangest thing about telling a story is that you can reveal things that you would never usually reveal and say it straight as day, and people will assume you're making it up. When you know people are going to assume something is fictionalized, it's easier to tell the truth. I can say I burned down a house and stole a car and did all these other things and people will assume it's fiction. That's fine, but it's not.

MRR: Were you born in Berkeley?

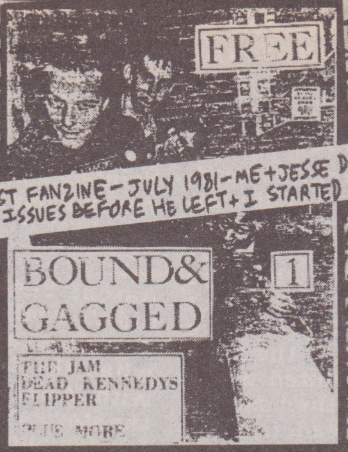
Aaron: Yes. Alta Bates. It's the hospital in Berkeley.

MRR: First punk show?

Aaron: No Alternative, Flipper, and the Dead Kennedys at the Keystone in Berkeley. A KALX benefit. Only saw one DKs song before I had to leave. It's nice to still see Greg (the drummer from No Alternative) around. He still plays in lots of bands. It's nice, because he was first drummer in the first punk band I ever saw. I'd been listening to punk for about a year, and I was reading fanzines before I ever went to a show. The first fanzines, those were more important to me. *Ripper* from San Jose, then *Creep* and *Damage* from San Francisco.

MRR: Any favorite zines from then to now?

Aaron: There were a lot of amazing fanzines when I first came around, and there are just as many now. There may be more bad ones, but I don't get bad ones in the mail. I get great ones that almost no one sees, incredible stuff by people whose stories and perspective I don't hear otherwise, anywhere else. I won't mention particular names, past or present, but I think zines are still a real vital exciting thing.



MY FIRST FANZINE—JULY 1981—ME+JESSE DID SEVEN ISSUES BEFORE HE LEFT + I STARTED CBUS.

MRR: Do you think zine community is more vital now than say, punk is?

Aaron: I think of fanzines as being an intrinsically punk thing, but also existing separately. I guess that's the best part. I'm able to reach a huge cross-section of people and also be very true and specific to one community and culture. I like that about punk and fanzines—that it's a community that's very ill-defined. As much as 90% of what we talk about is defining it, and still it's very ill-defined. I like that search and that contradiction. But the zine community? I don't know. I feel part of the punk community and not necessary part of the zine community. But I do feel like I try to provide a forum that is a almost physical thing, to build this place where people can exchange ideas and talk, even if it's just me talking. I think of the people who get the mag as a loose knit community.

MRR: I notice between the two things, you keep your music very separate from...

Aaron: Church and State.

MRR: ...the zine. Very much Church and State.

Aaron: Yeah. Though lately, I've started to write more about music and about being in bands. And my songs are starting to be more like stories, and my stories are getting to be much more like songs. I can't believe that everyone isn't really annoyed. I think it's going a little overboard how rhymey they are. No, they are. There's verses and choruses in them. I've started thinking of writing in terms of music too: how a story has a certain rhythm or momentum, and even certain refrains. It's been really fun mixing things that way, stylistically. But I still keep the two worlds separate. I don't really know why. It's just that I enjoy them both as different aspects. I enjoy music as it's a way of interacting with the people that I'm playing with mostly, and a way of collaborating. The mag is a meeting of people and a collaboration, but in a different way. Music gets a very different kind of response, and carries with it different kinds of expectations. Also, I think the music scene is poisonous. There's so many record labels that started as fanzines. They started doing records and they got more support and more financial s_uccess that way. Slash, Lookout, Touch and Go, No Idea, the list goes on.

MRR: That's seems to be the way it goes. From a zine, to a zine with a record, to just records with an occasional stab at a zine, if even that. I could never picture *Cometbus* coming with a record.

Aaron: Actually my newest issue is a record, #45.5. It's a spoken word 12". I wanted to say, I can picture doing *Cometbus* in 10 or 20 years. I could see easily getting older and changing and doing another 18 years, though I think of those three years I took off, and I might need that again someday. I see the zine as something I can change with. Music is less forgiving and people are less forgiving about it too. It's the difference between The Who, and an author who's fifty. I don't know, it's just different. I'll continue doing music, too, but the writing is what's most important and satisfying to me, and what I think has the most possibilities and flexibility in the long run.

MRR: We touched on the spoken word thing. Could you ever see yourself doing a reading somewhere?

Aaron: I'm not against it, but my voice is kind of weird, for one thing.

MRR: Aw geez, come on, you have a good voice.

Aaron: No no no. It's not so much a self conscious thing.

MRR: Aaron, you could be on the radio. I'm serious.

Aaron: OK, the voice I hear in my head, the voice that the writing has, it's not my voice. The sound of it, and the timing, and everything. It's totally different than the way I speak. So when I've tried reading the stories aloud, it just doesn't work. I think I'll just leave that to other people. That's the most important part of the printed word, each person reading it to themselves, hearing it in their own head, in their own voice, anyway. I'm not very much into performing. Every once in a while it's fun to play a show, but I'm a drummer. I need three people standing in front of me at all times.

MRR: So you're not on the *Cometbus* record reading?

Aaron: No, it's this guy John Cotrona, who's a long time contributor to the magazine. I love his writing. I think he's incredible. He's like part of the family, although I've never met him in person. He wrote a full-length novel and sent it to me on tape, along with a typed copy. But the written version didn't work as well for me. I love his voice and timing. I like to put out other people's work and lend the *Cometbus* name to it occasionally. It's a risk, and it usually doesn't go over very well, but it's important to me. It shows a bigger picture. I think all the stories kind of rub shoulders with each other. I mean my stories, as well as the people I've connected with and whose work I like. I think they all compliment each other and add up to a bigger picture.

MRR: So where's *Cometbus* printed?

Aaron: It's printed in Berkeley. Finally I have a printer I like. What a difference that makes. After years of printer problems. They are supportive of what I do and accountable, and that's a word you don't hear much in punk.

MRR: May I ask how many you make?

Aaron: Yeah. I make 8000. It's probably a lot more than people think I do. I like the magazine to feel small and hand done. And it is small and hand done, but it gets out in larger numbers than might be expected. It's going very well right now and I know it won't always, so I'm very thankful. Thank you, everyone, for buying and supporting it. It's good to feel like your work is getting out there in a way that you want it to, at a level that's successful but you feel comfortable with. So, I'm very thankful.

MRR: I read somewhere that you had translated versions coming out in other countries?

Aaron: Yeah there was a German one, printed in Berlin in '97, and a French one in Paris in '98.

MRR: Were they collections?

Aaron: Yeah. It was interesting. I didn't realize the stories were so American, and they are. It was funny what the translators needed help with. What things didn't translate. Or the stories were more interesting to a the foreign audience, in some ways. The things that are American, like doomed plans, 24 Hour coffee shops, walking for hours along the train tracks, living in small cramped houses that aren't provided by the government. A lot of things I can't think of offhand, but the day to day life which is the scenery, the background in my stories, totally stood out as *exotic* to Europeans. I hadn't expected that.

MRR: You've had talks in the past about doing a book collecting the best stories from *Cometbus*. Any reason it hasn't come about yet?

Aaron: I never really found the right level. The publishers are either too big or too small. They can't do what I can do better myself, and retain control. And I'm not gonna jump just because someone outside my community throws a rope down. Not without looking closer and seeing that they can't sell as many as I do for the same price, and they can't get it where I can. That's what I've seen so far at least. I am looking for a middle ground. It wasn't so much a pressing issue, 'cause I had thousands of back issues left over until very recently. Now they've all sold, so I am looking into doing a collection of stuff from the last 20 magazines. I'd also like to do a separate collection of just my writing.

MRR: I think you'll be hearing from some people.

Aaron: It's strange, though. Some things make a good 7", some things make a good album, some things make a good CD. I'm very conscious of format (not just cautious with it) and realizing that some thing that might be good as a magazine might not be good as a book. It isn't like the food chain where you keep going down the line. There's different ways to approach everything. So I would like to do a book here and there but, my heart is going to remain with the fanzines and it will always come out there first.

MRR: So you wouldn't do just a novel or short story book that hadn't been published in your zine first ?

Aaron: I don't want to. I love books I love paperbacks. I'd love to do small cheap paperbacks if it could be done well. So far I'm finding much more satisfaction doing the magazines, and that includes the business aspects. You do a book or CD and it's like a 300% mark-up, whereas with a magazine, it's like 35%. I don't want to be concerned all the time with the financial aspects, but the context that you get it in is important. If you get the magazine at a small store, independently owned, for cheap, it's cool. There's nothing doctrinaire about it, it's just a better way.

MRR: It seems that there is a whole genre of fanzines and writing that have if not imitated, then been inspired to publish thanks to *Cometbus*. How does it feel to have inspired so many people to create work?

Aaron: Well, in some cases it's been great because people have been able to take a certain format and run with it and do things I've never been able to do. Of course it feels good to inspire people, especially when they turn that inspiration into something new. Or when they borrow some aspects of my approach to show lives and ideas so vastly different than mine, or bringing up issues and emotions and truths that I would have never dared to. When the form is used to transcend its assumed limitations.

MRR: Is it strange, having the word "Cometbus-esque" entered into the dictionary?

Aaron: Well, I don't want to be discouraging, because there's plenty of that going around already. Let me just say, doing something great is more important than doing something original, but something which is neither doesn't do anyone any good. But rarely do I see something which is genuine, with a lot of thought, character, and hard work poured into it, that doesn't have some element of greatness.

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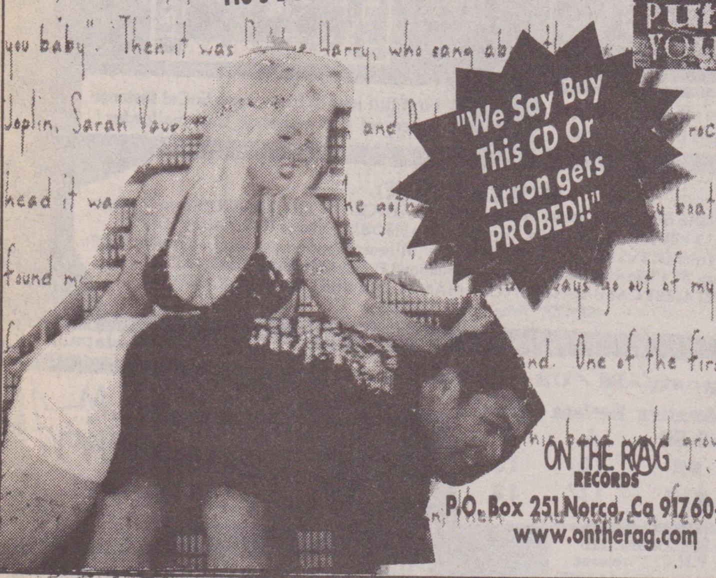

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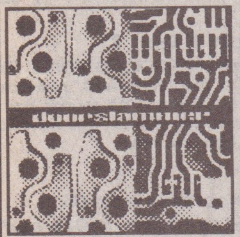

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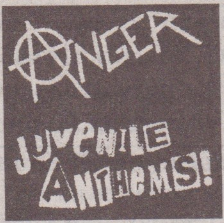

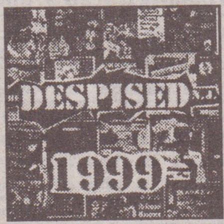

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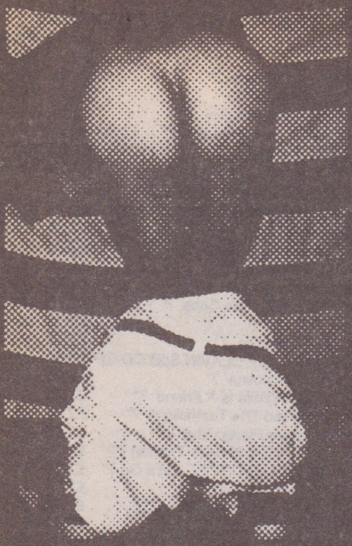

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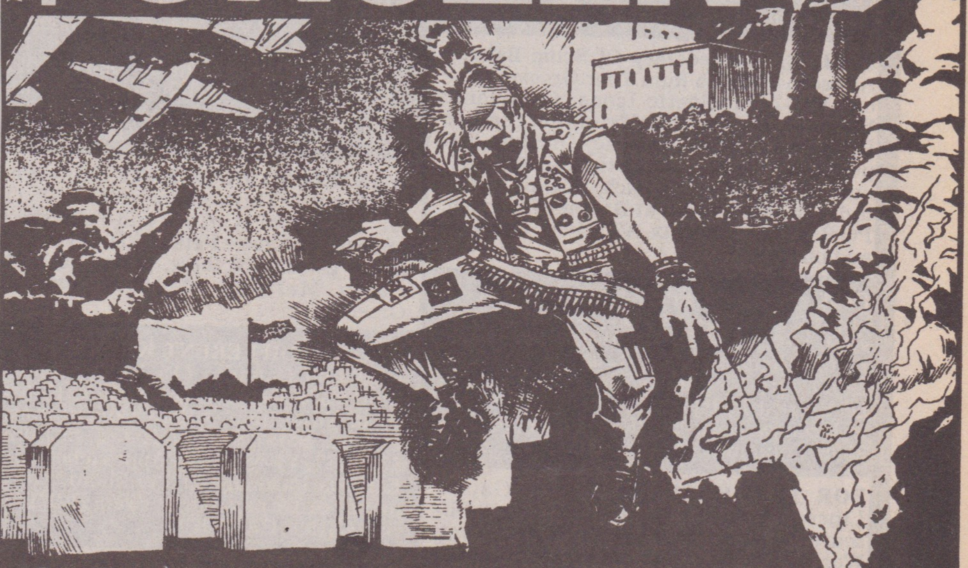

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WANTED: SO MUCH HATE "How We Feel" LP, Heresy "Thirteen Rocking..." LP, Oi Polloi "Unite and Win" LP and Pekinska Patka "Sue Od Pekinske Patke" CD. If you can help me to get any of these, please get in touch. Daren, Marmara 28, 19015 Nea Palatia, Greece

ALL SIX DIFFERENT KILLER issues: $10 USA and Canada, $15 Mexico and South America, $20 elsewhere. #YRU-Y2K- (current) -Tim Yohannon, #1213 Concubines, #11-Stitches $5/$7/$10, #7-Hates, #5 Ludichrist $3/$5/$7, #4-Negative Approaches $3/$4/$5. Famous hardcore of Punkland. US postal money order payable to: Craig Hill, POB 987, San Carlos, CA 94070

HEY GRINDCORE VOCALISTS!!! Do you growl lyrix very extreme and scream "aaaaaaaarrggggggghhhhhhhhh!!!" during songs? I'm a very extreme UK musician seeking extreme vocalists anywhere for musically creative correspondence. Write! Pete Vandor, 79, Darwin Rd., Ealing, London, W54BB, England, UK.

PUNK VIDEO BOOTLEGS Lagwagon, Bouncing Souls, Queers, Millencolin, Fury 66, Suicide Machines, Guttermouth, Blount, AFI, Screw 32, Ten Foot Pole, Less Than Jake, Bigwig, No Use For A Name, Mr. T Experience, Swingin' Utters, MxPx, face to face, 88 Fingers Louie, Vandals, Good Riddance, Nobodys, Strung Out, Pulley. Joey Bosse / 2901 Saddle Creek Dr. / McDonough, GA 30253.

OVER 600 RARE RECORDS for sale-mostly UK/US early to mid 80's; No Future, Riot City, Crass, Mortarhate, Spiderleg, Clay, Secret....All the major names and more obscure ones, too, well worth $1 or an IRC for a full list to Francois Bouthiaux, 19 bis rue des Ecoussons, 25300 PONTARLIER France

PUNK Y2K CALENDAR now available: features hundreds of the best punk and hardcore flyers from bands like Misfits, Damned, Dead Boys, Plasmatics, DK's, Exploited, Minor Threat, etc....To order send $12.00 plus $3.00 s&h ($6.00 s & h outside US) per calendar. Payable to:Funhouse Products, 127 W. Fairbanks Ave. #420, Winter Park, FL 32789-4326.

INTERNSHIP: Looking for a place where I can volunteer (homeless shelter, women center, community place, etc.) and waste my time ingeniously in exchange for food and lodging. Already got experience from CCNU in DC, now I'm looking for a place in SF/Bay Area, CA. Thanks for addresses, ideas and information. S. Bodeller Rehmstr 8, 49080 Osnabruck, Germany.

SERIOUS COLLECTORS OF PUNK and wave 1975-85. Stoopid Records is open - 6546 Hollywood Blvd. #214, Hollywood, CA 90028. 12:00-8:00 call (323) 467-6990 for mail order or email stoopid@jps.net. Shop on-line http://gemm/s.cgi/stupidrec.

I WILL PAY ANY AMOUNT of money for the following records: Iron Cross - both ep's, Deep Wound 7", Youth Brigade (DC) 'Possible' 7", No Thanks 'Are You Ready' 7". Sergio Buoso / P.O. Box 13 / 30020 San Giorgio di Livenza / Italy

LET ME DESIGN your stuff, so it doesn't look like shit. Graphic design for you 7", CD, demo, t-shirt, or whatever...Can also do illustration or painting. Cheap prices—pro quality—write or email for more info...heather weil, po box 931, tonawanda, ny 14151... bt189@freenet.buffalo.edu

TRIBAL SURF PUNKJAZZ Live cd from Phx outsider band Drift. 60 min $10 ppd. anarchoartworx, 2251 E Cheery Lynn, Phx., AZ 85016. "a nuerotically psychotic art-rock ensemble...Creative, crazy, different, and not headlining a club near you very soon." - Music Voice.

HEY ALL YOU 18+ punk rock girls out there send me your picture!! Or if you want someone to be a pen pal with write me at : Paul Timer, 5210 Windmill Lane, Columbia, MD 21044. TO see what I'm about check out my webpage at: http://www.homestead.com/paultimer/index.html.

Turbonegro "Never is Forever LP/CD

Turbonegro are dead but don´t panic!Here´s the re-release of the superb long-gone second album. Remastered and with new Derrick cover art! A must!

V.A. "Holland Sux" LP/CD

25 song compilation with exclusive tracks from NRA, Seein´Red, Funeral Oration, Human Alert, DeadStoolPigeon etc.

NRA "Surf City Amsterdam" LP/CD

re-release of their legendary sold out album from 1993 with new artwork and available for the first time on vinyl.Produced by Vic Bondi
Still hot: Is This For Real?", "Fuel", "Access Only"

"Der FC St. Pauli ist schuld dass ich so bin"DoLP/CD

exclusive recordings from bands like Turbonegro, Leatherface, Bates, Terrorgruppe ...But Alive!, Bela B. (Die Ärzte!), Frank Z. (Abwärts) and many more only dealing about the infamous footie club! 75 minutes length, DoLP has three bonus songs!

Cock Sparrer "Two Monkeys" LP/CD

their latest studio album - great as usual! Available in Northamerica through Rotz Recordings! Check out: "Run Away", "Guilty As Charged"LP/CD/VC

Coming: Turbonegro "Hot Cars and Spent Idols" LP/CD (1st album)

Available as well: THE MARSHES "Fledgling", "Same" - FLAG OF DEMOCRACY "Everything Sucks", "Hate Rock", "Schneller", "Down With People" - TONY ADOLESCENT & ADZ "Piper At The Gates Of Downey" LP/CD, "Where Were You?" - TOXIC REASONS "No Peace.." CD ROM, "In The House Of God", "Independence" - ALLOY "Eliminate" "Paper Thin Front" - APT. 3G "New Hope...", "Punk Machine" w/ Dean & Chris from Poison Idea

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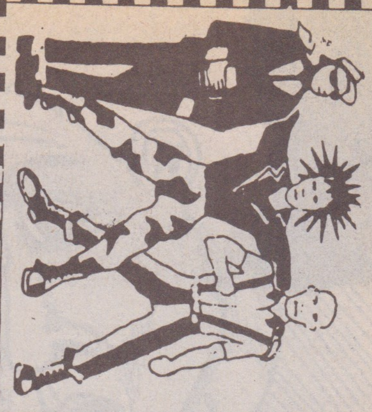

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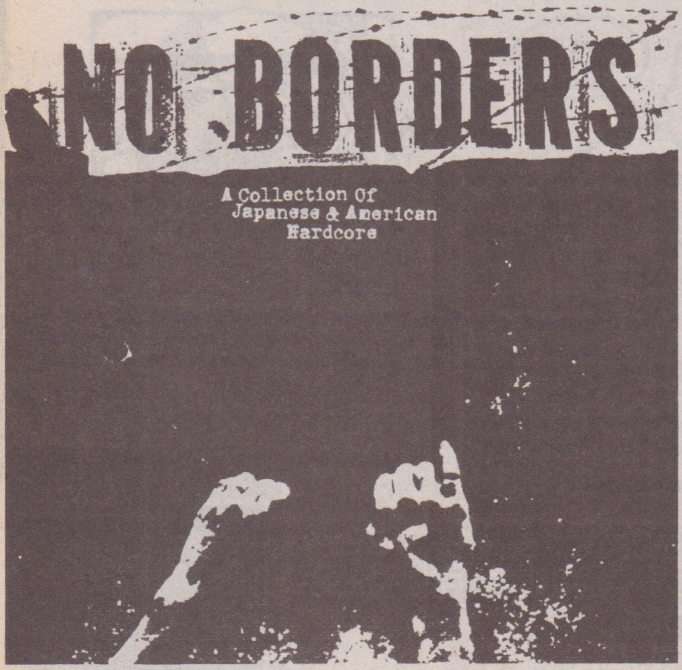

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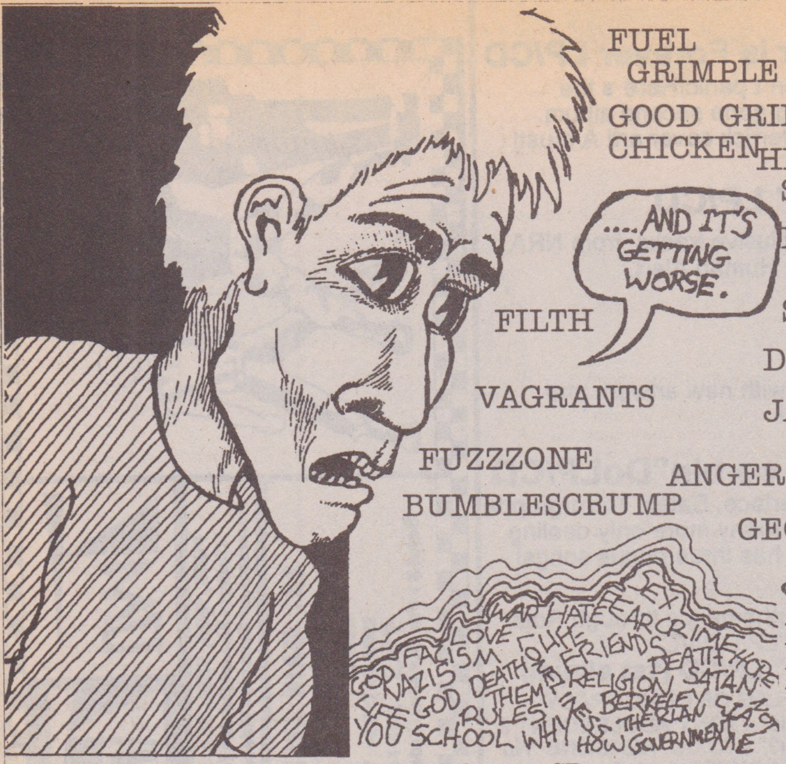

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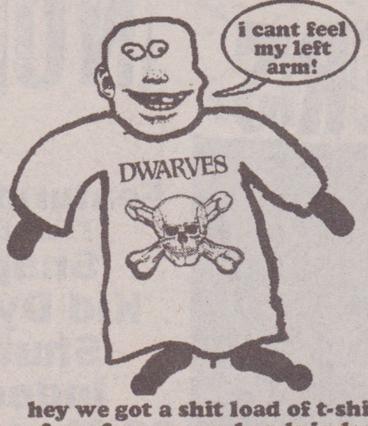

hey we got a shit load of t-shirts of yer fave recess bands.indeed?

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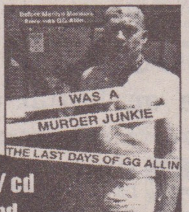

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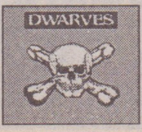
hot curly weenie vol.2 the recess sampler cd only$3ppd
the best complitation ever made!really!i mean theyres "flex your head", "let them eat jellybeans","beach blvd","hell comes to your house" "boston,not L.a." and on and on,a grip full of great comps,but we still tell you this is better!its got previously unreleased songs by:F.Y.P, Dwarves,the crumbs,the jag offs,berzerk, the stun guns,john cougar concentration camp,kankersores,the grumpies,les turds. also includes sex offenders,quincy punx,furious george,pud,hidden resentments,the criminals,andthe 4 letter words.get to know the recess family or live all stank like.

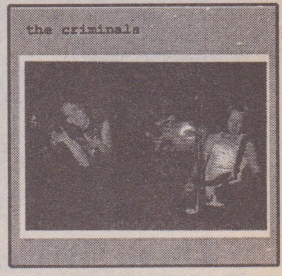
F.Y.P-incomplete crap vol.2 cd
the 2nd volume of an 8 part series of vinyl only,compilation,out of print,and previously unreleased(8 unreleased songs to be exact) F.Y.P diddy's.not meant for the faint at heart.43 songs in all.like fuck off fer sure,like totally!



Dwarves-free cocaine double lp/cd
damage!39 songs pre blood guts and pussy.this title's got everything from the dwarves unrelenting schedule of damage era.(i.e.the fuckhead,sit on my face, motherfucker era)this is basiclly the toolin' cd(recess#32) with 15 more songs(hence the out of printness of recess#32)

also get this one too:

Dwarves-lick it(the pyschedelic years) double lp/cd
the french have a word for this:damage'?34 songs from theyre psychedelic years very crampsish,sonicsish."one of the best collections ever,those fuckin' dwarves sure know how to damage stuff.holy mackeral"-people magazine



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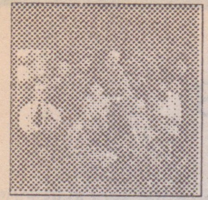


Rat Bastards 'perpetual disorder'
$10.00 u.s.
$12.00 elsewhere

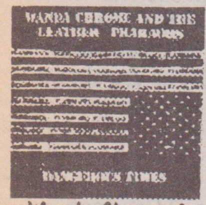
SINCE THE MID 80S MEMBERS OF THE RAT BASTARDS HAVE BEEN PLAYING IN HARD- CORE BANDS. THEN OVER 8 YEARS AGO THE RAT BASTARDS WERE FORMED. EVER SINCE THAT VERY DAY THE RAT BASTARDS HAVE BEEN PLAYING SOME OF THE BEST HARD – CORE EVER. SO AFTER A 7" ON WILL E SURVIVE RECORDS, A SPLIT 7" WITH DEAD DRUNK* ON WILL E SURVIVE RECORDS, AS WELL AS A 7" ON OUR LABEL BEER CITY (AND YES ITS OUT OF PRINT) WE ALL DECIDED TO PUT OUT A LONG OVERDUE FULL LENGTH FOR THE BAT BASTARDS. WHAT THIS CD CONTAINS IS 18 SONGS BY THESE CHICAGO BOYZ. 13 OF THE SONGS ARE BRAND NEW. THEN THERE ARE 5 BONUS TRACK OFF OF THEIR 7"S! THIS FULL LENGTH WAS RECORDED AT ATTICA IN CHICAGO BY CHUCK UCHIDA. THEN MASTERED HERE IN MILWAUKEE AT WALLS HAVE EARS BY BILL STACE (BILL RECORDS ALL KINDS OF PUNK BANDS, INCLUDING ALL THE U.S BOMBS STUFF ON BEER CITY) NOT TO FORGET CHUCK (WHO HAS BEEN RECORDING FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS NOW AND DID ALL OF LOS CRUDOS' RECORDINGS) SO TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT GET THIS CD AND YOU WILL BE VERY STOKED!

Brass Tacks-cd 'just the facts'
$10.00 U.S.
$12.00 elsewhere

Finally it is out.! For those of you who haven't seen or heard Brass Tacks this is what they sound like. Good ol skinhead rock n roll with influences by AC/DC, Ross Tattoo and various punk bands. They belt out 14 songs that are unforgettable on this cd. Brass Tacks has been around for almost four years and was on a Helen of Oi comp and they also were on a 7" comp put out by American Upstart zine.

The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions - S/T cd
$10.00ppd in U.S.
$12.00 ppd anywhere else

Remember Monster truck Driver'? That was a band we did a 7" for a few years back*. Well Monster Truck Driver broke up , but Jay from said band refused to give up and formed 'The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions'. Much like Monster Truck Driver' this new band is hardcore ,but much faster and even more hardcore then 'Monster Truck Driver' was. In fact 'The undisputed Heavyweight Champions' are heavily inf1uenced by the legendary Poison Idea'! This cd will blow you away! Specially if you like real HARDCORE!!!
Monster Truck Driver-This germ 7" still available from us. $3.00 post paid in the USA ;and $5.00 post paid anywhere outside of the USA



Wanda Chrome & the Leather Pharaohs 'dangerous times'-LP
$10.00 ppd in US
$12.00 ppd elsewhere

For six years now Milwaukee based killer traditional 70's style punk band Wanda Chrome and the leather Pharaohs has been playing out all over Wisconsin and other parts of the midwest. They have been to Europe five times and each time things have gotten bigger and better for them! They play some Killer 70's style punk! Mix Iggy Pop, The Dead Boys and The New York Dolls and add some speed (No not the drug!) and you have Wanda Chrome and the Leather Pharaohs. This LP contains ten songs that were recorded live in the Beer City warehouse by Jeff Schaefer (360 Productions mobile studio unit) and this record sounds so killer you Would think it was recorded in a fancy expensive studio! The cover of the LP was designed by Beer City's very own artist Von Munz. (thats the same guy Who drew the art for the black eyes and broken Bottles comp that also came out this month!) Plus to make this LP even better the cover is a gate fold (that means it opens like a book and this record is on Red vinyl and comes with a printed sleeve!

UNDERGROUND INVASION VOLUME 2,3,4 - CD $5.00!!!
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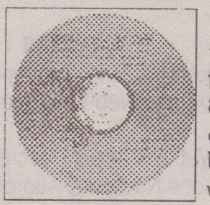

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www.beercity.com

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$5.00 ppd anywhere- U.S.A. or the world!

NOBODY-S/T cd $5.00 post paid anyvhere in the U.S.A. or the world! This is the first full length put out on the Underground Invasion format! Now every pro skater on Beer City is currently or was once in a punk band. Duane Peters is the singer for The U.S.Bombs. Davey Rogers was the singer for a band back in 85 called Bloodweiser! Scott Smiley is the drummer of this band your reading about right now called Nobody! Nobody plays some traditional punk rock. Its raw and for real. Some- times fast ,some times mid paced and there is even a slower song or two. If you like bands like The Dills or The Dickies you will definatly like NobodY! Dont forget this is our Pro skater Scott Smiley's band. So if you want to hear what he does when he isnt skateboarding get this cd!

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THE TRADITION CONTINUES...
BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKIN' LIFE #8

Do-It Yourself Resource Magazine No. 8, 2000

For 7 years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing (remember some libraries and computer stores have net-connected computers).

This year is unique in that we already have a perpetually updated database of listings due to the BYOFL web site. In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to March 1, 1999 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #8. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

Listings

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

Ads

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc.

Deadline: Feb 1, 2000 – Due Out: April 15, 2000

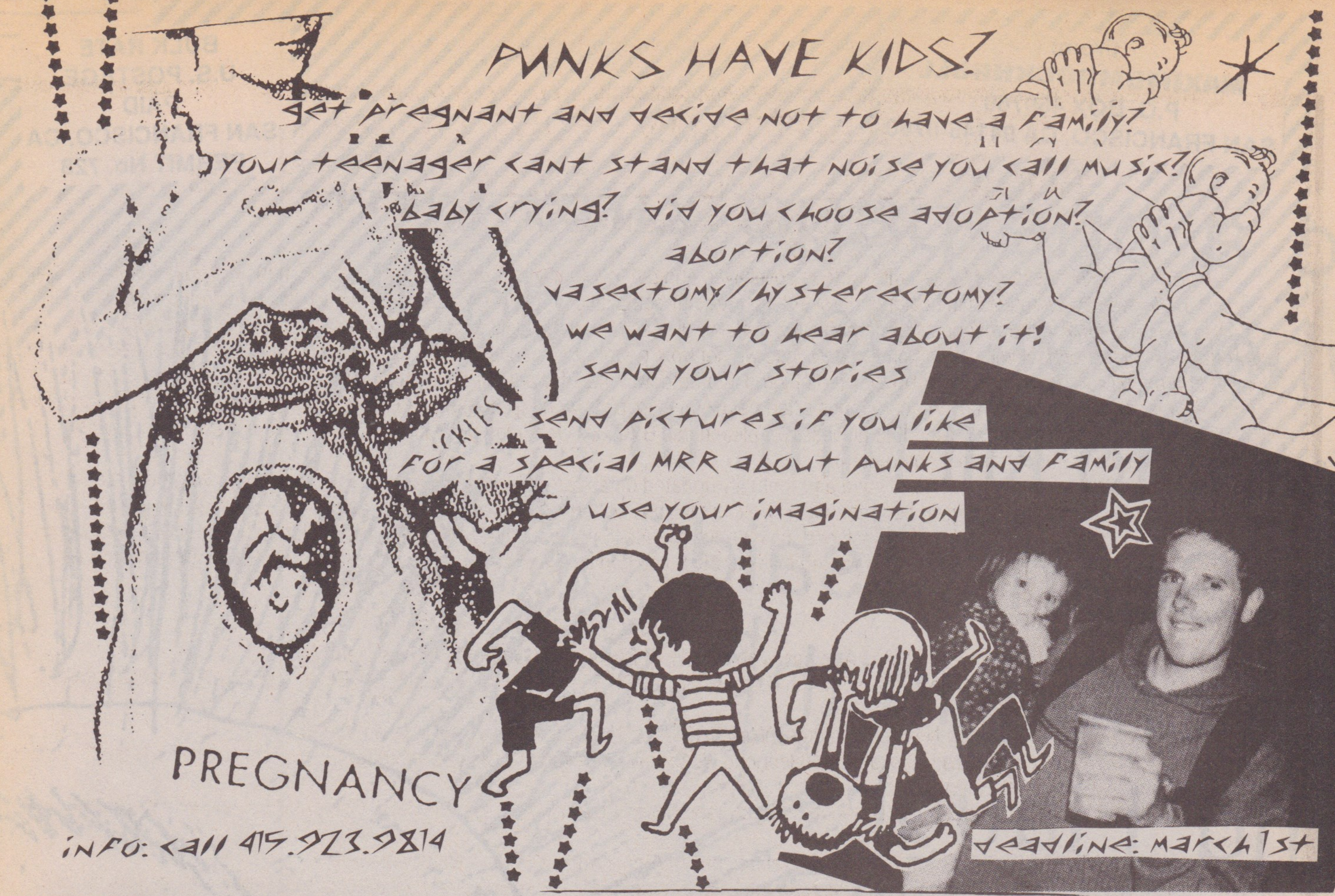
Submit listings on the web at: http:// www.byofl.org/ (preferred method)

Send snail mail listings to:
The Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St, #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303-1805

Send all ads to:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO Box 460760
S.F., CA 94146-0760

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!!

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it's dated later than Mar 1, 1999.
2) Be brief! We're not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
3) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it'll only take you a couple of minutes and you won't have to hunt for a stamp.
4) Don't use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we'll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
6) We don't need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
7) Don't send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you're in—just for the ones that are really active!
8) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene's listings done, but....
9) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).
10) No certified/registered mail, please!


PUNKS HAVE KIDS?
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NEW RELEASES FROM
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FROM THE BOWELS OF SAN LEANDRO:
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
B-SIDES
NINETEEN SONG LP OF EARLY ANGRY SAMOANS AND QUEERS STYLE PUNK ROCK!
B-SIDES - LP
Once I figured out this was played on 45, not 33 as the record says, this record sounded a lot better. Of course, it wouldn't be Maximum without a little misinformation. The B-SIDES play snotty, sloppy, fun-filled punk rock similar to Wimpy-era QUEERS stuff. This release is way better than the last couple of MRR releases, that's for sure. (JF)
AND IN OCTOBER
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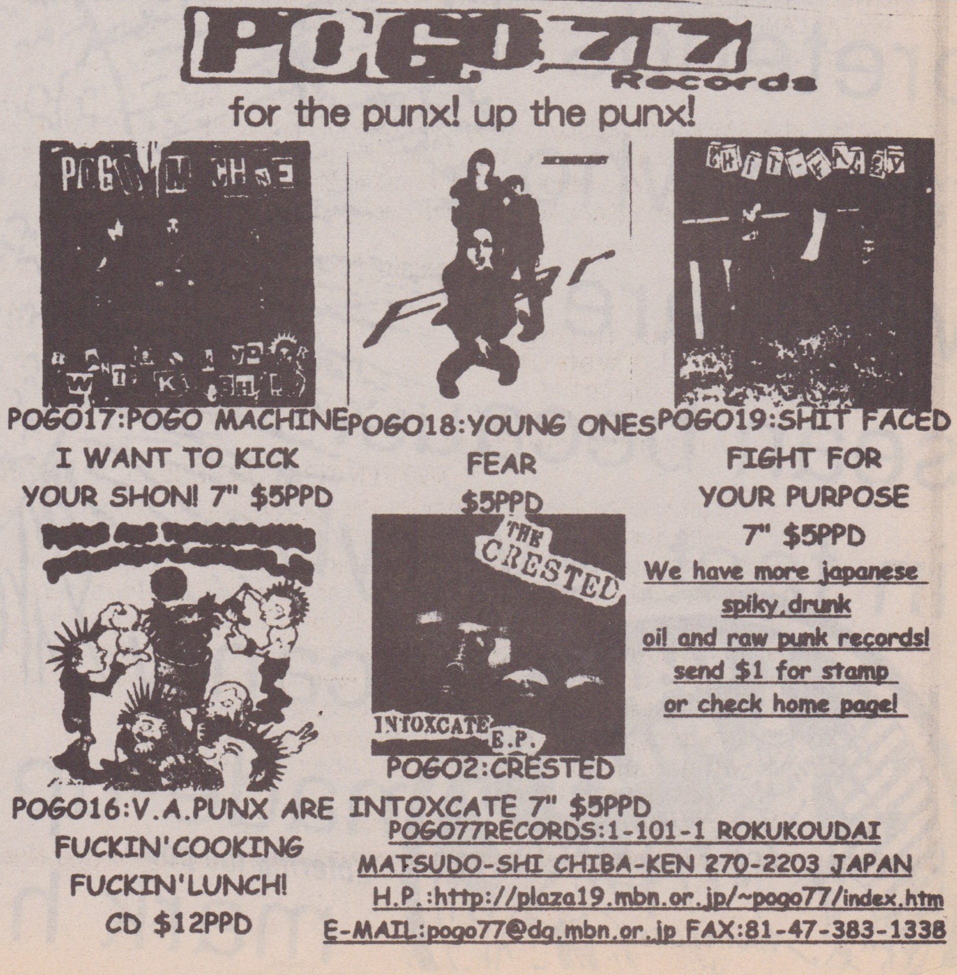
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do a one-page
when two people do
want to kill him. the
I'm Sean." I said
He cried in th
and I laugh
pretends li
facist who
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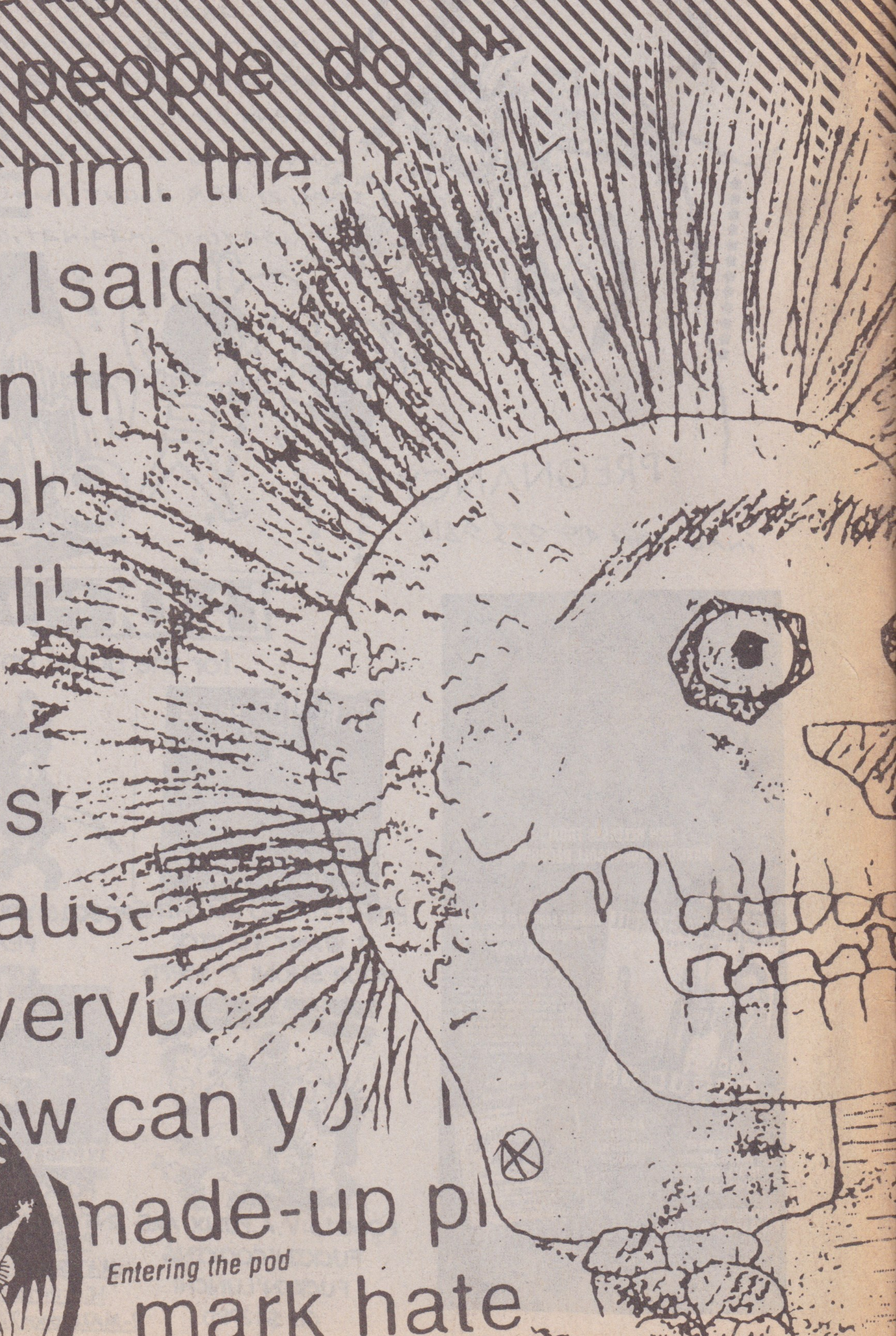
YOUNGSTERS!
GROWN-UPS!

sean becaus
in fact, everybo
ow can yo
made-up p



Entering the pod

mark hate